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DAVID LUBIN



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David Subin

DAVID LUBIN

A STUDY IN PRACTICAL IDEALISM

BY

OLIVIA ROSSETTI AGRESTI



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A RECOLLECTION OF DAVID LUBIN

MORE than fifteen years ago I first met David Lubin. We were in Rome, dining with the Nelson Gays, who invited several notables, political and literary, to meet us. Among these was Lubin, whom I had never heard of before. But during my conversation with him, I was at once impressed by him. He was a man of medium size, well built and with a remarkable head. He seemed to say things of special pertinence to me, and I found myself listening to his remarks when they casually emerged above the general hum.

When the dinner broke up I asked my friends to tell me all they could about Mr. Lubin and his ideals, and I heard that he had just had an interview with the King, who had promised to back up Lubin's undertaking. No wonder that he was overjoyed by the certainty that his project was at last to be given an open free trial. "King Victor Emmanuel", he said to me later, "was the fifteenth crowned head, or ruler of a government, to whom I explained my project: and he was the first to see its purport. He is an idealist, a *believing* idealist, and this gave me a double satisfaction when he saw that my plan was good."

Lubin was a very busy man, but I met him soon again, and I had the good fortune to see him several times during our stay in Rome. I recall especially one evening when he invited me to dine with him at his *trattoria*, which seemed to be connected with the old-fashioned hotel at Capo le Case, where he had rooms. We sat at a little round table, and the waiter brought us our food, course by course, and weighed the fiasco of wine at the end, as if we were two well-recognized frequenters of the place — as Lubin was.

I found it very easy to talk with him. I asked a few details about his great project, and he replied copiously, minutely, nor have I forgotten the *infection* (if I may use the word) of his language. Afterwards when I tried to remember what he said, I realized that not merely the words themselves, but the tone of his voice and the emphasis combined to produce the total impression. All the other diners had finished and gone, before we bade each other good night, and I walked up the hill to my hotel, feeling strangely exhilarated, and fully persuaded that I had been listening for two hours to a Minor Hebrew Prophet.

Lubin had the great gift of simplification. Political Economy, which was the basis of his argument, became suddenly the most real and living of subjects, and you saw at a glance the moral aspect of each situation. The bushels of corn, the quintals of vegetables, the gallons of wine, or oil, which he registered and discussed, ceased to be material, dead things and stood out as vital human parts of the life of the people on a lower plane. It was because he saw the moral foundation of life that he foresaw the inestimable benefit that might come to mankind from his Agricultural Institute.

Many years later I saw that Lubin was to lecture before a students' club at Harvard, and I went down to hear him. He was much older — nearly seventy, if I remember the date aright — and much hampered by heart disease. But he spoke with his old-time urgency and clearness. I felt that the young men, who listened to him, did not quite understand him. Perhaps there were too few Victor Emmanuel among them. Perhaps it will require another half century to raise up the Idealists for whom he looked.

Are we not all indebted to Signora Agresti for writing this life of David Lubin, thereby enabling us to know one of the distinctive great men of his age — one of the Light-Bringers?

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

AUGUST 20, 1922.

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DAVID LUBIN

A STUDY IN PRACTICAL IDEALISM

CHAPTER I

THE MOTIVE

“ . . . I think that you follow me. But, human-like, you want to know my motive before you can trust me. Well, my motive is not salary, not a medal, nor social scintillations, nor is it to be a Count of Sacramento. I wish to serve the dear old Uncle, Uncle Samuel, and you laugh! But how many better men have given their lives for the Uncle. But there is a higher service still, and that is for the United States of the World. And I am happy to be an humble soldier, a private, in this Army. Do you understand? And when one is such in dead earnest, the Almighty does not mind that he is an ordinary scrub and no educated diplomat. That same Almighty makes him a *persona gratissima* just everywhere; because this is His great fun in His Divine Comedy. And that is the reason that He took common scrubs for His prophets and His great workers, and ‘who shall say Him nay?’ . . . ”

Thus wrote David Lubin in September, 1908, in a letter in which he tried to interest Mr. Gifford Pinchot, then a member of the Roosevelt Administration, in the International Institute of Agriculture. And in this quotation we get the key to the master passion of his life, the passion for Service;

not service for one class or for one nation, but for the realization on earth of that high ideal of equity and justice which he believed would ultimately result in the Commonwealth of Nations, the United States of the World.

It seems a long cry from these lofty ideals to the practical and prosaic work of international crop-reporting and co-operative systems of rural credit, the stability of ocean freight rates and systems for promoting direct marketing, which were some of the concrete forms in which David Lubin's labors crystallized and found expression through the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome with which his name will ever be associated. But disconcerting as such juxtaposition sounds at first, the chain of cause and effect, as it worked out in his logical brain, is a sound one.

David Lubin's mind was characterized by a deep reverence for the universal ideal embodied in the word "Righteousness", together with a singular faculty for translating promptly such abstract conceptions into terms of the concrete. This faculty made him see that the first essential step toward realizing ideal righteousness on earth is to secure justice between men in their economic relations. And here again the means that occurred to him for the realization of the desired aim were positive and practical. He did not conceive of the advent of this justice in apocalyptic terms of revolutionary destruction, but as the outcome of a slow process of constructive organization which, while leaving the social structure intact as a whole, would gradually rebuild it, a bit at a time, until the whole edifice would be renewed in such wise as to allow of a greater and ever increasing degree of equity in human relationships, and first of all of equity in exchange.

Nor did he look upon this equity in exchange as a purely economic question; he considered it an essential condition to insure the life of Democracy. While the flag, he would say, is the symbol of ideal liberty, the dollar, in everyday life, is the symbol of practical liberty, for does it not entitle its owner to the enjoyment of a dollar's worth of commodi-

ties, of education, of leisure, or of recreation? It is the measuring rod of opportunity; therefore, whatever or whoever unduly curtails the producer's share in the dollar or its purchasing power, curtails his rights, limits his liberty, commits a sin against democracy.

Reasoning along these lines, Lubin's life-work gradually evolved with his own evolution. He was a practical idealist, and his whole life was spent in the tenacious effort to realize this same ideal of economic justice. But Lubin was not only an idealist, he was also an original thinker, an initiator, a pioneer, and step by step he worked onward and upward through a series of coördinated efforts, — all links in the chain of the same endeavor.

The first stage of his life-work, the stage on which he entered as soon as he had mastered the fundamentals of his conception of justice, was local. The town in which he settled, the community among which he lived, was suffering from the evils consequent on a vicious trading system. He would right it. His lifelong fight for "the just weight and the just measure" began there. In his own insignificant, small store he became a pioneer in introducing the system of sales at fixed prices allowing for a minimum margin of profit. He made a bold, aggressive fight among a Western mining community; at first he was laughed at, then he was abused, then he won out, and in a remarkably short time too.

But what was good for his home town would surely be good for the State, and he became a pioneer in the organization of a mail-order business conducted on the same lines of scrupulous justice, and in a few more years he was at the head of the first and largest mail-order business on the Pacific coast.

As his experience grew his ideas expanded to keep pace with it. He perceived that the prosperity of the laboring and commercial communities of the towns was largely dependent on the prosperity of the farming communities of the country, and he perceived the important bearing that

equity in carriage had on both. He became a pioneer in the fight for equalizing and reducing railway rates.

Then he went a step farther. What was good for a commercial business should be good for an agricultural business; he went into farming and was a pioneer in the application of sound business principles to a fruit ranch.

This brought him up against the question of the economic marketing of fruits, and here again he pioneered the way for the subsequent achievement of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange.

Studying the problem of marketing led him to advance as a "Novel Proposition" — which it then was — a system evolved from his own experience along lines at that time quite unknown in America though already, had he known it, familiar in Europe. He was the first to advocate the introduction of a parcel-post system in the United States, a system which he conceived of as organized to serve the farmer as well as the merchant.

As Lubin went along, ever faithful to the original principle of economic justice which was his lodestar, the horizon grew ever wider. From local his work had, in a few years, become State wide; it was now to become national in scope. Studying conditions as viewed both from his store and from his farm, he became convinced that the farmers were suffering from the effects of a fundamental economic inequity, and he took up the fight to secure for them fair treatment in the matter of the tariff. He argued that under then existing conditions agriculture bore the cost of protection in America, and that if industries were protected by a tariff on imports of manufactured goods, justice required that the staples of the farm should likewise be protected by a bounty on exports.

But even while engaged in this fight, which brought him into touch with economic and political forces all over the country, the truth forced itself on him that economic justice must have a broader basis than the nation. He realized, to use his own expression, that it was like ladling the water out of a leaking boat to labor to correct economic injustice

to agriculture by national measures so long as the prices of the staples were governed by international conditions, and so long as these were such as to place a premium on manipulation and speculation. Once fully convinced of this, David Lubin became a pioneer in the field of international coöperation toward the attainment of the end he had in view.

Working always on concrete, practical lines, seeing in them alone the means to materialize the idealistic principles which were the bull's-eye at which all his efforts were aimed, Lubin reasoned that agriculture is the foundation industry in a nation's economy, — for are not the staples of the farm the food and clothing of the people of the world; and do they not supply, to a very considerable extent, the raw material of the factories? At the same time, the prosperity of the cities is largely conditioned by the prosperity of the countryside and by the consequent purchasing power of the country population. It therefore follows that an essential step toward realizing righteousness in the relations between man and man is to insure equity in the formation of the prices of the staples of agriculture. Now, for this purpose international concerted action is essential, for the price of the staples is a world price determined by world conditions. Therefore there must be a world organization of the agricultural interests, as well as of the interests of commerce, finance, and labor, which have already organized both nationally and internationally. He thus became a pioneer for the foundation of a world chamber of agriculture, a League of Nations for economic justice.

In this fight for economic justice Lubin saw no mere question of dollars and cents; no mere class legislation for the benefit of farmers. It appealed to him as an essential concomitant to the realization of Righteousness, and, therefore, as a fundamental condition for insuring an enduring world peace. Referring to the erection of the Peace Palace at the Hague, on which the thoughts of most international workers were then centered, he wrote :

"It is not Carnegie's millions, nor millions added to those millions that can kill war and bring peace. It is the 'just weight' and the 'just measure' which is the flaming, flashing sword of God that shall kill war; and nothing else can, nothing else will, nothing else shall."

These words, which occur in a letter written in 1910 to the editor of the *American Agriculturist* show another phase of the motive, a phase that he never tired of urging on his friends in the American peace movement.

While he firmly believed in the fundamental importance of agriculture, Lubin was no sentimentalist, no advocate of the "simple life", no mere "back to the land" man. He never idealized the farmer. He would insist on the fact that he had no more use for a farmer as such than he had for a shoemaker or a storekeeper, and he loved to emphasize this point and to thrust it down the throats of his audience, especially if it were an audience of farmers. He never "played to the gallery." Adulation of the farmer, he used to say, was claptrap, only good at election times when his vote is at a premium, and candidates for office shake his hand and refer to him as the "horny-handed son of toil" and "Nature's nobleman." "Nature's nobleman!" Lubin would exclaim impatiently. "Rather would I call him Nature's ass! Villain, heathen, pagan are the names which have been bestowed on the farmers down the ages, for they have always been the last to change their language, their costume, their religion. But for this very reason the farmer is Nature's Conservative, and therein lies his great social value, for he is the surest bulwark of a democracy against the too rapidly progressive forces of the city."

Lubin read into history the lesson that in all ages and in all civilizations, as the small, independent, land-owning farmers of a community succumb before the keener wits and combined energy and capital of the city men of commerce and finance, popular government, democracy, succumbs with them. He believed that in this matter history was repeating itself, that the close of the nineteenth century was witnessing

a dangerous concentration of economic and political power in the hands of commerce, finance, and town labor, and that this concentration was bringing its weight to bear steadily on the point of least resistance, agriculture. In this steady pressure of the economic forces of the town on the farm he saw a world danger, and the census returns for the United States, indicating the steady decline in the number of small land-owning farmers as compared to renters convinced him that this tendency was endangering the very life of that great experiment in democracy, America.

“It is idle to talk of Monroe doctrines, of navies, of fortifications, and of other devices for strengthening the nation just so long as the trusts crawl up on the efficiency platform. Just let the trusts get the death-grip on the American farmer in earnest, that death-grip which they will surely attain if not effectively prevented, and all props for strengthening the nation will prove broken reeds to lean upon.”

In the letter to Governor Sulzer of New York from which the above quotation is taken, it is the American farmer on whom the emphasis is laid, but in his thought and work Lubin always generalized, and the need for the protection of the farmer the world over, as an essential factor in building up universal democracy, was an important phase of the motive.

And there was yet another phase. It was no mere form of speech when he said in the letter first quoted from that no desire for personal advancement influenced his actions. Before undertaking public work Lubin had acquired financial independence, and the further accumulation of wealth had no attractions for him. For social distinctions he cared less than nothing; he was a man of the people and such he remained to the end. “Nor do I care a hang to meet and shake hands with the European lords or counts. In fact, I prefer our ordinary friends of Hangtown Crossing or Dutch Flat or Fiddler’s Gulch of good old California,” is a phrase which occurs in a letter to his friend and co-worker, Senator Duncan U. Fletcher. Political position or power

he never sought and certainly he never went about the right way to acquire them, for he would be almost brutal in his frankness to the "powers that be." What he cared for was the work in itself, and the only satisfaction he sought was the knowledge of service rendered. Yet, deep down in his heart, there was a personal motive; one which he never allowed to get an undue hold of him, but which undoubtedly fed fuel to the fire of the untiring energy which urged him on through ill-health, difficulties, disappointments, enabling him to work unceasingly, turning neither to the right nor to the left, and devoting the minutest care to the details as well as to the main outline of his work for international justice. This motive may be described as the longing for a noble revenge.

David Lubin belonged to that great paradox of history, the Jewish people, the only people of antiquity which still survives in our midst with its religion and customs well-nigh intact; the people whose sacred books have been adopted by the two great branches of religion, Christianity and Mohammedanism, as the revealed Word of God; the people who, according to both Jewish and Christian belief, were told "Go forth and be a blessing to the nations", and "in thee shall all the people of the earth be blessed"; yet in many countries these same people are still forced to live as social outcasts, while in others "toleration" is the most generous word used in their regard.

Lubin had pondered long and deeply on the history of his people, but the grievous record of blood and tears, of suffering, injustice, indignity and humiliation had bred no lasting bitterness or hatred in his generous heart. He was broad-minded enough, human enough, to understand prejudice and to allow for ignorance. But he was fired with the desire "to return for every blow a benefit, for every curse a blessing", and this was also a phase of the motive.

This desire, or, rather, this instinct, had grown within him from childhood upwards; gradually clarifying and crystallizing, gaining in clearness and directness of purpose

as experience and knowledge grew. It was this desire, dimly apprehended, which inspired the dreams of his wayward childhood as a poor immigrant boy in the "east side" of New York City; which lent dignity of aim and moral purpose to his early struggles in California; which grew and gained in intensity as he pored over his favorite books, the Bible, Plato's Dialogues, Cicero's Disputations, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Maimonides, Matthew Arnold; until, at last, the vision stood out in clear relief, and he saw his work laid out before him.

A long period of evolutionary development followed, which led him stage by stage to the final conception. Sacramento, California, America, the World, were the progressive phases of his outlook. "Generalize an advantage, and you transmute it into an equity; mere economics have become ethical economics," he was wont to say. Thus he realized in the last phase of his life-work, the international phase, that union of the concrete and the practical with the abstract and the ideal, that merging of the particular in the universal, toward which in thought and action he had groped ever since he started on his career as a reformer in a twelve-by-ten-foot store in Sacramento, until in 1904 he found himself in Rome, a missionary — *vox clamantis in deserto* — preaching the gospel of international organization and pointing, as an ultimate, to the Commonwealth of Nations.

It was thus that an idea and the realization of a great racial heredity transformed the rough, willful boy, the passionate, energetic, successful business man, into a dreamer and a prophet. A dreamer whose head was in the clouds but whose feet were firmly planted on solid earth; a prophet who could put his arguments in such shape as to win the approval of hard-headed business men or keen-witted scientific economists. And when, in the fullness of time, his self-imposed service led him to Rome, he came equipped with practical experience of men and affairs, psychologic insight acquired as an employer of labor, and dignity of purpose, combined with genuine modesty. He felt that

he was, as he phrased it, "just an ordinary scrub", a humble instrument in the working out of a great purpose; and he insisted that credit for the work was due to the heroic prophets and thinkers who had preceded him, to the martyrs and confessors of a great idea, and not to the man, David Lubin, who was striving to serve toward the realization of that idea.

This combination of good, sound, "horse sense" and inflexible conviction with personal modesty made him perfectly willing, nay anxious, to remain in the background while attributing a generous meed of recognition to the efforts of his co-workers; and this won for him the regard and affection of those before whom he placed his ideas. It made success possible. His passionate desire to serve, his singleness of purpose, and his belief in a mission to be performed made of this rough Westerner a statesman and a diplomat who could, on occasion, match his wits successfully with some of the keenest in Europe. This it was which enabled an unknown American to win for his proposal the support of the Chief Executive of a great nation, and actually to bring into being, some sixteen years ago, the first real League of Nations, so much in advance of its time that the world at large looked askance and would only give it grudging acknowledgment.

It will be the endeavor of this biography, while narrating the events of a remarkable life, to show the interplay of race and nationality, of Polish ghetto and American democracy, in shaping the character of this man, who, as time goes by, will come to be recognized more and more as a leading pioneer in blazing the trail for the advent of the international phase in the world's history, a phase on which we are now entering.

Had David Lubin grown up within the pale of settlement in Russian Poland, where he was born, he might have been a dreamer, more probably a revolutionist, but he would have been foredoomed to failure. The environment would have stifled him.

As it was, the "conserved energy", as he used to phrase it, which had come down to him as a racial inheritance through the centuries of oppression to which his people had been subjected, found on American soil, and under the stimulating care of American institutions, the opportunity to expand and develop to its full. The hard schooling of poverty and work, the rough and tumble, the give and take of pioneer life in Arizona and California, followed by the discipline and experience of business training, developed the adventure-some, imaginative, hot-tempered, impulsive boy into a man of purpose and tenacity. His native capacity for generalization and synthesis, working on the actual facts of economic life, made him an economist of no mean order, and when he felt that the time for action had come he did not wait for the opportunity to offer, but he himself created the opportunity for rendering the service he had elected himself to perform.

Writing in the last months of his life to Mr. Israel Zangwill with reference to a proposed biographical essay, Lubin says:

"It should deal (*a*) with the genesis of the central theme, ■ 'call to service', starting from an incident which occurred when I was four days old, and its development under maternal and Jewish influences in the New York environment; (*b*) its further development under Christian influences in New England until I was sixteen years of age; (*c*) the next stage, three years in the wilds and deserts of Arizona until nineteen years of age; (*d*) then the Californian experience, the entrance into commercial life, its shaping, and the influences of this central theme; a journey to the Holy Land and its influences and the purpose for which I took up the occupation of agriculture (horticulture and cereals) all actuated by this central theme, this 'call to service.' Next comes the entry into the actual field of service, first in the state, second in the nation, third in the international field, culminating in the upbuilding of the International Institute of Agriculture, to which fifty-seven nations now adhere under treaty."

It is the story of this evolution, made possible by the vivifying atmosphere of American democracy, which I shall attempt to tell in the following pages, and to tell, so far as possible, by quoting David Lubin's own words and writings. The story is an inspiring one, for it shows what can be achieved by a forceful individuality, starting from a sound premise, sustained by stalwart faith, and impelled by a noble and disinterested motive.

CHAPTER II

FROM INFANCY TO MANHOOD

THERE is little record left of the early years of David Lubin. He came of humble folk and grew up in humble surroundings, and what glimpses of his childhood and youth can be snatched from the night of oblivion are rather in the nature of flash-light pictures than of an accurate chronicle of events. If questioned as to his own history he would — impatiently or jokingly as his mood might be — put off inquiries by saying that he was not going to tell when he ate his first pap or when he first sat up in a high chair; or he would brush personalities aside, saying that it was not he but the work which was of interest, and would launch forth into a disquisition on the principles underlying the International Institute of Agriculture or any other phase of the work on which he was engaged. At times, however, he would become reminiscent and tell incidents or anecdotes of his early years. With these, and a few particulars supplied by members of the family, it is possible to reconstruct the environment and to get a fair idea of the influences under which he grew up.

David Lubin was born in a Jewish community in a little town in Russian Poland. In her book, "The Promised Land", Mary Antin has given a striking picture of life within the Jewish pale as it was lived in Russia up to the time of the revolution. Excluded from the land, excluded from the professions, excluded from most trades, excluded from educational opportunities, the Jews lived in great poverty, crowded into certain areas, restricted practically to a few occupations. They were tailors, seamstresses, jewelers, goldsmiths, small traders, peddlers. Living amidst hostile surroundings, in constant fear of vio-

lence, shunned by neighbors who, for the most part, were inferior to them in brains and education, the Jews were driven to rely solely on their own resources. Their position under the Russian autocracy was practically that of outlaws, whose presence was tolerated in certain prescribed localities. They were excluded from the rights and privileges but not from the duties of Russian subjects; they had to pay taxes and to serve as privates in the army. Otherwise, subject to brutal outbreaks of mob violence, fostered frequently by the authorities, they were left very much to their own devices, and within its prescribed limits the ghetto enjoyed a large measure of autonomy. Within itself the community was self-governing and developed along its own traditional and cultural lines. In all matters of daily life the Judaic law was observed. Marriage and divorce, contracts among themselves, education, religious observances, were regulated by the Rav and the Dayun.¹ Points of ritual were referred to the former while the latter heard disputes and quarrels among members of the community and settled them according to the Law. The spiritual and intellectual life of the people centered around the synagogue and the heder.² Driven in upon themselves—poor, despised, humiliated—the spiritual life of the Jews became more intense, while the lack of all opportunity forced them to devote their keen intellectual faculties almost exclusively to subtle metaphysical disquisitions and hair-splitting debates on the interpretation of texts or points in the Scriptures or the Talmud.

Yet with all its limitations and sufferings, Lubin used to say that the atmosphere of the Russian ghetto was less deadening in its effects than the brutalizing influences which so often make of the Jew in other countries a rank materialist and Mammon worshiper. Within the pale the Jew clung to his religious theme; he knew it was for that theme that he suffered ostracism, and he was proud of it. The social atmosphere was essentially democratic; all were members

¹ A rabbi who renders decisions.

² Hebrew School.

of the House of Israel, and as such felt themselves superior to the outside world, however much they might have to yield it lip-reverence. The special garb imposed on them as a humiliation became in their eyes the distinctive mark of a superior though suffering race. There were degrees of poverty, and comparative wealth was sometimes attained, but in the ghetto itself learning and not riches was the path to honor, and a rich man would select as husband for his daughter the penniless scholar learned in the Law and the Talmud, and would be envied for his luck in securing such a one for son-in-law. Cut off from opportunity for development in other directions, the Russian and Polish Jew turned to religion and philosophy. Racially gifted with logical and speculative minds, reasoning on abstractions and theories, they easily became, when they outgrew narrow orthodoxy and sectarianism, the doctrinaires of revolutionary idealism, extreme socialism, agnosticism, nihilism, as a reaction to soul-killing ritualism on the inside and social ostracism and political oppression on the outside.

Into such surroundings David Lubin was born on the first of June, 1849, at Klodowa, a few miles from Cracow. He came of strictly orthodox stock and was the last of six children born to his parents. His father's name is lost to memory; he died, when David was still a mere infant, in one of the cholera epidemics which at frequent intervals devastate the unsanitary towns and villages of Russia and Poland.

When the child was four days old his mother, Rachel, sat up in bed to bless the Sabbath candles. As she did so the wick of one flew off and fell on the cheek of the infant who nestled by her side, making a deep burn which left its scar on him till his dying day. The baby wailed with pain and the distressed mother wept bitterly. Shortly afterwards her husband came home from the synagogue bringing with him, as is the wont with the orthodox, a poor scholar, a stranger in that town, to share with the family the Sabbath meal. They found the poor woman still in tears and learned from her what had happened, but instead of offering

sympathy the learned man reproved her, reminding her that on the Sabbath tears are unlawful, that even if her son lay dead she should still praise the Lord. Moreover, he said, here is clear cause for rejoicing, not for weeping, for is it not a sign? Marked by the Sabbath candle, the child is set apart by the Lord for His service. He then inquired what name was to be given to the boy, and was told that, according to custom, he would be given his grandfather's name, Pinchus. "No," said the Rabbi, "this child shall be named David the King, and he shall grow up to be a mighty man in Israel; for the Lord hath dedicated him unto His service."

In his old age Lubin would occasionally tell this tale which he had learned as a child from his mother's lips, and he would say that, free as he believed himself to be from superstitious bias, this omen, in which his mother firmly believed, had given a turn to his whole life.

David was still an infant when his mother, who had married again, decided to emigrate with her second husband, Soloman Weinstock. Religious fanaticism, spurred on by Russian reaction, made life intolerable for the Jews in Russian Poland. The family had lived through the horrors of a pogrom, when the mother had crouched, trembling for her babes, in a cellar, while the drunken, infuriated mob pillaged and killed, and the experience was too terrible to risk repetition.

So these poor people, like the multitudes of their co-religionists who have been driven to seek refuge in foreign lands, sold what they had to sell, gathered together their few poor belongings, and with the three surviving children of her first marriage Mrs. Weinstock and her husband left their native land.

Their first stopping place was in England. They stayed in London for some two years, and there in September, 1854, their son, Harris, was born, who was to become the business partner and lifelong associate in public work of his half-brother, David.

It must have been in 1855, when David was not yet six years old, that his parents sailed with him across the Atlantic and landed in New York, in those days a very different place from the huge city of skyscrapers and undigested foreigners of our time. Yet it was even then the largest city in the United States, boasting a population of some eight hundred thousand, with a large Irish and a not inconsiderable Jewish element which crowded into the tenement houses of the Bowery, near the great river with its many wharves and crowded shipping.

The great ships, still largely the picturesque sailing vessels of an already vanishing age, exercised a powerful attraction on the imagination of the little boy who played about the streets in their vicinity. They inspired him with a great fancy for the sea, fostered by tales of travel and adventure, of pirates and tropical countries, in which he reveled. On more than one occasion he tried to run away from home, and once actually got taken on by a skipper who fitted him out with a full set of "slops" in which he gloried, and would have taken him off to round Cape Horn had not his elder brother Simon, deputed by his distracted mother to find the recreant David and bring him home at all costs, spotted him and bribed him to come home with promises of a free pardon and a new suit of clothes. "It was providential for me that this was the case," Lubin used to remark in telling me of this adventure of his boyhood days, "for it turned out that the skipper with whom I was going had the reputation of being the cruelest man on the seas, and was afterwards brought to trial for murdering his cabin boy in a fit of rage on the very journey on which I was to have gone."

Love of adventure was a marked feature in David's character, and far from the depressing influences of his native ghetto, he grew up a bold, fearless, impulsive boy, full of mischief, fond of games and sports, not at all "bookish", yet an insatiable reader of all that came his way and could fire his imagination or appeal to the poetic, idealistic side of his nature. He used to love to watch the great clouds

every few minutes, now the embattled castles and fortifications of the fairy tales of which he was so fond, now rushing headlong through the skies like great monsters pursuing one another. He would stand spellbound at the sight, humming tunes of his own invention which seemed to him in keeping with these "huge cloudy symbols of a high romance."

But to understand the boy and the influences under which he developed we must say a few words of his mother, for more than by any other factor, the character and mind of David Lubin were shaped by her.

Family tradition has it that Rachel Weinstock was a resolute, high-tempered, energetic woman, deeply religious, strictly orthodox, a strong believer in the wisdom of the proverb "Spare the rod and spoil the child." She was, from all accounts, strictly true to type, steeped in the traditions of the environment in which she had grown up. The words in which Mary Antin describes her infancy must have been equally true of the elder generation to which Rachel belonged: "When I came to lie on my mother's breast she sang me lullabies on lofty themes. I heard the names of Rebecca, Rachel, and Leah as early as the names of father, mother, nurse. My baby soul was enthralled by sad and noble cadences as my mother sang of my ancient home in Palestine or mourned over the desolation of Zion. With the first rattle that was placed in my hand a prayer was pronounced over me, a petition that a pious man might take me to wife, and a messiah be among my sons."

Though she lived more than two thirds of her life in America Rachel Weinstock remained to the last essentially what she was when she first came. Never could she be induced to live for long away from the Jewish environment in the East Side of New York. As her sons grew prosperous they were anxious that their mother should share the greater comfort of their life in California; she tried it to please them, but she was not happy there and soon left. She loved to be among those whom she felt were her own people, talking

her own Yiddish dialect, helping with inexhaustible charity from her small means all more needy than herself. Thus it was in the latter years of her life, when, had she wished, she could have lived in luxury in the American homes of her American children. In the early days in New York she showed the fine stuff she was made of in the energy and ability with which she faced poverty and the labors and responsibilities of a large, growing family. Nor were her virtues all of the prosaic, materialistic order. David Lubin always said that his mother was largely gifted with intuition and spiritual insight; what he possessed of these qualities he derived, he said, entirely from her. She always remained her son's ideal of a wife and mother, and I have often heard him contrast the virtues of his "old chump of a mother" as he would endearingly call her, with the follies and foibles of the modern, gadabout, society woman for whom he had no love. As cook, housekeeper, dressmaker, home-maker and educator she toiled early and late for her family, and the stews and cookies which his mother made, the fine coat with shiny buttons which she had sewn for him, the stories she used to delight him with, the lessons in honesty, truthfulness, and integrity which she taught by word and example were never forgotten by her son, and in his opinion, nothing equaled them.

Rachel Weinstock firmly believed that David was destined for great things — had not the Rabbi told her so when the babe was but four days old? Did he not bear the mark of a special call? — and she watched over the fatherless boy with anxious solicitude. While she scolded and punished him for his childish misdemeanors, it was she who developed his native idealism by handing on to him the traditions of his people. At her knee David learned the Hebrew psalms and prayers — he *had* to learn them, and negligence was followed by condign punishment. He used to say that as a child he often looked with longing eyes at the Irish boys of the neighborhood, free to play and fight gloriously in the streets while he had to stay home and memorize the psalms. But

this was only one side of his mother's teaching; she was also a great hand at telling stories, quaint, shrewd, humorous folklore tales, long imaginative yarns of adventures and travel, as well as Bible stories and the historical traditions of his people, in simple, impressive words which left a mark on the sensitive boy that nothing could efface.

David loved those stories which did far more to develop his mind than the scanty schooling he got. They fed his imagination, carrying him back to the Jewish communities in Russian Poland, and way back further to that Holy Land, that Zion, of which his mother spoke with a devotion and love which made her words glow and her characters live. She told him of the Maccabees, of the wars with the Romans, and of the destruction of Jerusalem, and David made himself a wooden sword which he covered with tin foil and in his games would proudly fancy himself a Jewish hero fighting the Romans single-handed. And then his mother would tell him of the dispersion and of the grievous persecutions that Israel had suffered for his faith, and she would tell David how he had been marked by a sign, set apart for a purpose, and that he was to grow up to be a Servant of the Lord, to serve his people and to serve the world. "You will sit at table with Kings," she would say in her quaint figurative language; and the strength of her conviction penetrated deep into the child's soul, sowing seed which could not be stifled by the other side of his life which he lived in the American public school, with American boys, American ideals, American ambitions.

Both in the home and in the school, though in such different tongues, he was taught devotion to an ideal. In the home, by the little mother, it was called "The Lord our Righteousness"; in the school it was America, Liberty, Democracy — and in the boy's heart these came to be one and the same ideal which he, in some mysterious way, had been set apart to serve.

The public school was doing its work; the boy was growing up an American. Where Russia with all her autocratic

power utterly failed to denationalize and assimilate, America, by gift of perfect freedom, by absolute respect of religious beliefs, by granting complete equality of opportunity, succeeds; succeeds because she sets up an ideal which the stranger within her gates soon comes to recognize as his own, however different may be the language in which it is expressed, his own because at bottom it is the expression of that love of liberty and justice which instinctively lives deep down in all human hearts.

While the young David was mastering the three R's on the benches of the public school, events of world import were brewing. In 1861 the Civil War broke out, and, the boy, then a full-fledged American in spirit, thought, and speech, experienced the thrills of patriotism, the emotions of a struggle to the death for a great ideal in which the environment he was growing up in was saturated. He caught also some glimpses of the "alarums and excursions of war."

Recruiting stations had been opened in all quarters of the town, and soap-box orators, to the martial strains of drum and fife, called on the youth of the country to rally round Old Glory and save the Union. David longed to enlist, in spite of his mother's threats of dire punishment if he talked of such a thing at his age. One day the temptation proved too strong and he answered the impassioned appeal of a recruiting sergeant, who promptly took him at his word, backed up as he was in his statement as to age by a man in the crowd who volunteered to act the part of uncle for the occasion. However, when the youthful recruit was brought before the officer in charge, the latter looked him up and down and dismissed him with the injunction to go straight back home to his mother. For all his love of adventure, David Lubin was to be neither sailor nor soldier.

Later on he was to see something of the ugly side of war as well, and the scenes he witnessed during an anti-Negro riot to which the military draft of 1863 gave rise left on him a lasting impression of horror, trained as he had been

by his pious mother to look upon an insult to a man because of the color of his skin as reproach to his Maker. He used to tell how, with his half-brother Harry, he had, on that occasion, saved a Negro from the fury of the mob. The two boys were playing in the street in front of the house where they lived when the poor terrified black rushed up a little ahead of his persecutors. David took in the situation at a glance and pushed the poor fellow into a closet in the courtyard of the house, which had a second entrance on another street. The crowd followed hot on the scent, and on being informed that their quarry had turned the corner, rushed off after him; while his pursuers ran in the wrong direction, the boys smuggled the poor fellow out by the back way.

At the age of twelve David had left school and started to earn his living. The orthodox Jewish environment of his mother's home was no longer to be his; it had molded the boy; the youth and the man were to be shaped by the broader American influences.

An elder brother, Simon, had gone to work in Massachusetts, and David followed him there to learn the trade of jeweler and goldsmith, working ten hours a day and earning six cents an hour, or \$3.60 a week which he handed over to his brother for his keep. Simon, however, who in those days was rather a gay dog, soon tired of acting the *pater familias*, and so one day (I quote from a letter written in 1910 by Lubin to his son Jesse) he was told, "You'll just hop round to another job, somewhere else, and earn enough to pay for your board and lodging. Now skip!" "Well, there was nothing left for me but to skip, so I went four miles to North Attleboro, howling all the way. When there I inquired around what solderers and polishers were getting an hour. "Oh, from fourteen cents up," was the reply. So I went in to Morse Brothers' shop and tremblingly asked for a job, soldering and polishing. I was exhilaratingly surprised when, in place of being kicked out, I was given a job and a box of gold-plated scarf pins were put before me for polishing. Desiring to show how quickly I could work,

I pitched in and was finished with a box in a couple of hours. This was an 'eye-opener' for the foreman. I got a good pat on the back as I left for lunch. On returning I saw, near the desk end of the workroom, an excited group consisting of the two Morse brothers and the foreman. They seemed to be doing the stunt act in Richard III or in Coriolanus, and the word 'Hell' sounded quite audibly. At last the foreman, pointing to me, said, 'There's the skunk. Come here. What in Hell did you do?' I turned to find a hole to sink into, gave a furtive glance toward the door, but it was no use. And so I went up to the trio.

"I tried to work as quick as I could, Sir; and if I work this afternoon I'll try still harder." Then came a volley of language, semi-piratical, largely bacchanalian, wherein I was told that the 'quick' work had been my undoing. I had rubbed off each pin every scrap of the double-rolled gold plate that had been put upon them. I had rendered them pure and simple brass."

The boy, however, was given another chance at his job and came out all right. Indeed, it was in this same shop that a little later on he took the first step toward success. The demands of war were claiming the services of industry, and the firm received a big order for the blue goggles which Sherman's troops wore when crossing the sandy country on the way to their famous march through Georgia to the sea. David was set to soldering these goggles and taught to do so by dipping each separately. But the boy in him longed to get quickly through the assigned task so as to go off and play. This set his brain to work, and he soon devised a plan by which he could solder a dozen at a time. The rapidity with which he worked was noticed, and he was questioned. The device was found ingenious, was perfected and adopted; but all the good that David got out of it was the approval of his employers for his smartness and some extra half hours at the games he loved.

The appreciation of good workmanship, acquired by Lubin in his early years at the bench, remained with him through-

out life. Though he had no theoretic mastery of the science he took a great interest in mechanics and had his full share of the American gift for mechanical invention applied to labor-saving devices. His early contrivance in the Attleboro jeweler's shop was but the first of a series of inventions to which his success in life was in no small part due. He was gifted with a remarkable faculty of concentration and would bring his whole mind to bear on whatever work he was engaged on at the moment. Consequently, he was always trying to improve and perfect the means of accomplishing his task, whatever it might be. Thus, when a few years later he was working as traveler for a firm which sold lamps he invented a non-explosive coal-oil lamp which was patented by his employers and sold to good effect. Later on, when he started as a merchant and was brought in touch with "dry goods" he patented an overall which, as we shall see, was the origin of his business success; when, as a further development of his activities, he went into farming he thought out several devices in agricultural machinery, among others a "clod-cutter" which is still found valuable in preparing swamp lands for cultivation, the "Lubin windlass cultivator", and a "soil pulverizer" to which from time to time, down to the last months of his life, he devoted a great deal of thought and energy.

The years in which David Lubin grew from boy to youth in the environment of a New England manufacturing town, were years which witnessed vast revolutionary changes in thought as well as in political conditions. They were the days of Abraham Lincoln; it was the New England of the Abolitionists, of Thoreau, of Emerson, of Channing, of Longfellow; and the thought of the community in which the boy was growing up — a community of much more homogeneous stock than it is now — was also keenly influenced by the work of the thinkers and writers on the other side of the Atlantic, in England, in those years the very center of progressive thought and action.

In 1859 Darwin had published his "Origin of Species",

and this was followed at short distance by Huxley with his "Man's Place in Nature", and by the first volumes of Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy." John Stuart Mill was publishing his essays, Carlyle his histories, Kingsley his social novels. Karl Marx was writing the first chapters of his "Capital", and from his refuge in England was working with Engels for the birth of modern socialism.

The struggle between the old order and the new, ushered in by the French Revolution, a struggle which has not even yet completed its cycle, was convulsing the political and economic régime of both hemispheres. The European movement reacted on the New World, largely through the influx of refugees from political, religious, or economic persecution, who sought asylum in America with its freer atmosphere and wider opportunities.

The United States was just entering on that transition period which was to multiply its population several times over, fundamentally modify its racial characteristics, make of a country until then essentially a grower and exporter of staples a great commercial and manufacturing center; a transition which was to shift the balance of power from the farm to the factory, and to give us the industrial organizations, the trusts, and also the labor unions which have made the United States what it now is. Those were the years in which, following on the earlier discovery of gold, the Far West was opened up and the great railways built; the days of the discovery of the full extent of America's vast mineral wealth in oil and iron; the days of the great prosperity of the California gold mines; the days when fortunes were made overnight, and the hod-carrier of to-day became the millionaire of to-morrow.

Politically, intellectually, materially a continent was opening up; social and religious experiments were being made on all hands; nothing seemed impossible; nothing beyond man's power to grasp and master; and in this environment the psychology of East and West met in the boy David and mingled to produce the man that was to be.

Though not what is meant by a studious boy, Lubin was always a great reader and an independent thinker, alive and sensitive to the intellectual stir around him. He was only fourteen when he first began to read Spencer and Huxley, who remained prime favorites with him all his life. With them he came under the influence of modern scientific thought. The "Lord our Righteousness" of his mother was to become "the Unknowable" of Herbert Spencer, and orthodox tenets made room for speculative thought.

But the old longing for adventure was strong in the growing youth, and not to be gainsaid. The thoughts of America were steadily turning westward; and in 1865, when sixteen years of age, the boy turned his back on New England and set forth on his travels.

His dearly loved elder sister Jeannette, his close chum and protector in the stormy days of his boyish scrapes in New York, whose memory he cherished and revered to the last as one of life's saints, had married and gone to California.

This was the magnet which first drew him to the Land of the Setting Sun. But these were to be his "wander years" and he was not to settle down until his longing for the new and marvelous had been satisfied.

Of his journey across the continent in those days of slow and difficult travel no record remains, but we can be sure that nothing of the incident and novelty of what must have been a great experience was lost on the boy. He used to tell me that he worked for some months at his old trade of jeweler in San Francisco and felt the strange fascination of that beautifully situated city, which had suddenly grown from a rough pioneer settlement into a metropolis where West met East. Chinatown; the port with its international medley; the wooden houses; the rough-paved, bustling streets where miners and merchants, pioneers and sharpers, laborers suddenly transformed into millionaires, gamblers, sailors, adventurers of all kinds and nationalities met and mingled, worked and quarreled, fought and grew rich; the city where lawlessness and crime were offset by

Vigilance Committees and Lynch Law all entered into the varying features of the panorama spread before him. He took it all in, learned its turn of speech, which became his own, gloried in the warmth and color and sunshine of generous, open-handed, warm-hearted California, which awoke within him atavistic longings for a land "flowing in milk and honey"; and then again the urge to move came on. One evening he informed his employer that he had made up his mind to try his luck and seek for gold in Arizona.

He went South, taking with him as his dearest possession a little violin he had brought from his New York home; for Lubin, though by no manner of means a musician, was all his life long an ardent lover of music. At his mother's bidding he had learned to play the old-world melodies to the Hebrew songs she taught him and had added thereto the simple popular repertory of his day, and all through his wanderings his fiddle was his faithful companion.

He stayed for some time in Los Angeles, then a village of a few thousand inhabitants, surrounded by what was practically desert country, peopled by coyotes and jack rabbits. He worked there some months in a lumber yard, "packing lumber." Strong, vigorous, fond of manly sports — riding, swimming, dancing — he enjoyed the primitive life of those rude pioneer communities. He remembered a wild ride, his first one, on a partially broken-in horse on which he rashly set out at his employer's bidding, who never guessed that he was such a novice at horsemanship; on another occasion he got caught in the quicksands and owed his life to the fact that he remembered having read that in such a plight the right thing to do is to keep on moving your feet (or your pony's, as the case might be). By acting on this advice he at last managed to struggle to *terra firma*, but not before he had stared death in the face. But still the wilds called him, and he was not to have peace until he had experienced the desert, and the mystery and poetry of great solitudes had sunk into his soul.

In 1868 his chance came, and the youth joined a party

of reckless, adventuresome spirits who, under the leadership of one Captain Kirby, set off with a pack of horses and mules over the long trail for Arizona to seek for gold.

A glimpse of his life there and of the affectionate remembrance in which he held "Old Arizony" is afforded by the following letter, written nearly forty years later, in reply to a communication received from a mail-order customer. The typewritten copy before me is prefaced by a penciled note written in Mr. Lubin's hand to his partner, Mr. Weinstein: "This is a sample of what I mean by business-making letters."

(New York) February 23rd, 1904.

Mrs. Ed. Garcia,
Wickenburg, Ariz.

Dear Madam :

Your order was handed to me by the clerk, who drew my attention to the last line, and while our custom is not to send anything to any customer, in order that we may do strict justice to all, yet as you are from Wickenburg, I will make an exception.

I do so because I have some recollections of Wickenburg which date back to a time perhaps before you were born. In 1868-69 I was one of the party of fourteen prospectors who pioneered from Los Angeles, coming over the old Emigrant trail, to Wickenburg, where most of the party remained, and worked in the Vulture Mine. During those old pioneer days the place was thickly infested by the Apache Indians and your letter brings to my recollection the vivid times of early days.

I remember crossing Yuma, and going toward Castle Dome, and then afterwards striking out for the "Dry Tanks", which were sure enough "dry", and then to make our way back again to the Colorado River, being nearly two days without food or water, and you may realize what that means. At one place our captain shot down some steers, in order to save our lives, and on reaching the Colorado River we proceeded on our way by La Paz. I have some

recollection of Granite Wash and Dos Palmos. Is there any recollection of Crete Bryant and his mule teams? I worked for the Vulture Mills at Wickenburg at a time when a Mr. Brown was the manager. I have some faint recollection of the Arizona House. I wonder if that is there yet? Our party had the usual experiences of camping out in the Desert where the friendly Coyote or the "sly Rattler" made themselves more or less manifest. I also have some recollections of "Frejoles" and "Tartilles."

During the time of our wanderings I became separated from the party and was lost in the desert for nearly two days. It is quite pleasant to think of those old times again, and in remembrance thereof, I take pleasure in sending you a silk shawl which I hope you will wear with my compliments.

With high esteem, I remain,

Yours very truly,

D. Lubin (of W. L. & Co.).

The deep impression left on his mind by those years passed in the wilderness is again apparent in the following extract from a letter which he sent some years later (May 13, 1915) to Governor Hunt of Arizona.

I should be pleased [he writes], to have Arizona and its Governor exert whatever influence is possible toward the carrying out of this measure [a proposal for a national marketing organization to which Mr. Lubin was then devoting much thought], especially so since I have, years ago, passed several years of my life travelling through Arizona on a prospecting tour. It was some time in the latter end of the sixties, when much of the travelling had to be done on ponies or on foot, and when the staples of life consisted mainly of flap-jacks, black coffee, and bacon, and sometimes mighty little of that; and when the mode of retiring was to throw your blanket down on the ground, lie down on one end of it, and roll and keep on rolling until you reached your pillow, the said pillow consisting of the saddle with a great brown felt sombrero in the centre, and the trick was to finish the roll by landing your head in the centre of the

sombrero, and then sleep. And now I hear that they are wearing high hats and evening dress suits, and boiled shirts in that same Arizona, and that the Apache and the Apache-Mohaves, and the Pimos and the Maricopas are about gone, and perhaps the rattle-snakes too.

Dear, quaint, weird old Arizona is a piece of poetic inspiration! Its rarefied atmosphere, its bunch grass, its uncanny looking cactus, and its dried river beds, its vast natural parks with miles of flowers, its yellow mustard fields, its seas of sand, and its endless mesas! It is perhaps not without reason that the great religious prophets, the Moses, the Elijahs, the Johns and the Mohammeds, obtained their inspiration from the desert. I may say that whatever little work I have been able to do in the hope of bettering human conditions has had its inspiration from my few years tramping in Arizona.

Speaking of his companions of those days, of Captain Kirby and his men, Lubin would say: "they would as lief have shot down an Indian as a rabbit; and with no more compunction; the thing was incomprehensible to me."

"Whoso mocketh a man reproacheth his Maker," was a precept engraved on his mind as a child, and Lubin saw in the Indian a fellow man and felt toward him as such. Indeed, his attitude toward the backward, childish peoples of the earth — Indians, Negroes, primitive races of all sorts — was always markedly sympathetic; that of the elder brother, half-compassionate, half-amused, who would fain help and protect. And the Indians divined the difference between him and his associates. Sometimes some of the bolder spirits would cautiously approach the camp fires, with little parcels of gold dust to exchange for tobacco and other commodities. Lubin would get in touch with them, they interested him; he would share his precious tobacco with them, and they would listen to the tunes he played on his fiddle and press on him their gifts. If the party stayed any length of time in a place he would get quite friendly with some and so it was that once, when he fell

very ill with chills and fever, an old Indian took him off to his camp and cared for him, curing the sickness with the simple but effective remedies known to the natives.

Things, however, were not always so peaceful; sometimes the white intruders had quite serious encounters with the original owners of the territory, and in one of these skirmishes Lubin got an ugly wound in the leg.

In more ways than one Arizona molded Lubin's character. He learned while there to deal with rough men, to hold his own with them, to swear and fight with the best if occasion arose.

Physically the life was splendid, and the youth grew into a vigorous, robust man of good medium height, broad-shouldered, lean and muscular; with an abundant crop of jet-black hair, a high narrow forehead, bushy eyebrows overshadowing deep-set, keen, yet kindly gray eyes. He was very dark-complexioned, with the large mouth of an orator, a powerful jaw, and a small, round, obstinate chin. The shape of his head was remarkably long and narrow, though deep; his noticeably flat ears were set well back, and he had a remarkable facial angle.

Lubin acquired in Arizona the rough, picturesque, and forcible speech of the pioneer, and a gift for expressing himself in such simple terms that, later on, even when discussing abstract and intricate themes, he could make his meaning clear, not only to the educated but also to the illiterate. He learned to take nothing for granted; to think out his problems for himself, and when he had once made up his mind, to take rapid decisions and to act on them.

The two days he was lost in the desert made a deep and lasting impression on him. Such an accident meant almost certain death, yet he used to say that when the first shock of realization was over, he experienced not fear but a deep awe and wonder. He felt the imminent presence of God as it is felt only in the desert, and realized in every fiber of his being the majesty and beauty of the infinite space

surrounding him, of the audible silence, of the weird and wondrous desert coloring, of the sun, as it sank, a huge orb of fire, behind the horizon of the sand-sea which spread limitless on all sides, of the mystery of the unnumbered stars which, in those latitudes and in that rarefied atmosphere, shine with unwonted splendor as night's shadows fall. He looked into his own soul and felt the promptings of destiny.

On the eve of the second day, as he was wandering aimlessly, letting his exhausted pony go its own way, he suddenly stumbled across his party again. They had almost given him up for lost, and indeed, as Lubin himself used to say, it was little short of miraculous that he should ever have been heard of again.

It was some time after this that an incident occurred which gave a turn to his thoughts and subsequently to his life. One day, as he was working with the others, he started singing to himself, and the melody and words which came to his lips were those of one of the old Hebrew songs of his childhood. One of his mates, a rough, quarrelsome fellow, suddenly asked him what he was singing. Lubin explained that it was a song he had learned as a child.

"But what lingo is that?" persisted the other.

"Oh, that is Hebrew," replied Lubin.

The fellow stopped in his work and stared at him in astonishment. "Why, you don't mean to say you're a damned Jew, do you?"

It ended in a fight, and the man, who was something of a bully, got the worst of it, and when the matter came to the ears of Captain Kirby he advised the fellow to make himself scarce.

In Lubin resentment at the silly insult died out with the fight; but not so the train of thought to which it had given rise. It brought back to him his childhood days and the precepts and traditions his mother had taught him, all of which had receded somewhat into the background during the years that he had been living and working in a purely

American environment. If Judaism was what his mother taught, why this hatred? Why "damned Jew"? And there grew in him a desire and a determination to master the inner meaning of the history of the people to which he belonged. The conviction instilled into him by his mother that the day would come when in answer to a special call it would be his privilege to serve that people, recurred to him and he longed to do so, but already he was outgrowing narrow particularism, and in the desire to serve he embraced not one but all, not only Jew but Gentile. He would serve America, the biggest collectivity he then grasped.

But with this desire came the realization of the limitations of his education. He knew that the three R's and the Psalms were not enough; he felt that there was something behind the ritual of the synagogue which he failed to get at, which those who had hitherto taught him could not teach. Instinctively he felt that religion, as commonly practiced, was but the shadow of a substance at which he guessed but knew not. There was something beyond the ceremonies and symbols, however poetic; something deeper and loftier than the words, however solemn, chanted amid the blare of the ram's horn on the day of Kippur. He now felt — he knew — that this something was the essential. He formed the resolve to fathom the inner essence of religion; to get at the heart of it; and he made up his mind that as soon as occasion offered he would make it his business to study and to know.

Some years were still to pass, however, before he found his life work. After the Arizona adventure his thoughts turned eastward once more to the mother and the home associations. He had not "found gold" nor "struck oil" during his journeyings. He returned as poor in pocket as he had gone, with nothing to show for his pains but the cherished little bags of gold dust which the Indians had given him. With these and his precious fiddle he started homeward.

The chronology of these years is somewhat faulty in the

few recollections held of them by surviving relatives, but a landmark is afforded us by a glimpse we catch of him making a stop in Chicago on his way to New York, and being caught in the great fire which destroyed that city on the 8th of October, 1871. In the fire he lost all his few possessions, including the gold dust, and just managed to escape with nothing but the clothes he stood up in and his beloved fiddle.

After this he "took to the road" as he used to express it, traveling for a time for a New York firm of lamp manufacturers. He made his headquarters at his mother's, and his sister, Mrs. Fanny Bonnheim, remembers David coming home at intervals, bringing with him new books and new ideas in which he used to try and interest the family circle, and also bringing new food in the shape of the banana, then still a novelty, introduced by him to the household as a particularly healthy and nourishing fruit. Mrs. Bonnheim recalls him as a moody, erratic, hot-tempered youth, of whom the young fry of the family stood much in awe. He would pore over his books and studies and at such times would be intensely impatient of any noise or interruption, and his mother would enjoin on the children that by no means must "her David" be disturbed as he "was thinking out things."

At one time he thought he would try his fortunes as a commercial traveler on his own account instead of working for his firm and went south as far as New Orleans, but though he doubtless acquired experience, his new venture was a dead failure from the financial standpoint. I remember his telling me it was his worst experience in that line; he got reduced to such extremities that he did not know where to look for his next meal, and had to work his passage back North on a river steamer in the roughest of rough and unwashed company.

On one of his visits to New York the explosion of a coal-oil lamp, which nearly burned down his mother's home, set his mind to work, resulting in the invention of the non-

explosive lamp already referred to. Once again a mechanical device, adopted and patented by the firm for which he worked, materially aided his success in life.

All this while he had not forgotten the determination formed in Arizona. If there was little of the mystic there was a great deal of the speculative philosopher in Lubin's composition. While the orthodoxy of his childhood still inspired him with reverence, yet he had outgrown it; not so the religion. That he was only just growing into; but he needed to get it on a basis that would satisfy his reason as well as his emotions, a basis that would afford a firm anchorage for his thought. He felt the call to service, but, as he wrote years later, "as the true marksman must have a given point at which to aim, so the effective teacher must have a logical postulate from whence to draw his deductions." It was this logical postulate which he was to work out for himself, Arizona fashion, taking nothing for granted, and never consciously allowing himself to be carried away by mere words.

A vast intellectual curiosity stirred within him; he fed it on the one hand by studying the book of life as read by the light of his daily experience, on the other by poring over the volumes of history, of philosophy, or of speculative thought that came his way.

And then came a new experience which left its mark on him. A year or two after his return from Arizona he made his first trip to Europe, crossing to Amsterdam, and traveling thence through Germany and Austria to Poland. We can picture the contrast between democracy in an extreme form, such as he had lived it for three years in the Wild West, and the class distinctions, traditions and customs of what was then still largely feudal Central Europe. I have heard Mr. Lubin tell, with retrospective amusement, how, boylike, he was dazzled and overawed by the glitter and splendor of the magnificent porter in the Viennese Hotel, who condescended to honor such an outsider as himself with advice and assistance. Lubin felt sure that

it would never do to insult such a grandee by offering him a tip, though he had soon discovered that the smaller fry were by no means averse to such tokens of regard. When, after a few days, the porter no longer smiled upon him, Lubin felt he must have been guilty of some grave breach of etiquette, and in his anxiety went off to consult the American consul, who had already assisted him in getting his greenbacks changed into the local currency. "When did you last tip him?" the consul inquired, and the guffaw with which Lubin's reply was received was enlightening to this young scion of a democracy where bowing and scraping for gratuities was looked upon as degrading.

On this occasion he visited Warsaw and probably also his native town. Here he saw the life of the Jew living literally as an exile in a foreign and hostile land; but what impressed him most were not so much the material disabilities as the atmosphere of spiritual fervor and apartness of the community, kept together by a theme and a self-imposed Law. Yet he could not but perceive that the wealth of conserved energy of these communities was going to waste; circumstances had forced it into sterile channels whence only now and again an individual escaped to bring his particular contribution to progress, but as an individual only and not as a member of a corporate body, of a missionary people. And while in Poland it was the conservatism of the Jew which impressed Lubin, when he looked to conditions as he knew them in America it was the assimilative character of the race which came to the fore. There they became Americans, and as such developed their special abilities, "making good" in a variety of lines. But the young man, striving to find his bearings in order to steer his course in life with firm, unwavering hand, had the sensation that in both countries much was being lost, power was running to waste; in neither case was the human family getting the full value of the contribution which he somehow felt his people yet could and should bring to the common cause of human progress and improvement.

These were the ideas and impressions which, in the midst of the multiple activities of a busy, hard-working life, were growing and taking shape, stored, so to speak, in "the back of the mind" of David Lubin when the call came which at last gave a definite direction to his energies and started him on what was to be his path in life. His sister Jeannette had lost her husband, and had come into a small sum of insurance money — four hundred dollars — with which she decided to open a dry-goods store in San Francisco. She sent for her brother Harry to help in this venture, and he went to California. She now proposed that David, recently returned from his European journey, should also invest his meagre savings in the business and settle down. He agreed to do so, and in 1874 he joined his relatives in San Francisco.

CHAPTER III

PIONEER YEARS IN CALIFORNIA: THE UPBUILDING OF A BUSINESS

THE following account of David Lubin's start as a business man and merchant is taken from notes of the story as he told it me some years ago in Rome:

In 1874 I was traveling in the East for a firm, selling lamps, copper kettles, and other specialties in hardware, when I received one day in New York a letter from my half-brother, Harris Weinstock, who was then living in San Francisco. He told me of an opening there, and urged me to come on and join him in a dry-goods store he was starting mainly with some insurance money my sister had come into. I decided to put my savings into the venture and go into business with him. Our capital all told did not exceed six hundred dollars. We opened a store down town, on Washington Street, then in a good business quarter, doing a fair class of trade for those days, though before long the Chinese began to come in and gradually swamped the neighborhood. Those were times of big prices on the Pacific Coast, of rapid fortunes, and big failures. It was the custom to ask tremendous sums and then sell for what you could get — eighty-five dollars for a suit of clothes, say, and then sell it for four. No change under "two bits" was spoken of, and a "bit" was $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents. Coppers were not taken; to offer them was looked upon as an insult.

Trade was done in those days by standing at the door of your store and inviting in customers — sailors and miners formed a goodly percentage of the motley population — and then you would "soak" them for all they were worth. It was the old-world, old-time system of barter, handed down from an immemorial past. It was a matter of bargaining and haggling over prices between salesman and customer,

in which the latter was very generally worsted. To me it was hateful. I could not square it up with my notions of right and wrong, and I made a poor hand at the business. I was hardly worth my salt.

I remember that I was alone one day in the store when a sailor came in. I had been doing practically nothing for weeks past, and was dissatisfied and restless. I thought I would try my hand and see what I could do as a salesman, and I did quite a stroke of business as things were with us, for I took thirty dollars from the man, handing him only ten cents change. But when the transaction was over I had made up my mind. It was wrong. I would have nothing more to do with it, and I determined that I would start for myself on the basis of fixed prices on all goods, marked in plain figures so that all could read.

I set out to find a place to start in, but nothing suitable offered in San Francisco, so I resolved to go up the river to Sacramento and see what chances there were in the State capital.

I went by boat, landing in Sacramento with my share of the stock, and pretty poor stuff it was too. After looking around I found a place I thought would do, on a corner of K Street, above a basement saloon. It was about 10 ft. wide by 12 ft. deep, separated by a thin partition from a Chinese laundry. I occupied one half. Under me was the saloon; and under the saloon was a pool of stagnant water. On the other corner there was another saloon, and yet another on the third corner.

Well, I settled in and made shelves and painted them, set up a counter made of dry-goods boxes covered with oilcloth, and hung out a sign "D. Lubin, ONE PRICE." ["Probably the first 'one price' sign hung out in America west of the Mississippi," comments Mr. Jacob Rubel in an article written after Mr. Lubin's death.] I used to get my meals for "two bits" on the floor above me where there was a boarding place, and a sloppy place it was too. I rigged up a bunk in the store, under the counter, and slept there. It took "some" strength to take it apart later on; it was fastened together with spikes and would have stood the weight of an ox, let alone a man. I had a straw mattress and turned in there of nights.

I can assure you I had a pretty tough time; but I ran things according to my own ideas of what was right, and stuck to them; fixed prices marked in plain figures, and no lying as to the quality of the goods. I sold clothing of all sorts, mostly to the miners who came to Sacramento to make their purchases, and what success I had was mainly due to an improvement I invented about that time to prevent overalls splitting open (the endless-fly overall I called it). I used to sell a pair of overalls with this improvement, which I patented, for 75 cents, and as the nearest to these in quality were the "riveted" overalls which were sold at a dollar and a quarter and were not nearly so strong, my invention soon came to be in great demand. That was the first hit I made, and it was about time too, for it began to look as if I should have to send down to San Francisco for a dollar to keep me alive.

My system of fixed prices was so novel that it was not accepted without a great struggle. I remember one day a great big chap came into the store and bought quite a lot of things, perhaps 25 dollars' worth; it was the largest piece of business I had done in one go since I started. When he had done buying and I was wrapping up the goods, he noticed a pocketknife I had on view in a little show case with a few other things. It was marked, if I remember right, 50 cents, and he wanted me to throw it in with his other purchases. I explained to him that I could not do so, that it was against the principle on which I ran the store; that if I gave him a knife I should presently have to give presents to other people, and that such a course would be inconsistent with an equitable mode of doing business. He still insisted, urging that he had not beat me down a cent on the other goods. I refused; then he said, "All right, you can keep your damned traps," and went for the door. "Very well," I replied, and threw the parcels on the shelf, and when he still hung about, wanting to haggle, I told him I would not sell them to him anyhow, that he could just get out and go to hell. That was the rough Arizona talk I gave him. And so my best customer was hustled out. He went right enough; but pretty soon, while I was at lunch, a man came in and bought the goods of my relief boy who usually came to mind the store

when I went out. He bought them for himself, but they went to that big chap, all right.

On the Saturday night following, as I was getting ready to shut up, there was quite a rumble on the board sidewalk; it sounded as though a company of soldiers were marching up. Pretty soon the crowd stopped in front of my store and for a moment I thought there was going to be a fight. "There he is," their leader shouted as he came in, pointing to me; "he's the only honest storekeeper in Sacramento, boys. Whatever he says is so. Let's buy him out." It was the fellow I had refused to dicker with a few days before. And sure enough, by the time they had got through with their purchases, there was not much of my stock left.

Well, the big chap of this story was the foreman of the boiler shops in the works of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and this adventure was soon noised abroad. It marked the turn of the tide. One customer would bring others, and pretty soon I needed a clerk. When he came I said to him, "Do you lie?" "No," says he. "Well, just remember this; if I catch you lying to any customer of mine, out you go." One day I caught him praising up some goods to a woman, saying they were so and so. "No," said I, "'t isn't either; that is poor stuff," right out before him. I would n't have any one in the store who was going to lie about the goods. I wanted it to be known throughout Sacramento as a place for fair dealing. If a man would not accept the coppers given him in change, as frequently happened in those days, they were thrown in the street after him.

Soon sales began to go up, and the business was growing too big for the store. Then one day the Chinamen next door played a gambling game long into the night; this was nothing unusual, but on this particular occasion they seemed to me to be making more noise than usual, and I could not get to sleep. I was terribly mad at being kept awake and pounded on the partition to stop them. I suppose I pounded pretty hard, and in my anger I smashed a looking glass on my side and at last broke a panel through and found myself in the Chinamen's quarters. The next morning they summoned me and I went into court. I don't know

how many charges they had against me; house-breaking, assault and battery, and what not. When the judge asked me what I had to say, I told my story in which I referred to the gambling that was going on in the adjoining room, over which the Chinamen had grown so excited. "Ah," he said, "that will do. Mr. Lubin, you are discharged." But he fined the Chinamen fifty or sixty dollars for gambling.

The landlord came round that day with a great tale of how I was robbing him of his tenants, for the Chinamen had resolved to move. I asked him what they paid and he told me. "I will give you that for the room," I said, and so we knocked down the partition and I enlarged my store.

That was how I started business; the fundamental idea was the same that I am now working on in the International Institute of Agriculture; it was a fight then for fair dealing between individuals; it is now a fight for fair dealing between nations.

Thus the business of Weinstock and Lubin started forty-six years ago in Sacramento, for soon David was joined by his partner who came up from San Francisco. "We started with a goodly assortment of ethics, but with an indifferent stock of goods," Lubin said in an address he delivered in February, 1916, before the employees of the firm which had grown to prosperity out of such small beginnings. "The ethics were first-class; but the trouble was with the goods, which consisted mainly of a few dozen overalls, some jumpers, some red flannel overshirts, some cotton-flannel shirts and drawers, some cotton handkerchiefs, some paper collars, some pocketknives, some collar buttons, etc. The greatest assortment was of our ethics.

"Unfortunately the people who called to buy knew little or nothing of ethics, but knew very much about beating down the price. They would usually begin or end with the sentence, 'I'll tell you just what I'll do with you.' And my answer usually was, 'No, you need not tell me; you will do nothing with me; you will pay the price that is marked or nothing.' And again they would start in to tell me what they would do.

“‘You are not here to conduct this business,’ I would say. ‘You are here to buy at the price marked. Buy the thing if you want it at that price; otherwise, go,’ and the larger number obeyed my injunction and went: and I often had n’t the twenty-five cents per meal to pay the boarding mistress.”

Thus it came about that these two young men set to work in this little “Mechanic’s Store”, as it was called, to build up a business on lines then quite unknown in the West, and they were rewarded by rapid success.

In all his activities David Lubin showed a wonderful gift of intuition. He brought his keen gifts of observation, deduction and generalization, the theories and thoughts of the philosophers and writers whom he studied, to bear on the conditions he lived among, and as a result he arrived at conclusions which entitle him to be considered a pioneer in reform as distinguished from a utopian dreamer. When he would first broach an idea or a proposal his mode of presentation would often take his listener by surprise, indeed, quite disconcert him. In discussing some practical business issue where nothing but practical considerations of dollars and cents, profit or loss, would seem to be involved, Lubin would go back to first principles and be quite capable of quoting as authorities Isaiah or Socrates or Cicero, or a medieval worthy whom he held in high esteem, Maimonides. He would talk of old Rome, or of the People of Israel; and his “practical” listeners, anxious to get through with a “practical” matter, would grow impatient and be inclined to classify him as an impractical theorist or, indeed, a “bore.” But they were very generally wrong, and in the long run had to acknowledge it. Lubin was simply trying to get at the “innards” of the question, as he would phrase it, despising empirical conclusions and solutions, and trying to reason the matter out from cause to effect, trying to get at right ways to attain the desired ends. The result of all this hard thinking and close — if often quaint — reasoning, was that the movements he initiated, though frequently ahead of the times and often sneered at on that account, were truly in

keeping with real needs. They were nearly always taken up and carried out sooner or later, often without due credit being given the initiator.

Thus it was in the bold, aggressive fight for a new mode of doing retail business which he made in the little town of Sacramento way back in the early seventies. He was striving to put into practice ideas and conclusions which had taken root in his mind as the result of the reading he had done in hours snatched from sleep or recreation, and the hard thinking to which this reading had given rise. His customers would doubtless have been surprised to hear that Herbert Spencer, or John Stuart Mill, or the Bible had anything to do with the one price, fair dealing, cash payment system he was trying to introduce, but though they might not have followed the reasoning which determined his policy, they soon saw the advantages of that policy as it affected them. So sound were the lines he laid down for his business that in April, 1875, he was able to state in an advertisement he drew up :

We started in business in Sacramento in October 6th, 1874, at 100 K. Street, between 4th and 5th, with two cases of merchandise in a place 10 by 12, and as we were not overburdened with spare cash one of the partners of this firm hauled the lumber himself, and placed the shelves where they now are. It was a risky undertaking, but we wanted to try our system, which we herein make public, for the benefit of our customers and our contemporary storekeepers —

1st. To buy or manufacture our goods at the lowest market prices, and always be on the lookout for extra chances, if goods were offered lower than the regular market price.

2d. To calculate at how low a percentage we could afford to sell them.

3d. Having settled that point to mark all our goods with the selling price in plain figures, so that all who could read figures should know the price as well as ourselves.

4th. Never to misrepresent any article offered for sale.

5th. To sell at one price only.

By adhering strictly to the above rules we have established a reputation that no business house should be ashamed of; and our trade increased, for on the 15th of November, 1874, we had to push back ten feet, and on the 3rd of February another ten feet, and now we occupy two stores — or six times the space we occupied before — well stocked with sound, saleable goods, bought at their lowest market price, and sold at their real value. We advise our older, and as they call themselves smarter merchants to do as we do, and they will have no occasion to say that in '49 times used to be flush in Sacramento, but since the railroad came here trade has gone to ruin — bear in mind, old fogies, the trade is here! Turn over a new leaf — be HONEST — learn the true value of goods, and do not misrepresent; and do not lie to the public; and sell at a small percentage, and you will soon change your opinion of Sacramento. Let the public bear in mind we do not propose to sell goods at half price nor below cost, but at the lowest price the goods can be sold at — and at ONE PRICE only.

The reader will note in this unusual kind of advertisement, printed in the local *Sacramento Bee*, with some grammatical lapses (though Lubin acquired a truly remarkable command of language and of forcible, picturesque expression, he remained all his life somewhat deficient in what he termed the “tool chest” of the writer) a full measure of the enthusiasm and crudity of youth, as well as of the hustling aggressive spirit of a Western community of those early years; but the note of self-assertion was justified by the fact that the writer meant what he said and lived up to it.

While Lubin was determined to make a success of his business enterprise, he was equally determined to achieve that success only by rigid adherence to the most scrupulous standards of integrity. To find a parallel to the following anecdote, which I relate as it is given by Colonel Weinstock, one must go to the life of Abraham Lincoln.

“At that time our young firm was building up quite a business with the large number of mechanics employed in

the local railway shops. An article of prime importance to these workers were overalls, which they wore at their tasks. One common criticism made by wearers was that in hurriedly putting on these garments the worker would often run his foot against the crotch of the overall which would give way, causing great and sometimes embarrassing rips.

"Lubin, being of an inventive turn of mind, took these criticisms to heart, and devised a remedy in the nature of a continuous front fly, thus making the accidents complained of practically impossible. Patent rights were secured, giving the firm the exclusive privilege in the use of such device.

"An active publicity campaign was begun and soon this particular style of overalls had the lead in the local market. In due course the improvement came to the notice of a large San Francisco manufacturer who saw a fortune in the idea with the whole country available as a possible outlet.

"One day this great manufacturer put in an appearance at the little Sacramento shop and said he was interested in the overall improvement, and would like to buy the patent rights for the United States. How much would they cost?

"Lubin and I went into executive session. It was a great problem what to ask. We felt that we should not ask less than \$200 and a maximum price would be about \$400. Finally, in gross ignorance of its real value, we compromised between ourselves on the sum of three hundred dollars, which to us at that period of our business career seemed quite a fortune.

"With much hesitation the price of \$300 was quoted, in great fear lest the prospective buyer would turn on his heel and walk out. Imagine our surprise when without a word the manufacturer whipped out his checkbook, wrote out his check, and smilingly handed it over to us. The transaction was closed in a flash. The buyer was serenely happy, and so were we. Never before had we seen so much money in one day.

"Two or three years intervened. The far-sighted manufacturer was doing a large and profitable export business in

those overalls. We soon realized what a valuable source of profit we had practically given away for a song, and how the retention of the patent rights on our part would have led to an early fortune.

"One day there came a well-groomed gentleman who introduced himself as an attorney from San Francisco. After considerable hemming and hawing and beating about the bush, he finally made to us the astonishing statement that there had been an error in the assignment of the overall patent, that legally the rights were still vested in us, and that he was at our mercy in the matter. He had been sent by the San Francisco manufacturer to ascertain at what price we would be willing to make a reassignment of the patent.

"Here was a golden opportunity. A fortune was staring us in the face. In our ignorance we had almost given away the patent rights. Now the choice was open either to exact a large sum for reassignment, or to decline to reassign, to market the improvement ourselves and thus enjoy a short cut to wealth.

"Admittedly, it was a strong temptation to get rich quick; but without a moment's hesitation, and without even stopping to consult me, Lubin said to the attorney — 'You ask at what price we will make a reassignment of the patent rights. The answer is, there is no price.'

"For a moment the lawyer's face dropped. Continuing, Lubin went on to say, 'Your client bought the patent in good faith, and we sold it to him in good faith. We do not propose to take advantage of any mistake. Hand out your document and it will be cheerfully signed, without one penny of additional compensation.'

"The attorney looked as though he could be knocked over with a feather. He had come authorized and prepared to pay (if need be) a big, fat sum to get the signature on the dotted line, and here it was given for the mere asking. Later he acknowledged that if all business transactions were conducted on such a level, the occupation of the legal fraternity would largely be gone."

The story of the progressive development of the Sacramento business can be read in the advertisements drawn up by Mr. Lubin during these early years of struggle. He was in charge of the publicity side of the work and set about it in characteristic style. He had very definite ideas as to what advertising should be.

"Let the advertising man remember that there is no effort or genius necessary to make slap-dash statements; anybody can do that; a scrub writer can dash off statements about bricks, religion, suspenders, astronomy, hogs, automobiles, houses, bonds, shirts, or anything. . . . It takes more genius to tell a plain statement in a plain way, and to tell it truthfully, than it does to make all the flashy and dashy style that has ever been devised; and as for effect, there is no comparison whatever," he wrote in his later years in going over this subject in a letter to his son Jesse.

And again, in a letter written in 1910, he says, "When reading general literature you should have your 'weather eye' open in converting the sense of what you read into your everyday affairs of business, and complementary to the same all the suggestive points of business should be employed in shaping your generalization on your reading. In accordance with same I wish to say that . . . my mind was arrested last night in reading on the subject of 'dissipation of energy' by this paragraph: 'the man who is always speaking in a loud, shouting voice must shout very much louder if he is to excite more attention, but the person who always speaks in a low, gentle voice has only to raise it the least little bit and we at once give him all our attention.'"

These were the reflections of a man who had been through the mill, and who reviewed the situation in the light of a life's experience. We must not expect to find the same detachment and objectiveness in the young athlete struggling to make headway against adverse circumstance. There is a note of aggressiveness in the way in which he attacked the "grabbers", as he called his business rivals who resorted to modes of trade which he condemned, which does not en-

tirely reflect this philosophic serenity, this "sweet reasonableness." But, right from the start, in his advertisements as in his mode of effecting sales, David Lubin strove for truth. In his descriptions of goods he made none but plain straightforward statements which he could prove. There is no undue emphasis, no "cracking up" his wares. Emphasis comes in when he gets on the subject of the fundamental principles to which he pinned his faith. On that subject he speaks, nay, shouts in no uncertain tones; and in his hands the advertising columns of a small provincial newspaper became a pulpit from which he preached the doctrine of honest business.

In his business activities, as in all other phases of his life work, Lubin was full of the missionary spirit. He wanted to get on and to make a success of his store, but he also, and more especially, wanted to educate himself and to educate others in the principles of rightness, of "righteousness."

The advertisements which he drew up were often more in the nature of a proclamation of principles and a challenge to all concerned than an advertisement of goods. The following from a Sacramento paper sets forth in clear, characteristic way the basic idea underlying Lubin's economic activities in his store, on his farm, and in his international work:

WE WILL NOT SUBMIT TO UNJUST TAXATION!

This was the Watchword that created the greatest Republic in the World. But are not the majority of the people taxed heavier than before the Great Revolution? We do not mean politically but individually. The Tyrannical Tax Collectors owe allegiance to no Government. Each one of the Tyrants runs a tax-collecting mill on his own account. They collect more unjust taxes from the people than all the State, County, and City taxes put together. Their motto is Grab — grab all you can — none are exempt from the clutches of their claws.

The boy in buying his marbles or jackknife, the girl in buying a doll or toy, the young, the old, the rich, the poor,

the close, the liberal are all taxed alike by the accommodating Grabber, and still the Grabbers call themselves Merchants. Merchants indeed! What a base meaning the word merchant would have if this were true! When the principal stock in trade of a Merchant would be to be a continual Liar!

And the writer goes on to describe some of the more common dishonest trade practices of the day and place, and once more to lay down the sound business principles which have now come to be almost universally accepted if not equally universally practiced.

The style of these advertisements is not so novel now as it was forty years ago; it has been imitated, and the imitations are pretty generally parodies, for they simulate apostolic fervor in order to sell goods, whereas with Lubin the fervor was genuine. His purpose was not only to sell his wares but also to educate his readers to standards of business morality which he conceived of as a spoke in the wheel of the great Righteousness he aspired after. Psychologically, too, he was right in his mode of address. To be one of a chorus shouting at the public to come to your own particular store to buy "shoes, hats, valise, cheap for cash" attracts no special attention. To make confidants of the public, so that they come to be interested not only in your merchandise but also in your mode of doing business and to make them realize that under that mode your interests and theirs are not antagonistic but parallel, is to make of them staunch friends and faithful customers.

While he and his partner were building up for themselves a large and profitable business, David Lubin was also steadfastly pursuing an ideal, and that ideal was to reduce to a minimum the friction in exchange, to do away with "unjust taxation" in the economic as well as in the political sphere. The following quotation from a letter written in his later years sets forth the point of view which he held through life:

You and I have heard time and again that the farmer and the man in the factory, commonly denominated pro-

ducers, are very much praised, while merchants and traders in the same breath are condemned and sometimes called parasites. Herbert Spencer shows the fallacy of such claims. If there be merit in distinction it should, in my opinion, go to the man of exchange, the trader, the merchant; but when? Only when the friction of exchange, the profits, are reduced by their efforts to their lowest denomination; and doubly meritorious is this exchange when the merchant has skill and employs it at both ends, in buying and selling. He then truly becomes a blessing to the social system. . . .

The world will presently begin to understand that real usury does not so much consist in contracts for interest, as it does in incompetency as a trader. The trader who pays too much, the trader who charges too much, and the trader who gives inferior goods is the real usurer, the real enemy of mankind. Conversely, the trader who buys at the lowest price, who sells at the lowest price, and who buys and sells only sound goods, is a blessing, a blessing to himself and a blessing to all with whom he does business. Such a trader is neither a parasite nor at all inferior in social economy to the farmer or the workman. If anything at all, he is their superior.

To reduce friction in exchange to a minimum, so that the middleman, the merchant, the dealer, the banker act as the lubricant which eases the workings of the social machine, insuring smooth running, and not as the toll-taker, the usurer, the "profiteer", this was the phase of economics to which Lubin devoted his life. He firmly believed not only that there was a legitimate sphere for the "middleman" but that the duties he performed were of the highest social value, on condition, however, that he acted as a means not of wasting but of economizing energy.

"The merchant," he said in the address from which we have already quoted, "who conducts his business properly is the man who reduces the rough angles in exchange. In substance, he takes the product of the labor of the carpenter and exchanges it for the product of the labor of the shoemaker; the product of the farmer with the product of the

tailor; and so along the entire line of production and distribution — not merely the production and the distribution of his own locality, but in widely extended areas; sometimes expanding to the ends of the earth. The merchant who perceives and rectifies the waste and loss in the process of exchange, so that shoemaker Thomas receives the full measure of equity in exchanging the product of his labor for the product of the labor of teamster Brown is doing work of high moral, economic and political value. More than that; a properly conducted business is of almost as high value as a church, an altar. But on the contrary, an improperly conducted business is a place of inequity and iniquity. A properly conducted business works for the general welfare, for civilization; whereas the improperly conducted business pulls downward to injustice and barbarism. . . . It took the barbarous peoples centuries and centuries to devise the rudest form of exchange; and even to-day, in this twentieth century, and in this great civilized nation, we have very much to learn before we will have 'Exchange' as just and as equitable as the Prophets of the Bible wanted it to be."

As the Sacramento business developed it had to meet a condition diametrically opposed to the principles on which it was founded, and that condition was the "jobber."

Weinstock and Lubin were doing a strictly cash business with a small margin of profit; to carry out this policy successfully they needed to buy for cash in the cheapest market, *i.e.* direct from the manufacturer. But in 1874 this was an innovation which a small man could only make at the cost of much effort and no small risk. The young merchant who had boldly put out the first "One Price" sign west of the Mississippi took a pioneer part in this fight with the jobber in merchandise.

In these early days David Lubin used himself to go East to buy for his store, and it was his energy which found the means to break through the barriers and get in touch with the manufacturer.

In August, 1877, two years and ten months after its humble

start, the Mechanic's Store was well on its way to becoming — what it has remained ever since — an institution rather than a store for Sacramento. Its premises had to be constantly enlarged as its activities expanded, and in one of his characteristic advertisements Lubin was able truthfully to state:

“Justice is our sole guide in business. Our rules are made in strict accordance with the strict laws of justice, and shall always adhere to them. By doing justice to the sharper, justice to the ignorant, justice to the clever, justice to the simple, justice to the young, justice to the old, we have succeeded in establishing the Largest Retail Business in Sacramento, and a reputation second to none on the Pacific Coast.”

Meantime the firm's activities were spreading beyond Sacramento; they had become State-wide, and more than that. By the careful and minute attention to detail and routine which was one of his characteristics, Lubin was building up a new form of business, the Mail Order House.

The firm was now becoming an employer of labor on quite a considerable scale, and as functions began to differentiate, the propaganda and labor side of the business became Lubin's particular sphere of activity.

Here in his own words is an account of the modes he employed in training his staff:

One of our most difficult tasks was to teach the employees to tell the simple truth. At that time misrepresenting and lying was the normal process in buying and selling. Let me illustrate one mode of teaching.

Say a boy, Charlie, came up to my office, sent there through a complaint of the Head of the Department.

“Charlie, I am told that you have been a bad boy. Is it true?”

“No, Sir.”

“But here are the charges, Charlie; you have done thus and so.”

“No, I have not.”

"Charlie, who is your boss?"

"You are, Sir."

"I don't think so; try again."

"Mr. Weinstock."

"Try again."

"The superintendent."

"Try again."

"The Head of the Department."

"Try again."

"The printed rules."

"Try again."

"I can't."

"Now come over to this table and sit down here and I shall draw something, and you will tell me what it is. What is it, Charlie?"

"It is a can, like a kerosene can."

"We will fill it up with kerosene; now what is it filled with?"

"Kerosene."

"And now let us run the kerosene out. What is the can filled with?"

"Nothing."

"No, it is filled with something."

"It is filled with air."

"Now, watch; let us fill it with ink until it comes up to the top. What is the can filled with?"

"Filled with ink."

"And now let the ink run out. What is the can filled with?"

"Filled with air."

Then I continue drawing, converting the can into the head of a boy.

"What is it now?"

"The head and face of a boy."

"Now let us pour something into this head. Let that something be ideas. Let us pour the ideas into the head through the eyes. Let us pour into the head nasty ideas. What will the head be filled with?"

"Nasty ideas."

"Now let us clean the head out and pour in good ideas. What is the head filled with?"

"Good ideas."

"Let us pour that out and put in some good and some bad ideas. What will the head be filled with?"

"The head will be filled with good ideas and bad ideas."

"Do you now begin to understand who is really your boss?"

"I think so, Sir; I think it is my ideas."

"If you pour good ideas into your head, what will you be?"

"A good man, Sir."

"And bad ideas?"

"A bad man."

"Who then is your real boss?"

"My ideas."

"Then it makes a very important difference as to whether you put good ideas or bad ideas into your head?"

"Yes."

"And now let me ask you another question. Whom do you cheat first when you are doing wrong?"

"Myself."

"Why?"

"Because it would be putting bad ideas into my head and making me poorer."

"Do you now understand who is your boss?"

"Yes, Sir, I am my own boss; my ideas are my boss. And I must think properly and act properly in order to get my head filled with good ideas."

"And so, Charlie, you see that your boss is your own soul, and that it is wonderful but it is true that the laws that govern your thoughts are as real as the law that moves the earth."

It will be readily understood that teaching of this order, saved from the blight of preachy "tall talk" by the quaintness of the mode employed and by the unaffected directness and sincerity of the teacher, was no small factor in the upbuilding of the business; a business which Lubin was determined should not only bring him material rewards, but should prove a blessing to all who worked for it; they were not to be just his employees, but were to feel themselves

servants in a service to the community of which they were part.

How well he succeeded in this aim can be realized by talking with those who entered his employ in the early days, some of whom are still at the "old stand" in Sacramento. "There were no eight-hour days in those times," one of these said, in talking to me. "Business hours were from 7.15 A.M. to 10 P.M., but we enjoyed every minute of it; work was no hardship. We loved the store and the spirit that pervaded it; we were made to feel that we were part of it, that its success was our success; and if we worked hard, Mr. Lubin worked harder still. And he was very considerate; for instance, he required all of us juniors under eighteen to attend classes which he organized for us during some of the working hours each week, and those girls who were not called for by relatives were always sent home at night in a conveyance specially provided for this purpose, in charge of a chaperone. No other employer thought of such things."

I remember a lady coming to me in Rome one day and exclaiming: "What a wonderful man Mr. Lubin must be." She had called at the International Institute of Agriculture to see him, and had there met an American, to her a total stranger, who had come on the same errand. Finding Lubin out, they had dropped into conversation. The man, then president of a great American railroad, had told her that he owed everything in life to Lubin; that he had entered his employ as a boy, and attributed his success entirely to the training he had then received, to the personal attention and helpful interest which had developed his abilities and afforded him scope to rise.

Another such instance is that of a minister who began life as clerk to Weinstock and Lubin. Always fond of metaphysical discussions, Lubin had not failed to note a similar taste in this employee; he considered him gifted and found that his vocation was for the church, but that circumstances did not allow him to make the requisite studies; so, with characteristic generosity, he himself

helped to meet the expense of training the young man in a theological seminary, enabling him to become in due time a respected and successful Baptist minister.

And here it may be of interest to give some idea of Lubin's position in relation to labor matters. He was all his life long what is termed a "progressive" employer; the love of justice, the high standard of integrity which were his were, of course, exemplified in his relations with his employees.

These relations were also essentially democratic. Lubin was a great believer in parliamentary modes of procedure, in the value of council, in debate and criticism, and he carried these ideas into his practical dealings with those in his employ. Before coming to a decision in any matter he would hear all sides, encouraging those in the more humble as well as in superior capacities to express their views freely. He would as willingly consult the cash boy or the porter as the head of a department. Accuracy in statement, soundness in argument, ability in generalization were the qualities he most prized, and these he wished should prevail, whoever might be their exponent. "As smoke to the eye and vinegar to the teeth are glittering generalities with no specific facts behind them," he would often say.

In bringing in subordinates to take part in such discussions his first wish was that they should feel entirely at their ease, sit down and make themselves comfortable, and for this purpose he would insist on comfortable chairs, a cigar maybe, and a free and easy exchange of thought. But, on the other hand, he would be decidedly disconcerting to those unaccustomed to his ways. He disliked mere acquiescence or any attempt to take a lead from him and fit answers accordingly. He would look the offender through and through with keen, unflinching eyes, and pounce down with some unexpected inquiry or comment which would throw him or her quite off the track. The nervous or the timid might well dread such an ordeal, but as Lubin never desired to browbeat or intimidate, and was only harsh on the insincere or "slazy" (as he would phrase it) reasoner

and not on the shy or slow-witted, he could and would be gentle and very patient if he once realized the situation.

He attached the utmost importance to careful training of the eye and hand as well as of the brain, and was a strict disciplinarian. Work was work and play was play; he believed in going in for both whole-heartedly, but in keeping them strictly apart. Yet he never thought time wasted in argument on essential points, even if lengthy, and he greatly encouraged independent thinking among his employees.

Lubin always maintained that so-called "cheap" labor is the most expensive; he was a firm believer in high wages for good service. He liked to see men rise from the ranks, and granted rapid promotion for ability. He believed in competition as a driving force for progress; but while he was certainly not a collectivist neither was he an absolute individualist. Writing on this subject in December, 1910, to a correspondent he says:

The question remains, on what line should this work be done? Should it be on the line of Collectivism? Should it be on the line of Individualism? As well let one say of color, let it be red; and another one, let it be blue. In the scheme of color we need not alone the cardinal tints but the shades as well. And so in the affairs of the social structure. We need socialistic Collectivism, and we need Individualism, but not as separate *isms*. These two are merely parts of a structure, of the social structure. As in a great machine shop if there be crooked shafting, journals too tight or too loose, untrue pulleys, and imperfect belting it will be no marvel to find the shop on the road to bankruptcy, so in the social structure there is the same problem, how to straighten out, how to justify, how to perfect.

For sentimentality he had no use, and he was skeptical as to the value of so-called "social uplift" and "welfare" work. Inasmuch as it patronized he believed it degraded; at best it was ladling out with a spoon the water steadily flowing into a leaking boat. Justice, not charity, he believed to be the true relation between employer and employed.

He was firmly convinced that social justice in the economic sphere can only be assured by a "balance of power", and for this reason he believed in offsetting the organizations of finance and commerce by labor organizations, trade unions, and so forth, and he was undismayed by the use of the strike as an economic weapon.

The following quotation from a letter he wrote in 1888 when visiting Spain sets forth his point of view on this question :

From what I have observed here I have come to the conclusion that this new axiom may be added to the list of "old saws": "Blessed is the land that has a labor question and has labor troubles." I know that there are many who fear and do not wish to see labor agitations in our country, but it is an undeniable fact that through the medium of labor agitations we owe much of our standing as a nation of freemen and a people of progress. The price of labor determines the physical, intellectual and spiritual welfare of a people, and a land where there is no labor question, no labor troubles, no labor agitation, is dead and the people are starving slaves. Spain has no labor question, and the laborer has no choice but to accept the miserable few coppers a day for his toil.

He was extremely skeptical of all efforts to make arbitration compulsory; he believed them foredoomed to failure and rightly so, for he considered such legislation essentially undemocratic.

Of the socialist state as advocated by the followers of Karl Marx he had the most profound distrust. He conceived it as essentially a vast, centralized bureaucracy; an eater and not a producer of wealth; an instrument for the protection of mediocrity; crushing all initiative and enterprise; by nature, parasitic. He believed that the perpetual struggle of forces in the economic world is the only means of progress, but for that struggle to be fruitful knowledge must replace ignorance; chaos must give way to order; anarchy to the higher synthesis of forces. He was a strong believer

in coöperation as a check on excessive individualism, in organization as a corrective to excessive competition, and above all and before all he believed in democracy, which he derived as a direct consequence of the religious ideals which were his.

As we look back on these opening years of David Lubin's career we ask ourselves what it was that differentiated him from his compeers, that justifies us in looking upon him as a man apart. Not his enterprise. We need only think of the extraordinary and rapid development of the Pacific Coast States to see that there was no lack of enterprise, and of a high order, in that community; enterprise which was constantly making itself manifest on a gigantic scale. Those were days when, as I have heard Mr. Lubin tell, a dry-goods man, Mr. Crocker, a grocer, Leland Stanford, and two hardware men, C. P. Huntington and J. Hopkins, met in a back parlor in Sacramento and planned — and, what was more, carried out — the building of a transcontinental railway. Their achievement was rivaled by those of others in other fields. Enterprise, daring, intelligence and energy were not rare qualities in California. Nor was a high standard of honor and integrity enough to set him as a man apart; Lubin had no monopoly in these qualities. Nor was it his success; others were achieving equally rapid and much greater success, if success be measured by money returns.

Rather was it the consciousness of a purpose more than his own, a purpose which guided his actions, making him use, as a step in the ladder of Service, the sphere of activities which circumstances had made his.

Circumstances, not nature; I think all who knew David Lubin intimately must often have been struck by the incongruity between himself and his surroundings. The rough life in Arizona, in contact with the bed-rock realities and mysteries of life; later on the forum of the social reformer or even the pulpit of the impassioned preacher; and, as his ideas reached maturity, the council room of the statesman

would have been the congruous environment for such a personality. But here was a prophet and a reformer set down in a dry-goods store to purchase and sell shirts and pants and suspenders, ribbons and dresses and bonnets for the good people of Sacramento. Nothing daunted, he made of his store a pulpit, — and a much more effective one than if he had addressed a church congregation, for here the sermon was preached in deeds as well as words; and he made the experience acquired in buying and selling a textbook in which he studied world economics to better purpose than if he had been in the studious seclusion of a university; and from the first he looked upon the fortune he was making not as an end in itself but as a means which was to enable him to perform the larger Service of which he even then dreamed, and which he wished to fit himself to perform with that entire disinterestedness which is only possible to the ascetic saint (and this he emphatically was not) or to the man of means.

It was the strong conviction, for long periods only latent but always there, instilled into him from his earliest years, the conviction that he had received a call to Service, which made him a man apart and set the distinctive mark on him when compared to other equally enterprising, equally honorable, and equally successful men. It was his almost feminine gift of intuition and sensitiveness to the emotion of the ideal. Again the desire which guided his actions was to return a blessing for every curse, for every blow a benefit.

Let me conclude by quoting again from the address with which he may be said to have closed his business activities when, in February, 1916, he visited for the last time his store in Sacramento:

What is the function of a merchant? If he is not able to be a blessing he has no more right to be a merchant than a hog has to be a merchant. Every stone, every brick, every piece of shelving, every piece of goods within the boundary of the merchant's domain must be the result of conscientious,

intelligent, and painstaking labor. Otherwise all that he has is a witness against him for destruction. Shall the farmer be designated "Nature's nobleman" simply because he can plant and harvest wheat, potatoes and onions? And shall not a merchant be deemed Nature's nobleman when, through the labors of his business, he creates a Pass-over: when he passes, in his dealings, over the highway from the Egyptian darkness of inequality into the broad domain of the Holy Land of justice and equity?

And this continual Passing-over is the mission of the true merchant.

A business is a sacred place; and a liar and cheat has no right in a business. If this truth is being taught now and right here in this business; if this has been done right along, then we may say "all's well." But if there has been a departure toward the decline then it is "all's ill." Does this business allow injustice to customers? Does this business allow injustice to employees? Are employees sent off on unjust reasons, or because some hot-head acts on the spur of the moment? Then I say of that business that the foundation has been laid in vain. The whole thing is a misfortune. But if this business has continued on in the course laid out for it; if it has continued on adhering strictly to the laws of equity; then the foundation has not been laid in vain. Then the structure is as solid as the eternal mountains.

CHAPTER IV

A JOURNEY TO PALESTINE

IN the ten years which followed the opening of the store in 1874, David Lubin became firmly established in Sacramento as a prosperous and substantial merchant, at the head of the largest Department Store and Mail Order House on the Pacific Coast. The principles he had fought for had prevailed; the "grabber" was going or gone, and the Weinstock-Lubin mode of doing business was the abundant recipient of that sincerest form of flattery, imitation.

During these years Lubin had settled down and married; he was now a family man, the father of thriving boys and girls; a substantial citizen active in local politics and issues; a keen business man intensely interested in the problems of his store. Yet he never allowed business interests to absorb him to the exclusion of intellectual and educational pursuits. On the contrary, he made each serve the other. All his life long he was a strong believer in the practical value of abstract thought, and in the philosophical value of business experience. Writing on this point in 1911 to his son Sie, he says:

I would be pleased to have you read this book [Maimonides, "a Guide to the Perplexed"] with Jesse and write me something in the nature of a thesis on the subject from time to time; and do not for one moment think that reading such books will deteriorate business faculty. Nothing is better calculated to strengthen business ability, and there is nothing better calculated to help to an understanding of books such as this than everyday business experience, provided always that the business thought be blended with the philosophic sentence, and the philosophic sentence be blended with the business experience; but in all this there should be absolutely no trace of priggishness.

The little afterthought with which the above quotation closes is illuminating; nothing angered Lubin more than the superciliousness of the "superior" person; there was, indeed, nothing of the "highbrow" about him.

He was at great pains during these years of growth and development to supplement and complete his scanty early education. He did so from many angles. Among other things, he purchased and erected on his roof a good telescope, got hold of a local man of some scientific attainments, and started to acquire an elementary knowledge of astronomy; not, however, from the mathematical end; that was always a closed book to Lubin. He had a logical mind which could "play ball" with ideas, but figures fogged him. In connection with the mechanical devices which he invented from time to time he acquired a considerable knowledge of mechanics, but here again he reasoned from cause to effect without the help of figures.

He got together a considerable library and read widely and discursively in history, philosophy, theology, and economics, always bringing to the books he read the problems on which his own mind was engaged, and getting out of them data and food for further thought and the confirmation or criticism of his own ideas, rather than acquiring ideas from them.

Of what is meant in Europe by "culture" he had little or none, and the æsthetic sense was in him rudimentary. He could perceive and appreciate the beauty of Holiness, but not the holiness of Beauty. I dare say he himself would have disputed this dictum, for although he did not profess to understand, he respected art. Indeed, he did his best to arouse the torpid interest of the community in which he lived to its importance. He had, moreover, very distinct likes and dislikes, in this as in other fields, which he was at no trouble to conceal. Still, the fact remains that he looked upon all æsthetic manifestations with some condescension, as agreeable trimmings to life, not as fundamental issues, vital forms of spiritual energy.

Prosperous, respected, progressive, Lubin in those years was typical of the best side of the Western American; but once more the dualism which was latent in his character was to emerge.

In 1884 his mother, then an old woman over seventy years of age, reminded him of an early promise he had made, that if ever he could afford it he would take her to the Holy Land. Now he had the means, and the time had come to redeem his promise.

So son and mother started off together. To the old lady the journey was a pilgrimage, the fulfillment of the pious aspirations of a lifetime. It was to mark a turning point in her son's career.

"I had a sweet old time, I can assure you," he would say, when growing reminiscent of that expedition. "My mother would touch no food that was not strictly 'kosher', and I had to see that she got it. We traveled in the Pullman palace cars across America, and when the appointed hours came round the old lady, totally indifferent to comment or surprise on the part of outsiders where matters of religion were at stake, would go through with her devotions, and if I betrayed any uneasiness lest this should make us too conspicuous, she would give me a sharp retort expressive of contempt for all respecters of persons: 'I am not ashamed of my religion.'"

After passing through England, France, and the chief Italian cities, where they visited the great museums and art collections, which did not fail to make their due impression on Lubin, they went to Egypt and thence to Palestine, landing at Jaffa, and as his aged mother stepped on shore she fell on her knees and kissed the sacred soil with passionate devotion.

Lubin now found himself brought face to face with the immemorial East. The sudden change of environment from the ultra modernity of a pioneer community in Western America to these lands of ancient lore, so fraught with a tradition which was his, yet so untouched by the civilization

in which he had grown up and of which he was a part, could not but make a deep impress on his mind.

He accompanied his mother on the usual pilgrimage of the pious Jew. The familiar Bible stories were visualized as the guide took them from spot to spot. The critical, half-amused skepticism with which he listened to many of the legends and marvels related was tempered by the deep respect and tenderness which old associations called forth.

Palestine, under the rule of the Turk, was almost as remote from modern progress in 1884 as in the days of the Prophets. Of course, there was the railway, and pilgrims came from all corners of the earth to visit the sanctuaries where the Moslem soldiers kept the peace between warring Christian sects, many of whose adepts were plunged in ignorance and superstition almost as gross as that which characterized the populations who surrounded the Israelites in the days of old. The Turk, for his part, took good care that the spirit of modernity should not breathe upon the dry bones of the past.

The duality in Lubin's make-up had full play here. Contact with the homeland of his race made him dream dreams, but these dreams were shaped by his American upbringing and experience. The following quotation, taken from a letter written many years later to Justice Louis Brandeis, clearly shows this:

In response to your request let me say, first of all, that in 1884 I visited Palestine and became impressed with the idea of Zionism to the extent of subsequently writing an article on the subject which was printed either in the London *Jewish World* or in the *Jewish Chronicle*, I do not remember which. In this article I favored starting the development of Palestine on industrial rather than on agricultural lines. I favored the opening of factories, to be operated by up-to-date machinery, for the manufacture of such staple goods as would find a market in the Mediterranean countries and in the interior of Asia and Africa. In fact, I was in favor of converting Palestine into a new New England, when com-

merce and industry on American lines would be sure to sweep the field.

This, however, was to be but the beginning. Successful commerce and industry were soon to open the way for safe financial ventures, when capital would come forward for the construction of aqueducts to afford an ample water supply for irrigating and manufacturing purposes. The agricultural restoration of Palestine could then be taken systematically in hand; when reafforestation could be undertaken; when the ancient vineyard terraces could again be supplied with earth; when hill and dale, when mountain-side and plain could again be made to blossom as the rose; when a new Palestine would arise, perhaps surpassing in grandeur the Palestine of the days of old.

But presently I bethought me of the Turk, and I was driven to the conclusion that if the Turk excels in anything he excels in the art of converting something into nothing; that in matters of progress he is uniformly inert and reactionary. And my dream faded into nothingness.

Side by side, however, with this Americanized vision of an industrial Palestine, accumulating the earnings of button and shirt factories, and what not, as a means towards an ultimate intellectual and spiritual as well as material revival, Lubin caught in vivid relief the vision of the past.

In Palestine, as in Poland and Russia, political oppression and social ostracism drove the Jew inward. He intrenched himself behind his religious theme and found therein spiritual sustenance which enabled him to persevere along his own individual lines and to preserve his identity as a "peculiar people." In the school and the synagogue the life, though narrow and antiquated, was intense, and Lubin came into close contact with it. He frequented the Talmud schools; he was present when the doctors of the law disputed on points of doctrine; he took part in their debates.

Temperamentally, Lubin was alien to formalistic ritualism and narrow orthodoxy; he looked upon these as, in themselves, but shadows without substance. He was only an intermittent attendant at temple or synagogue, nor did he

adhere strictly to the forms and ceremonies of his faith; yet here, in this strange yet familiar homeland of his race, he began to realize, as never before, their inner significance, the truth cloaked in the quaint or subtle symbol, or brought home by picturesque illustration or parable. He pondered on the significance of much that he had hitherto taken for granted; on the "tallith", the fringed outer garment of white wool with ribbons of blue, handed down to the orthodox from a remote past that the wearer might not forget "that God is Holy and that Israel should be a holy people." He noted the way the reader followed the text he was expounding with his pointer, giving due emphasis and weight to each word, and his singsong chant as he swayed from right to left. The words of the ancient prayer, "our Father and our King, we have no Sovereign but Thee", still repeated by this people living in sufferance even in the very cradle of its race, assumed for him a new significance of protest, the undying protest of democracy against autocracy, a protest against the assumption of sovereignty by man over men; and it became the key which explained to him the position of political subjection in which the Jew was kept in such despotic countries as Russia.

He began to perceive the esoteric meaning of the long familiar tales. The religious theme instilled into him by his mother in the impressionable years of early childhood stirred within him. He realized as never before the tragedy of his race and the responsibility of belonging, as he believed, to a Messianic people sent forth to be a blessing to all the nations of the earth. While on the one hand, as we have seen, the vision of the ruins of what had once been a smiling land turned his thoughts to the possibility of restoring material prosperity on modern industrial lines, and of thus procuring an economic basis on which to build up a homeland for the oppressed ghetto dwellers of Eastern Europe, on the other hand he conceived of a far nobler mission for his people than that of fulfilling the dreams of nationalistic Zionism.

Though this side of his mental make-up was not one with

which his collaborators in the many practical schemes which he initiated came generally into contact, no life of David Lubin which failed to give due emphasis to his conception of Israel as a missionary people would faithfully portray his personality. It was the underlying motor power of his whole career.

While he aimed at achieving reform along the strictly practical lines for which his American training and experience had fitted him, yet in his eyes the important thing was not the reform considered in itself and by itself, but the reform considered as a link in the chain of progress, starting from the Primal Cause, the one Righteousness, to attain the ultimate effect, the realization of the Kingdom on Earth, through the instrumentality of that choice band of Fighters for God designated in the Hebrew language by the name "Israel." And here we must point out that it would be doing Lubin a real injustice to give the impression that, prejudiced by racial feeling, he presumed to limit the designation "Israel" (used in the broad sense in which he chose to interpret it) to the Jewish people. While heredity, training, and constant reading along specialized lines strongly inclined him to the belief that his people had indeed played a preponderating and a pioneer part in the development of democracy and all that democracy stands for in the spiritual, social, and political fields, he was, nevertheless, careful to explain that he did not use the designation "Israel" in a tribal sense. In a note dated from Washington, November, 1911, addressed to Commissioner Charles P. Neil of the Bureau of Labor, Lubin explains his position on this point:

Relevant to the illuminating toast you were good enough to deliver at the dinner we attended together, I hand you herewith the text which forms the basis on which my work in the Institute rests. In presenting this paper to you I wish to dwell a moment on the designation "Israel." You will see from the dictionary that it means "Fighter for God", and this does not necessarily imply that Israel means exclusively those of the Jewish people. It really means all that

band of faithful workers of all times and of all nations who have striven for development and civilization.

Lubin has emphasized this conception elsewhere, and more especially in his book "Let There Be Light", of which more later on.

And now, with the above for annotation, I will let the following excerpts from letters written many years subsequent to his Palestinian experience, but which exhibit the train of thought fostered and confirmed by that experience, speak for themselves.

In 1909, replying to Miss Adella Mills, the daughter of a valued old Californian friend, who inquired how he came by the idea which resulted in the foundation of the International Institute of Agriculture, he writes :

Well, it is a long long story, and one not intended for publication; it dates back to when I first gave expression to this idea at the International Agricultural Congress of Budapest, in Hungary; it dates back to 1884 when I took my mother to the Holy Land, when on landing at Jaffa, she knelt down and kissed the earth; in fact, it dates back to the centuries in the life of a very small nation, a life of the most significant consequences to all the nations of the earth and for all time to come. It dates back to Aaron, the brother of Moses, from whom I am descended (as I come from the tribe of priesthood) and it dates back to Abraham who was told "Go, and be a blessing to the nations", who was told "through thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." It has its root in the eternal struggle of Israel against the theory of incarnations, incarnations believed in by all the tribes and nations of the world excepting Israel, who was to make no physical or mental image of God, because no image could be made of Him. For an image is an embodiment of material, of matter, and matter is composed of parts, and each of the parts is finite, and God is not finite as a whole nor in part. Sometimes Israel has defined his belief in the oneness of God in what is called monotheism. "Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is One God" and "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy mind."

Now, were this one God composed of parts, He would be a finite composition, just as much so as in the theory embraced by polytheism. It was for this reason that Israel was permitted no physical or mental image of God; not even the word "God" was permitted to be used. God was the universal ideal embodied in the word "Zadoketh", which means collectively what the two words "Charity" and "Equity" mean, or, as it is designated in English "Righteousness." And here, you see, you have the Universal Father, the incorporeal Mind, which governs righteously the mote and the ponderous globe, the insect and the soul of thought.

It was because Israel lived this thought, brought forth this thought, that he has lived the life he has, and suffered all these centuries. . . . At the present moment Israel, stunned, lies asleep in the Valley, in the Valley of "Dry Bones", but presently he will awaken and go on with his mission, and continue in the work for which he was eternally ordained, and this mission is to be Servant; Servant unto the Nations of the Earth.

And the service wherein he is Servant is most sacred, for it is destined, in the end, to cause "the swords to be beaten into ploughshares, the spears into pruning hooks", when nation shall no longer lift up a sword against nation neither shall they learn war any more; then shall every man sit under his own vine and fig-tree and none to make them afraid. . . .

It was in 1884, when I brought my mother, then over seventy years of age, to the Holy Land that I was vividly reminded of the mission of my people. This was the reason why I bought lands in California and became a farmer, to the end that I might study and thus become of service, thus to render service in the ways in which Israel is to serve.

Your father well knew this idea, and his powerful and superior mind and his sympathy aided me much in its elaboration. You, perhaps, are familiar with some of my work in California in behalf of its fruit industries from 1885 until 1893, and after that time the wider struggle in behalf of the farmers of the nation who produce the staples of

agriculture, culminating in the idea set forth at the International Congress of Agriculture at Budapest for the international control of the problems confronting that foundation industry.

And here is a letter addressed in the same year (1909) to Doctor Max Nordau:

Dear Dr. Nordau: I have your valued comments on my letter to Miss Mills. You say: "Your letter is beautiful as a profession of faith and as the revelation of a deep and lofty idealism. But I object most emphatically to the definition of Israel as a servant, however noble, to the other nations. It is base degradation; and still worse to glory in it. No self-conscious nation with a sense of dignity and with manliness, will suffer to be the servant of others. A nation with self-respect serves only its proper aspirations, and it becomes a blessing to mankind at large by striving to attain such a moral height as to be a beacon to the world and an example to other nations. We never work more efficiently for all nations, than when we work intensely for ourselves."

I do not know whether what you say will be approved by Frenchmen; I am sure it would be by Americans. As an American I fully agree with what you have said, but as a critic on the position of Israel among the nations I hold your opinion untenable.

When Israel rejected the cats, the crocodiles, the scarabei, the bulls of Egypt, he became untenable in that country. When he evolved his God thesis until he had his non-incarnate, non-transmigratory, sole God, not composed of parts, a God of Universal Law, incapable of magic or wrong or injustice, conscious and cognisant, the Only God, then he became untenable in Judaea, for his neighbours would not have it so. When the story of the death of the incarnate God arose, and when this death was attributed to Israel, Israel as a nation became an outlaw, outlawed as a nation, outlawed to this very day. The outlawry is the price he pays for the maintenance of his position.

Let Israel abandon his position . . . and his outlawry is at once removed. He could then become a nation and a

strong nation. But let him persist in the position he has held, the position which he holds, and he stands forfeit of national existence. . . .

And so the issue is squarely before us that Israel is the stammerer, the Lord's stammerer, with a mission to the nations; a mission which renders him the Servant of the Nations for the uplifting of all the people of the world, and for all time; or he has no such mission.

If he has no such mission he is an impostor, or he is living under a delusion, and the quicker he assimilates and becomes merged with the nations, the quicker he loses his identity as Israel, the quicker will it be possible for him to become a nation and perhaps a strong one.

But, you may say, such a renegade Israel would not be worth restoration; it would make very little difference to the world whether such renegades were restored or not.

And if this be so, the question still remains whether there be verity behind the theme of Israel; whether it be The Verity? If his position be The Verity, and if he may only maintain that position in dispersion, then, of course, the nationalist proposition becomes untenable. And what then? Is it not clear that there is one Dominion, one Kingdom which he may, which he should, occupy? And is not that Dominion, that Kingdom, Service? And in this Service have we not the key to unlock the fetters of out-lawry?

This stammerer, with a stammerer's gesticulations, at times utters what the spirit prompts, and this utterance, like the irrigating waters to the parched soil, gives life. And in the past the most intense life came at the time when Israel suffered most.

And now a new danger, a danger more to be dreaded than suffering has come, the danger of prosperity. Israel with his caftan, his yermaloch, with his tallith,¹ his tephillin,² his psalms, with his Bible, was a respectable entity; but the Jew banker with monocle, with automobiles, with the girl with yellow hair, is evidently the animal in the mind of the Greek artist who designed the man-goat, with his charac-

¹ A shawl with fringes worn by men during prayer.

² Phylacteries.

teristic animal ears and hoofs. That is the tribe that makes for "rishes."¹

And besides this tribe there is the deep, great Valley of Dry Bones, and Israel slumbers in the Valley, and he calls it peaceful rest; but it is not Peace nor Rest; it is Rust and Death. And is not the time here for the voice that shall awaken, the voice that shall animate, the voice that shall inspire, the voice that shall indicate that the time is at hand for action, for service?

I am sure, my dear Doctor, that on reconsideration you will think better of the word "Servant", "Service." Where is there a man of renown, a man of princely rank, a King, an Emperor, that stands higher in the eyes of the Almighty than the humble man, or the humble nation, or the humble people that unselfishly does service in the uplifting of the people? If I had the choice offered me by the Almighty to found a nation for the Jewish people, secure and mighty, or that they be servants to all the people of the world, uplifting the nations, I would choose the latter as the destiny of Israel. Even though the latter was through the troubled waters of sorrow and misery.

The correspondent to whom the next letter from which I will quote was addressed, Mr. Nissim Behar, was one of the Palestinian Jews whom Mr. Lubin met in Jerusalem. Subsequently Mr. Behar settled in the United States, where he has worked hard and successfully with Congress, pleading the cause of the unlettered immigrant from whatever land of origin he may hail. To him Mr. Lubin wrote in the summer of 1909 from Wiesbaden (Germany) where he was spending his vacation, as follows:

Let the young American Pullackin [Polish Jews] and Yavanin [Russian Jews] that crowd the colleges in the New World read up, and read with open eyes, and they will begin to see as clear as noonday that there is no necessity for them to run away to crazy collectivism or to insane anarchism as a theme for progress; they will then be astonished to see that the Jew is by no means the poor outlaw scrub that the Goy

¹Prejudice.

[Gentile] would make him out to be. With clear vision the young student would learn, perhaps with astonishment, that America was discovered long before Columbus lived; that all there is in the "red-white-and-blue", and in the "Mar-seillaise Hymn", and in the British House of Commons, and in the virtues of the English home and the American home, and in English liberty and in American liberty came straight from the "Yid" [Jews]. More than that, the young "Litvak" [Lithuanian] and the young "Pullack" Yid will learn that the lifework of his people, of Yisroel, has just about got into shape to be begun, for we may safely say that, if we are to take the word of the Prophets seriously, our work in the past is but the prelude to what we have to accomplish. To prepare us for this great work we have been placed in a comatose condition for twenty centuries, and we are just about beginning to awaken from our long sleep.

And when we open our eyes what do we behold? We behold the crown of royal equity, of righteousness, of justice, of "rachmonus", of the Spirit, ruling the nations, the people and the individuals! and the regal quality of this rule is infinitely more potent than all the qualities inherent in kings or presidents; and after beholding this let any one then say that the Jew has no country. Can a country be shown, high in the scale of the qualities named, that was not shaped through the influences in the life of Israel? Do not let the young people get fooled by the seeming level-headed, practical man; the man that boasts of his levelness. Such men are more often practical humbugs. . . . Let there be but one Jew with the proper spirit; let him go forth to do the work which it is Israel's mission to do, and the work will be begun.

How strongly Lubin felt on the theme of "Service" is again set forth in the following letter written from Rome in December, 1910:

I have read the interesting article in the magazine you sent me concerning the female phase of "rishes" as expressed in the exclusion of Jewesses from private schools. You seem to me to state the case tersely and logically, but then, of what value are such presentations?

See then; a younger brother, Isaac, wins and assumes leadership, leadership as Master of the House; the rival brother for leadership, Esau, finds an opening, expels Isaac, and takes possession of the house. Thereat Isaac stands hat in hand asking Esau to let him in, perchance to afford him a way to "rule the roost", to run the House. And what is the answer of Esau? "You be damned, and stay out there and freeze."

There is but one way for the poor "Yeedcha" to come in out of the cold, to take his place on an equality with Esau, to be his peer, his leader, and mayhap his superior, and that is THROUGH SERVICE. And the highest kind of service is that which will bring the world what our prophets called RIGHTEOUSNESS, which I interpret as "one law for the native and for the stranger", "a just weight and a just measure ye shall have" . . .

Come, do you not know that with all our climbing from the gutter of the Ghetto, with all our department stores, with all our newly acquired political pulls, with all the supposed dignity derived from the addition of dollar upon dollar, there is evolved, what? A mere monkey-Yeedche, that is keen on "*fressing chazzaer*"¹ and in a sneaking anxiety for toleration, perchance assimilation. If I were a "goyishker"² American I would say "To hell with them, the degenerates; the degenerate sons of the divinely inspired prophets; of prophets that lifted up a world, prophets that conquered barbarism."

Just let Israel do a "lick of work" on this line, even if it takes "all summer", if it take a century, if it take centuries, and there will be no reason to whine, coax, or "holler."

The next excerpt is from a letter to Doctor H. G. Enelow, written in June, 1912:

It may take fifty years more, a hundred years more, a thousand years more, or ten thousand years more for Israel's task to be accomplished; accomplished it will be some day; some day when "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven", when there will be a "just weight and a just

¹ Eating pork.

² Gentile.

measure"; when there will be collective righteousness, the righteousness of the city, the righteousness of the State, the righteousness of the Nation, and righteousness among the Nations as well as righteousness practiced by the individual. This is the mission of Israel, and in this field no one has even attempted to usurp his place; no one will usurp it; it belongs of right to Israel. Israel has worked for it these past 3,500 years and has suffered for it, and is yet to suffer for it. Thrust prone to the earth, comatose, with the foot of the oppressor but lately removed from his neck, Israel is convalescing, and some part of him has even grown merry, merry in eating pork, merry in owning diamonds and automobiles and in denying divine rule. But these do not count; these are the scoriæ, the scum, the maggots, the baser portion which disfigures, which is not integral. The real Israel lives, will live for ever. The real Israel is ever catholic, must ever be catholic, just as he must ever protest, must ever be protestant; and thus, in time, trunk and branches will all make one great tree, Israel.

From the files which contain much of David Lubin's correspondence during the last twenty years of his life many other letters could be culled setting forth the same theme in vigorous and picturesque language, but repetition would be wearisome. Enough has been said to show how powerful this conviction of the mission of Israel was in shaping his work and ideas. The journey to Palestine had crystallized the latent thought, and his efforts were henceforth to broaden rapidly in scope, and progressively to aim at universal rather than at national results.

As I have already said, Lubin always considered that this journey to Palestine marked a turning point in his career. Why? Because while traveling over this small stretch of barren and largely barbaric territory, insignificant indeed in extent to one accustomed to the vast spaciousness of the New World, he first began to realize the importance of the small land-owning farmer as a factor in democracy.

Pondering on the theme and the history of Israel he could not but ask himself how it came that so small a handful of

people, surrounded on all sides by radically different and hostile civilizations, the civilizations of Egypt, of Babylonia, of Assyria, by Canaanites and Hittites and Philistines, had been able to make so vast a contribution to the thought and civilization of the world; to evolve conceptions of social and political righteousness still far in advance of our most advanced achievement. Where the mystic or the strictly orthodox might have been satisfied by an *a prioristic* answer, pointing to a text for authority, the rationalistic turn of Lubin's mind, rebellious against mere dogmatic formulæ, made him seek a more convincing and scientific solution of the problem. He found it in the system of land tenure which prevailed in Judæa. In the surrounding kingdoms, land was vested in the monarch, and the peasantry who tilled the soil were serfs or slaves; in Judæa land was vested in an impersonal, incorporeal God and worked by His children, to whom He gave it as a heritage. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;" not the landlord's.

Thus Judæa came to be peopled by a nation of small landowning farmers, farmers whose landmarks could not be removed; who were, therefore, economically free men. To this basic fact Lubin traced back the growth and persistency of democracy among them.

While the surrounding peoples worshiped their rulers as personifications of the deity, the Jews conceived of the king as the servant of the people, not as its master; hence the denunciations showered by the prophets on the heads of rulers unfaithful to their trust, who fail to render judgment and who grind the faces of the poor.

In this democracy of small landowning farmers, closely settled on a narrow strip of then fertile territory, Lubin found the key to the intense intellectual life which enabled the Jew, racially similar to the other Semitic peoples by whom he was surrounded, so far to outstrip them. Economic freedom promoted criticism and debate; the day's work done, the small farmer would look over his fence and talk with his neighbor; democracy means free speech, and free

speech encourages free thought, and free speech and free thought make for progress. And among the Jews, in the absence of scientific knowledge characteristic of that age, progress advanced along the lines of religious and philosophic speculation, and found its noblest expression in the teachings of the great Prophets, those fearless Tribunes of the People.

Lubin found a confirmation of this theory, by which he explained the evolution of the Jew, in his reading of the history of Rome. There again a democracy was built up which endured as such so long as the landowning farmer held his own, and no longer. He began to see clearly the connection between democracy and the form of land tenure prevailing in a community.

This, then, was one of the truths brought home to him by his journeyings in the Holy Land. He felt that he must study along these lines and work out this thought to its logical conclusion if he were to perform the Service to which he felt called, or rather, as he would often say, to which he had elected himself to be a servant.

But how was a Jew to speak with authority on such a point? Of all the nations of the earth was not the Jewish the only one which for centuries past, ever since the dispersion, had been divorced from the soil? Had not his people been driven by social prejudice and legal enactments to devote themselves almost exclusively to commerce and, until recent years, to the more despised forms of commerce at that, to petty trading and usury? Was not his own personal experience exclusively that of a merchant? How was he to become the prophet of a democracy based on the recognition of the economic and political importance of the independent landowning farmer?

When Lubin left Palestine he had found a solution to the problem; his mind was made up. He would buy land. He would acquire by personal experience the knowledge he required. Just what were the lines on which to make his fight for righteousness in human relations he did not then

know, but he had faith that the path would grow clear as he gained in knowledge and experience.

All these experiences and impressions were necessarily crowded into a short space of time. The exigencies of business would not allow of more than two or three months absence from Sacramento, and David Lubin once more turned his face westwards. His mother decided to remain behind; it was her desire to die in the Holy Land and to sleep her last sleep in the land of her forefathers. She was absorbed in the religious life of Jerusalem and its multifarious charities for the poor Jewish pilgrims who travel there from the lands of exile. As a matter of fact, however, the old lady was to find that she was farther from her end than she supposed, and seeing that death tarried overmuch, she returned after some time to America, where she fell asleep in the fullness of years when well over eighty.

As to her son, the seed she had sown in the days of his boyhood had been brought to maturity, and when he left Palestine it was to enter definitely, and of set purpose, on his life work, on that Service to which his mother believed he had been called when she nursed him as a babe in the little village in far-off Russian Poland.

CHAPTER V

FIRST PUBLIC ACTIVITIES

LUBIN, as we have seen, returned from the Holy Land impressed with the importance of the small landowning farmer as a basic factor in democracy and determined to master agricultural economics.

Having purchased a farm he started on his new career, raising wheat on two sections of land in Colusa County, and devoting himself with great energy and enthusiasm to the management of a fruit ranch some ten or fifteen miles from Sacramento.

He illustrated in his own person the proverbial versatility of the Westerner, for he not only owned the farm but became proficient in its technique, mastering the arts of planting, pruning, grafting, and so forth; and in a short time the merchant had developed into an experienced fruit-grower.

In this new field of activity he was again to be an innovator, a pioneer. Fully alive to the sociological importance of the enterprise in which he was engaging, he determined to bring the experience of a merchant to bear on the farm, which he wished to run on strictly scientific business lines.

Mr. Grove L. Johnson, his old friend and fellow-Sacramentan, has noted down, in some recollections, how Lubin set about this task. The fruit ranch was surveyed and divided into districts, and the trees numbered and classified, just as the books in a well-kept library are arranged by shelves and aisles and numbers. His idea was to have a complete record kept of the yield of each tree. For this purpose he drew up printed blanks which enabled the foreman of the ranch to keep such an account, so that he might

know which trees did well, and what was the effect upon each of the soil in which it was growing and of the mode of cultivation, as shown by the yields obtained.

Nor was he an innovator in the management of his farm stock only; he devoted like attention to the management of his farm labor. The notion that anything in the way of accommodation or no accommodation was good enough for the seasonal workers employed to pick, pack and deliver the fruit did not square with his ideas of justice or policy.

"Gruff commands, surly orders, poor food and a dirty bed are not likely to engender faithful and conscientious work," he wrote in commenting at the time on the farm labor situation in California; and his was the first fruit ranch in California to provide wholesome, clean, attractive sleeping accommodation for these laborers, of whom, in the rush season, he employed as many as seventy.

The following recollections taken down from a Mr. Adotte, formerly in Lubin's employ, show what an impression these unusual methods made on his farm hands:

What sort o' place was it? Well, 'i gosh, they was the nicest folks I ever worked for: Lubin, he had this big fruit farm, maybe three hundred acres, and he had twenty-four boys working for him then. H'd had girls the year before, but he did n't like 'em much; said they talked too much and did n't get enough done. But say, it sure was a nice place. Systematic, too. We all slept in two big rooms, long, they was, and come together at a right angle, and where they come together was a big eight-sided room. The sleeping rooms had bunks in 'em, all along, two tiers high, and cupboards between 'em, and every feller had his own cupboard to keep his things in, and no key fitted any other cupboard. Then this big eight-sided room, 'i gosh, it had cards and all sorts of conceivable games, and magazines for reading, and every night sharp at nine the foreman, he used to turn down the lights, and if anybody wanted to read after that, it was all right, but there could n't be no noise. All finished up in hard wood, the place was, and we had clean sheets every

week, regular. Some different from on shipboard, where your blankets used to last you till they was wore out!

Eat! No, we did n't eat there. There was a boarding house, run by a man named Stout, and his wife. I used to call him Strong. And 'i gosh, we et good, too! The bell used to ring fifteen minutes before breakfast, and again fifteen minutes before quitting time, noon and night. They give you that half hour a day, to wash up and get ready; paid you for it, same 's if you worked for it.

Lubin always felt strongly on this matter of the treatment of farm labor. To his mind it was at the bottom of much social unrest. As late as 1918 he took the subject up in a letter to the editor of the *San Francisco Examiner* in which he says:

My sister sent me an editorial clipping from your paper of Feb. 11th entitled "Decent housing conditions will help to solve the Farm Labor Problem." Your editorial hits the nail on the head. If we want to build up a substantial I. W. W. all we have to do is to continue the system of smelly, filthy, bunk houses, along with poor food and skimmed pay. Anything short of that will be sure to hit the I. W. W. Some of us in California are so soft-hearted that we will not hit anything, least of all the I. W. W.; so why not put up with the smelly filthy bunk houses?

As was his wont, Lubin threw himself heart and soul into the task before him, sharing the labor of his men and inspiring them with some of his own enthusiasm.

Mr. John P. Irish, then editor of *Alta California*, who met him in those years writes:

He impressed me as almost reverently alive to the importance of the soil, of its tillage and its production. Listening to him one felt the very sacredness of seed time and harvest. He had gone far past the theory of agriculture as a science to consider the practice as an art. He invoked invention to the improvement of farm tools and implements.

He saw the opportunity here for variety farming, a system by which a group of several crops would promote the fortunes of the farmer. . . . I found him focusing in the lens of his business experience the whole range of questions involved in the tillage of the soil.

He had invested in good "second bottom" land, but in one part of the ranch the shallow soil lay on a foundation of bedrock, and there nothing would flourish. This afforded Lubin an opportunity for experimenting in one of his favorite theories; he got hold of an old miner who with charges of giant powder blew up the rock, revealing, beneath a thin layer of hard pan, alluvial soil rich in fossil remains. Chemical analysis showed this to be the most fertile soil on his farm, and with the use of high explosives he brought it all under cultivation, planting French plums which yielded such heavy crops that the branches had to be propped or they would have broken under the weight of fruit.

Lubin soon realized that California had in her soil far greater wealth than her gold mines had yielded to the early forty-niners, but it was also brought home to him that the development of this potential wealth was hindered, and more than hindered, by the conditions under which the crops were marketed.

The conditions from which all branches of agriculture then suffered were those so powerfully depicted by Frank Norris in "The Octopus." The great railroads, built to open up the vast possibilities of the Western States, the railroads which alone could furnish the means to market the crops of the West in the cities of the East, pursuing a policy of ruthless exploitation and grab had become the masters rather than the servants of the people. The vast wealth of California was being diverted from its natural channels into the coffers of the railroad magnates, too short-sighted to see that such action was equivalent to killing the goose which laid the golden egg. The result of all this was to impoverish the farmers, and with them the manufacturers and

merchants, bringing the whole State to the brink of financial ruin.

Lubin's reaction to this evil was characteristic. His attitude was neither that of angry revolt nor of fatalistic pessimism. The folly of the policy adopted by the railroads could be demonstrated by logic; logic pointed to the remedy; and he was convinced that it was only a case of setting forth this logic clearly enough and forcibly enough and in the right quarters, for it to convert the arch offenders themselves.

His recent observations in Europe and the East, his meditations on democracy and its basis, made him realize to the full the gravity of the situation, not only in its economic but also in its political and social aspects. The year in which he started as a fruit-grower, 1885, happened also to be the first year in the history of that industry in California in which the crop exceeded the demand in the limited market developed for it east of the Rockies. The finest peaches, apricots, and table grapes were being sold at prices which hardly paid the growers for the boxes in which they were packed.

Looking up the reports of the State Agricultural Society of California for those years we find such statements as the following: "There are single farms in the State containing each over half a million fruit trees, one person owning enough trees, when fully matured, to provide as much fruit, other than grapes, as will be sold this year throughout our State. The day is not far distant when fruit will be an important crop for raising and *fattening swine*."

In 1885 the shipments east did not exceed a thousand carloads of green fruit. With the impulsiveness of the Western pioneer, the farmers were already talking of overproduction, of rooting up their orchards and vineyards, of seeking their fortunes elsewhere.

In common with his fellow growers, Lubin suffered heavy loss, but he saw that the talk of overproduction was nonsense; the supply was a trifle compared to the demand,

measured in terms of people ready and anxious to consume fine fruit when offered at prices which they could afford to pay. Being a merchant he also knew that the farmers were not the only sufferers; that all interests in the State were struggling with widespread economic depression. He put two and two together and clearly saw the danger run by a community in which the staple industry was ruined by uneconomic marketing; and in the case of California he judged that the staple industry was, and would be fruit-growing.

At the time he came into the field California fruits were mainly marketed through two big firms of commission merchants, Earl, and Porter Brothers. These dealers bought in large quantities from the growers, on whom they forced their price, shipping East only those limited amounts which could be sold at such exorbitant prices as, for instance, ninety cents a pound for cherries. The practical monopoly they had of the export fruit trade was rendered possible by the policy pursued by the railroad, which would only accept whole carloads, charging for them at the rate of six hundred dollars a car. As none but the owners of very big ranches could possibly be in a position to ship a carload of green fruit at a time, the small farmer found himself entirely at the mercy of the big middlemen who were squeezing the life out of him.

Lubin recognized herein the root of the evil, and he saw in that evil much more than a mere personal loss to himself and his fellow fruit-growers; he saw that it endangered the future prosperity of the State and aimed a blow at the essence of democratic institutions. He at once rose to action, taking an active part in organizing the Fruit Growers' Convention which was held in San Francisco in September, 1885. This meeting was destined to lead in time to far-reaching results and to the ultimate organization of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, which may be said to have initiated a new chapter in the economic history of the West no less than in the marketing of farm produce.

Lubin believed fruit-farming to be particularly favorable to the growth and stability of a rural democracy of small landowning farmers. Convinced of the social and political importance of this development, he spared no effort to make both merchant and banker understand that this was no mere farmers' question; that their own economic interests were closely bound up with its satisfactory solution. Looking over old files of local newspapers which, in those months, were full of discussions on this matter and of suggestions for its solution, we constantly come across Lubin's name, and we find that in his advocacy of the cause of the fruit-grower he based his argument not on the distressful situation of the individual but on the higher interests of the community as a whole. An all-absorbing interest in first principles distinguishes his propaganda from that of his fellow agitators; indeed, one cannot help feeling that they must often have grown impatient of his methods, for he is far more insistent in dwelling on the general principle than on the particular grievance. The faculty of visualizing the abstract in terms of the concrete, so characteristic of his mind, was very apparent in this, his first piece of public work; while, in his selection of means to ends, he displayed in a local campaign the same daring and originality, crowned by the same success which was to be his when, in later life, he came to play a part on the stage of world events.

The fruit-growers had held their convention; Governor Stanford, himself one of the great railway magnates, had addressed the assembly and given it his blessing; the railroads had even offered to reduce their charges from six hundred dollars to three hundred dollars per carload, but, as the fruit had to be shipped in full carloads, the concession, so far as the small grower was concerned, was practically valueless. There was much talk of organization of the fruit-growers along coöperative lines, but nothing positive had materialized. At this juncture Lubin wrote an article of some eighteen thousand words, in the form of a dialogue between a fruit-grower and a merchant, in which he argued the

whole question at length in its political and economic bearing, and brought out into clear relief the responsibility of the railroads. Armed with this formidable document he went straight to the editor of the railroad paper, the *Record Union*, of Sacramento, offering it for publication in their next issue. Preposterous the request must have seemed at first sight, and it was met by a flat refusal; but when Lubin pocketed his manuscript, briefly stating that he was going to offer it to the anti-railroad paper, the editor thought better of the matter, and the full eighteen thousand words appeared next day, introduced by a most respectful leading article, which echoes Lubin's line of argument in the following words: "The best thought of the State, the far-sighted men and state builders, the thinking capitalist and the great transporting agencies, are of one mind that California should be a State of small homes; that in a large population there are elements of weakness rather than strength unless the people are mainly self-supporting and represent independent homes. So far as the fruit debate concerns the fostering of small farmers, so far is it a question of overshadowing importance."

It was a favorite axiom with Lubin that a fundamental truth, however intricate, whether in economics, or science, or philosophy, can always be stated in plain, convincing language, so as to be perfectly comprehensible even to the untrained mind; that statements which cannot be made plain are almost always based on fallacies, on solecisms which may sound well but will not stand the test of close analysis. His own mode of exposition can be judged from the following quotation taken from the *Record Union* article above referred to:

GROWER. Now, permit me briefly to recapitulate what has so far been the subject of discussion, and let us see what conclusion we have arrived at. You said: "that the commercial and industrial interests of California were on the decline?"

MERCHANT. Yes.

GROWER. This decline, you said, was caused by the

almost extinction of the mining interests and the loss of trade in the Northern and Southern parts of the Pacific Coast, and that we can never hope to regain the trade?

MERCHANT. Yes.

GROWER. You say that if we could increase by concentration the density of our population to a number equal to those lost by reason of decline in the mining interests and those formerly tributary in the Northern and Southern parts of the Pacific Coast, commerce and industry would revive as in former times?

MERCHANT. Yes, sir.

GROWER. You are opposed to the immigration of more of the labor element for the present?

MERCHANT. Yes.

GROWER. You are likewise opposed to the method pursued by speculators and land manipulators, who, you claim, give us a pseudo-population, many of whom cannot find it possible to make a living, while others do so under great difficulty. These, you claim, are not permanent nor desirable?

MERCHANT. Yes.

GROWER. You agreed that every community has a leading industry, and that all the other industries were contingent, tributary, and dependent for their existence on the main industry?

MERCHANT. Yes.

GROWER. That the main industry of California was in a formative state?

MERCHANT. Yes.

GROWER. That if we could influence the molding or shaping of events we should by all means aim to mold so as to obtain the best results?

MERCHANT. Yes.

GROWER. That best results meant a concentration or augmentation of desirable and permanent population?

MERCHANT. Yes.

GROWER. That wheat-raising was preferable to cattle-raising because much less land is required?

MERCHANT. Yes.

GROWER. That fruit-raising was preferable to wheat-

raising because much less land is required to raise fruit than wheat?

MERCHANT. Yes, sir.

GROWER. Thus we come to the conclusion that every community has some main industry to which all other industries whatsoever are tributary, contingent and dependent. That were we so to mold and shape events as to make fruit-growing the main industry of this State, it would insure its permanent prosperity because it would tend to concentrate a denser, more permanent, and desirable population than could be obtained by any other industry whatsoever.

MERCHANT. You are right.

Having thus established as his premise the importance of the fruit-growing industry to the State, Lubin proceeds to show how it is strangled by uneconomic modes of distribution, the main responsibility for which lay with the railroads:

. . . GROWER. Let us now take up the question of transportation. I certainly do not think that the railroad company would intentionally place a bar to the success of this — which promises to be the foundation industry. It would be the very height of folly on the part of the railroad corporation to hamper in the least the very foundation upon which is built the possibility of a concentrated, desirable, and permanent population. . . . “Fools” would be a genteel appellation to apply to those who would indulge in such senseless conduct. Traitors to the State, robbers of the people, enemies of civilization, would be the just and proper appellation of such rare tyrants. With the corporation in question no such thoughts need enter our minds. We know the men, the directors; were they not, are they not our friends?

Apart from these considerations, however, we need only await the result of their contemplation of the effect their action would have; let them attempt to bar the progress of this industry, and what would be the result? Their rails would rust, their sleepers rot, their cars would find a permanent home on the switch, spiders and jack rabbits would dwell in their shops. There would be no dividends;

they would be the enemies. New roads would be sought after, and, when found, the arch tyrants would be overthrown. On the other hand, energetic and perhaps heroic action in the direction of rendering valuable aid in this the opportune time may result in placing California on a basis of permanent prosperity that may be surpassed by no State in the Union. When such action will be taken, the corporation will have for its friends the entire people of this State.

This article aroused much comment locally; but Lubin's efforts did not stop here. The written word was followed up by a personal appeal. He made a flying visit to New York and went straight to the man who was looked upon as the chief representative of the railroad in its "octopus" aspect. He called on Mr. Huntington in his office; was not to be put off until he got a hearing; and driving his arguments home with sledge-hammer blows, he succeeded in making a deep dent in the steel plate of opposition. The Southern Pacific Railroad was now prepared to go a long way in adapting itself to the requirements of what Lubin demonstrated to be the basic industry of California.

Thus clear-cut principles, direct statements, close reasoning, and homely illustration brought home to reader or listener the lesson which Lubin wished to teach; nor was he slow to perceive the importance of suggestion and the strength which lies in persistent reiteration. In inculcating ideas he brought to his assistance the experience gained in selling goods. And his views made astonishing headway. In this case an active six-weeks' campaign induced the railroads to halve their rates and placed the fruit-growers in a fair way to becoming the masters of their crops.

It is true that the plans adopted in bringing this about differed considerably from those which Lubin himself had advocated. Under the influence of Herbert Spencer and the individualistic school he feared the complexities and high centralization of the coöperative organizations which most of his associates favored. He believed that if the railroads would halve their rates and allow the growers to book quarter

instead of whole carloads, and if marketing facilities were secured in the Eastern cities by a system of small partnerships between grower and dealer, conditions would soon be brought to normal in the fruit industry, and he conducted an energetic campaign by pen and speech advocating solutions along these lines. However, the coöperators won the day; probably they were in the right; and Lubin, true to his belief in democratic methods, when the fight had been made and the majority had pronounced itself, came squarely over and stood by their decision. The *Record Union* of November 13, 1885, describing the meeting which resulted in the organization of the California Fruit Union, reports Lubin's action in these words:

"After a minute's silence David Lubin arose and said, 'I think something should be done now to relieve the fruit-growers in the direction of finding a market for all the good fruit grown in the State, and as nothing can be done without uniting together, I am in favor of joining and having all my friends join this Union and making it a vast and grand concern for the good of California. Let us bury all differences of opinion and all prejudices, and work for a single aim.'"

There was nothing of the "sorehead" about David Lubin. While he had the persistency, single-mindedness, and profound conviction of the fanatic, he was free from the latter's limitations. Unbending where principle was involved, he could compromise on details of execution.

Commenting at the time on the whole campaign and on David Lubin's part in it, a local paper printed: "The individual labors of Mr. Lubin during the past six weeks will be productive of incalculable good. He has brought the fruit interests prominently before the merchants of the State; he caused a recognition to be made of the future greatness of the industry by the Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco, and has pointed out many facts pertinent thereto to many of the leading newspapers in the State."

But it required more than railway rate reductions and coöperative action on the part of the growers to solve the

complicated questions involved in the successful disposal of California's fruit on the markets of Chicago and New York. The 1886 shipping season opened as disastrously as those of the two preceding years. The fruit-growers were again in despair; again they talked of the collapse of their industry.

As usual, the reaction in Lubin was dynamic; difficulties only roused the "Irish" in him, as he used to term the fighting spirit. "Seventy per cent Irish and thirty per cent spirit" was his formula for the man of action; obstacles only arose to be overcome. Long consultations and debates followed with his partner and co-worker, Mr. Weinstock; he discussed the question in the Grange and in the press; many proposals were made, some advocated by Lubin with much zeal, but no real remedy was found. At last it was decided between the partners that Mr. Weinstock should go East as a sort of self-appointed commissioner to investigate the situation from the buyer's end, and not long after Lubin himself sailed for Europe on a trip on which, as usual, he sought not only relaxation but the solution of the problems with which his thoughts were engaged. Mr. Weinstock's inquiries led him to the belief that the solution of the grower's difficulties was to be found in selling the fruits, on their arrival in the Eastern cities, at public auction. About the same time Lubin had an opportunity of witnessing in London the way in which the auction system worked in the disposal of fresh fruits in Covent Garden market, and his cable on his observations reached the California Fruit Union to confirm the conclusions arrived at in Mr. Weinstock's report. The plan was adopted and proved an instantaneous success.

Thus, in his first piece of public work, Lubin had done much to place on a solid foundation an industry which, spreading later throughout the State and assuming truly vast proportions in the South under the fostering care of the California Citrus Fruit Exchange, has done so much for the economic prosperity of the West. And what was true of

him in this particular instance was true throughout his career. It was Lubin's part through life to sow ideas broadcast, to drive home his points, to carry conviction both by the soundness of his logic and by the power of the faith that was in him. But his suggestions were rarely carried out in the form in which he proposed them. Frequently, indeed, his ideas would be slightly set aside, the so-called "practical" men — the "grocery men" as Lubin called them — treating him as a visionary or a crank. Yet time after time those very same ideas would be taken up a little later on, sometimes modified and not infrequently marred in their detail, and then carried into effect. When, however, the time came to distribute the honors, the name of David Lubin would often be conspicuous by its absence. He was never one to scramble for a place on the band-wagon.

CHAPTER VI

LUBIN THE SACRAMENTAN

WE must figure David Lubin during these years of manhood's prime as an unusual and picturesque figure in the life of his home town. The older generation of citizens have vivid memories of him as he walked the streets of Sacramento, prominent in all movements for promoting the commercial or educational interests of the city, taking an active and intense part in the life of the community in which he lived. Now fighting "boss rule", by urging on electors the duties of citizenship; now debating a religious or philosophic problem; using the counting-house, the store, the advertising columns of the local press, the farm or the Grange as an educational forum.

Given to bold speculative thinking along national or even broader lines, yet conditioned by an environment essentially narrow and provincial, the humanity of the man was too strong for him ever to lose touch with his fellow citizens. He could always see in the local problems they had to solve an angle or facet of the universal, the microcosm in which the macrocosm is reflected. Actively engaged as a merchant, and dependent for his income on his store, he had nevertheless come to conceive of agriculture as the fountain-head of national prosperity, the primary source whence wealth percolated down from the rural to the urban districts. Consequently he was ever on the lookout to promote that prosperity not as a matter of individual advantage but of general benefit.

Thus believing, he spared no efforts to acquaint himself thoroughly with the economic problems of the farm. He joined the local Grange and became one of its leading members, bringing up for discussion at its meetings the problems

on which he was engaged. Absorbed in the questions he was studying, anxious to view them in all their aspects, he went about debating them with his neighbors in town and country, much as Socrates of old went about among the Athenians of his day.

Debate was the breath of his nostrils, and he was equally willing to thrash out a question with a wage laborer, a professor, a business man or a farmer. He would pin his man down and argue his point out, in and out of season, never deeming time wasted in clarifying a thought or digging down to fundamental truths underlying commonly accepted facts. Plato's dialogues and Cicero's disputations had early been among his favorites in literature, and he became no mean adept in the art of Socratic reasoning, which he conducted in the picturesque lingo of the Bret Harte miner.

Between the acts of his main life work we catch glimpses of him engaged in multifarious activities. I have said elsewhere that Lubin was lacking in the æsthetic sense; he had no instinctive delight in and knowledge of the great as opposed to the merely pretty or the trivial in art, and his lack of instinct in this matter had never been supplemented by training, but intellectually he conceived of the æsthetic as occupying a lofty place in the scheme of things, deserving of deference and cultivation. Impressed by the art treasures in the galleries and cities of Europe and by the educational value of museums, he became the guiding spirit in founding a society known as the California Museum Association. I have often heard him refer to the days in 1885 when he worked with leading citizens for this purpose. "Chris Green, a butcher with a lame foot, was made president, and I was one of the directors, and what we and our fellow workers in this field did not know about art would have filled not a book but a library," he would say. The Association must have had some points of resemblance with that one "upon the Stanislaw" immortalized by Bret Harte, but if the committee had only third-class knowledge, it certainly had first-class ambition.

"California ought to be the home of plastic art. What is the matter with our American boys? Has any parent a son with a taste in that direction? Encourage it, bring him here, and let us build up a school of sculpture in hot Sacramento; Florence is hotter. All the natural conditions are favorable to us; who knows but that here Michaelangelos and Canovas may be developed and make all the world bow the knee to Sacramento genius," exclaimed Director Lubin in one of his addresses.

The physical resemblance between California and the Mediterranean countries impressed him deeply; he used to say that both were the natural home of the "aristocrats of the Plant world", the peach, the apricot, the vine, the orange, the almond; and he claimed the Mediterranean Basin as the home of the aristocrats of the human family, of the "three princes of the Lord" who had given the world its Religion, its Art, its Philosophy and its Law, — the Jew, the Greek, and the Roman. He believed that California, with similarity in climate, in scenery, in vegetation, and with the added advantages of vast natural resources, the inestimable benefits of developing under free, democratic institutions, and of starting economically with a clean slate, would, in time, become a great Empire State, the Italy of the New World in artistic and intellectual genius as well as in natural beauties.

Working in those early days with most unpromising material, hampered by his own woeful ignorance in matters æsthetic, Lubin, by sheer force of will, succeeded in arousing interest in his views and in making a start which, had the environment been less dead to such matters, could not have failed to develop. He dragged his coadjutors along chained to the chariot of his own enthusiasms, and succeeded, in 1885, in getting together a loan exhibition of artistic, scientific, and historic objects, for the display of which the local magnate, Mrs. Margaret Crocker, lent the art gallery attached to her mansion, an elaborate, expensive, and, let it be said, a very ugly stone building, then the pride of

Sacramento. On this occasion, David Lubin delivered the opening address, from which we quote the following :

In canvassing for life members the committee had certain experiences not laid down in the program and which, for the time being, produced an effect that almost neutralized their ambitious zeal. "What do you want a museum for?" said one; "can't you see all the old stuff you want in a junk shop?"

Another said, "Museum? Nonsense! Hideous idols, Indian clubs, scalps, old Patent Office reports, cranky models of impossible inventions, old mummies that have a suspicious smell about them, plaster-of-Paris men and women with no clothes on them, bottles with nasty worms so carefully preserved as to save them intact for the day of resurrection, and to add to this insult to common sense, long-winded names that would puzzle the very Chief of Hades to get into plain solid English. Trash and nonsense! No museum for me!"

A third said, "Museum, indeed! Who goes to a museum? Lank and lean young men who wear their hair long and parted in the middle, whose mysterious appearance is heightened by their eyeglass string, significantly looped over the left ear; or the old codger who mopes around musty books, who delights in antediluvian remains, whose burden of lamentations consists in groaning after the missing link. No, sir! I don't want a museum! When I want progress, I'll send my boy to the most progressive machine shop or business house."

And so it comes to pass that when a man lives by bread alone his mind becomes dyspeptic. Shop and nothing but shop soon converts a man into a boot, an overall, a barrel of sugar, a banknote, or a mortgage squeezer. Practical? Come, oh, practical stomach, let us write the biography of one such as you. Don't be impatient. We won't detain you long. Birth, Feed-money, Death. No sooner dead, when your hard-earned gold vanishes like a puff of smoke into hands other than you wished or dreamt of. . . . How unlike "the image of God", such men are, allied by instinct and capacity to the brute. These are the men above all who have need of a museum. . . .

Untaught, man is but a large child; he can be best taught by objects. Nor need any one feel ashamed to take lessons in the A B C book of nature, for the greatest scholars in the world learn direct from objects. . . . If his state of development debars him for the time being from learning fruitful lessons from the limitless laws of nature, let him begin with the actions and motives of man, primitive man. The savage will be a good object to begin with. Let him examine the stone axe, the flint arrow, the armor, the clothing, the war club and implements of labor. Let him observe these well; also call to his assistance the observations of other men by conversation and books. Let him compare his mode of living with theirs, draw conclusions, and he is doing — what? Generalizing: he is on the highway to learning. Let him continue step by step, lesson by lesson, advancing upward in the scale, until he reaches the limit of his capacity. And if that be of a high order there is no reason why the former rustic may not in time rival the learned philosopher.

This is one of the offices of the museum. It is the channel for intellectual development. It is the true emancipator of the mind. . . . By lending a helping hand an institution will be built up that will prove of lasting benefit . . . an institution in whose close proximity will spring up technical schools of art, science, music, literature, and industry, fitting ornaments for God's most favored people, teaching the art of progressive peace.

This exhibition, which was an unqualified success, had an epilogue illustrative of Lubin's impetuous action, when once his mind was fully made up.

Judge Crocker, one of the original directors of the Central Pacific Railroad, grown rich "beyond the dreams of avarice" had traveled through Europe in the early seventies, and with the help of the guides, antiquity dealers, and other such legalized brigands who assist American millionaires, with more money than knowledge, to spend their dollars, had come home with a whole gallery of paintings, such as one might expect would be thus brought together, many dignified by the names of masters who would turn in their graves

could they see the canvases attributed to them. These were lodged in the Crocker art gallery, which was lent for the loan exhibition by the Judge's widow, a generous-hearted, simple old soul, a woman of the people, unspoiled by the adulation and deference which great wealth brings in its train. Lubin was a favorite with Mrs. Crocker, and had for her a very sincere regard. To his untutored eye the gallery was indeed a palace of art, though his shrewd wit led him to suspect that the old Judge had been badly swindled on more than one occasion.

As the date drew near for closing the exhibition, Lubin became obsessed by the idea that the Crocker Art Gallery should belong to Sacramento, that it should be the worthy nucleus of the museum of his dreams. Mrs. Crocker's children were all settled elsewhere, and his mind's eye saw the palatial residence with its treasured contents dispersed by indifferent heirs; the empty halls falling from their high estate, used perhaps as warehouses or storerooms.

On the day before the exhibition was to close, Lubin came to his office looking as if he had passed a sleepless night. He confided to Mr. Weinstock the thoughts which had kept him awake, and as he talked them over he worked himself up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that he grabbed his hat and bolted out of the door, saying, "I am going to Mrs. Crocker right now to persuade her to give the gallery to the city."

Lubin loved to tell how he waited on the simple, kindly old lady, living alone amidst the pompous opulence of the home of which Sacramento was so proud; how he went straight to the point he had at heart, picturing with vivid words the fate awaiting the building and its contents when she would be no more; the curious strangers pricing the treasures, while the auctioneer prepared to disperse them among an indifferent crowd of bargain seekers; and as he saw that his words were going home, he came boldly out with his proposal: Mrs. Crocker should present the building and its contents to Sacramento, thus making it a lasting

monument to the late Judge and to herself, a permanent benefaction to the city, the seed whence the future artistic greatness of California was to spring. When his bewildered listener, to whom the whole idea was startlingly new, said that she would think it over, he overpowered her by declaring that the time to act was there and then; that the loan exhibition was to close the next evening, and that its success would be crowned if she would publicly announce on the closing night that the gallery and its contents were to be presented by her as a gift to Sacramento.

"Of course I had hoped for an immediate favorable answer," Lubin used to say, "but Mrs. Crocker pointed out that this was the first moment that the idea had ever been suggested or had come to her mind, and that she must have time to think it over." She finally promised to give her answer the following morning.

Lubin spent another sleepless night, hoping for a favorable and fearing an unfavorable reply. At the earliest permissible hour the next morning he was waiting on Mrs. Crocker to learn her decision. It was favorable. The idea had appealed to the old lady as wise and proper, and she asked him to announce the totally unexpected and generous benefaction at the closing gathering of the loan exhibition that evening.

"But it is *your* gift, Mrs. Crocker, and *you* must make the announcement. You must give the people of Sacramento the pleasure of learning this great news from your own lips."

"Lor', Mr. Lubin, I could never make a speech, you know I couldn't; how could such an idea come to your head?"

"Well, I'll tell you what, Mrs. Crocker, you'll stand on the platform; I'll make the speech, and you'll nod. — You can do that, can't you?"

And so they compromised. That evening, when the main gallery was crowded for the closing exercises, the Mayor announced that Mrs. Crocker had an important statement to make. Escorted by David Lubin the old lady

was led to the platform, and while he announced in her name the gracious gift, she nodded her kind old head vigorously, and was almost overwhelmed by the manifestations of grateful enthusiasm of her fellow citizens.

In 1888 Lubin took a prolonged trip through the leading European countries, paying particular attention to their agricultural methods and development, as far as he was able to observe them. In the series of letters he wrote home, published in the *Sacramento Bee* and the *Pacific Rural Press*, it is curious to note the combination of acute observation with the prejudice and ignorance of the uncultured American regarding things European, an ignorance and prejudice equaled only by that of the average European regarding America. Europe is to Lubin the continent of despotic monarchies, effete aristocracies, and downtrodden peoples, where crowned kings rule and prostrate subjects obey. But though his patriotic pride in California calls forth many unfavorable comparisons, we can see that his travels were sowing the seeds of that broad-minded vision which was to make him later on so powerful a factor in laying the foundations for sound internationalism.

For instance, after visiting the country round Naples he writes: "It would be a paying investment and a new era in the history of California if some several hundred farmers and fruit raisers were to come to Europe and make a few observations on tillage. I would recommend them to visit the land situated between Rome and Naples. The entire country, consisting of one hundred and sixty-two miles of land, is literally a garden. The soil is stirred to a depth of about ten inches, thoroughly mingled, very finely pulverized, and levelled perfectly. . . . These fields have been regularly cropped many centuries before the time of the Cæsars, and yet they will put to shame by their results and crops land in California that was originally richer, but which fifteen or twenty years of unintelligent or dishonest labor have impoverished."

Again, writing from Spain he says: "Preconceived notions

of Spanish character, as received from ideas of Spanish history in the Netherlands and in the history of South America, would lead one to suppose that the people here are semi-savages; but I was agreeably surprised to find that in the great majority of cases the people are exceedingly polite, affable, generous and hospitable."

Here again, as in Italy, his inclination to presume that the Old World countries were necessarily "back numbers" in all practical concerns such as scientific agriculture, received some salutary shocks. It was while traveling on a train in the south of Spain that he fell into conversation with a Spanish grandee and landowner, who, amused at Lubin's evident conviction of American superiority in all such matters, invited him to visit his farms in Andalusia and to see what was still got out of soil that had been cultivated for some two thousand years. While watching on this farm the careful tillage by which the Spanish peasant laboriously "comminuted the soil", so different from the superficial harrowing to which Lubin was accustomed, he conceived the idea of a mechanical device by which the same results might be attained as he then saw secured by the hoe. On his return to California he elaborated this idea and devised a machine which did the trick, but which in after years among his friends came to be known as the "Lubin Tribulator", so much effort did he devote to it from time to time.

The monuments bearing witness to the Moorish and Jewish civilizations in medieval Spain fascinated him. In one of his letters he tells how, accompanied by his wife and two children, he visited in Seville the former Jewish quarter with its synagogues, seized after the expulsion of the Jews and given over to the Catholic Church, and of a long and curious debate he had with a Spanish friar, in which American Jew and Catholic priest, meeting in a former temple of the Jewish faith in medieval Seville, discussed theology through the medium of an interpreter. Sincere in his own beliefs Lubin had a great respect for those of others. Reli-

gion to him was the sacred aspiration of the soul toward its Fountain Head.

From Spain he went through Italy to Austria and was greatly impressed by the wisdom of the forestry laws of that country which made it compulsory, whenever trees were cut down, to replant as many on the same ground. He wrote in comment on this in 1888, long before the dawn of the "conservation" movement:

There is no question touching the welfare of California that is of so much importance as is the one of forestry. We have a beautiful climate, but we are permitting it to be stolen, — tree by tree, the climate goes, never to return. The foothill man will catch the flood first, but the valley man will catch the drought first — so both will be evenly and properly paid for their neglect if they permit the destruction. Even at the present time, if an investigation should be made, it would be found advisable to retrace former error by beginning the costly work of afforestation. Any one conversant with the locality will tell you that in and around certain portions of Mohawk Valley in Arizona there are times when torrents of water rush down the sides of the mountains and in a few hours wash away miles of railroad track. Look at the mountains; they are bare and barren. There you have the cause — cause not alone of flood but also of drought; for nothing will grow in that region unless irrigated.

You ascend on the higher reaches of land, and what do you find? Boulders, gravel, sand. A citizen, knowing these facts to be true, who does not raise his voice or make an effort to have this forest destruction stopped, is neither faithful to his State nor loyal to his Country.

The technical schools and commercial museums of Austria and Germany impressed him as powerful instruments for the development of foreign trade, instruments in which the United States was then deficient. He writes from Berlin:

Much attention is paid to foreign commerce, and by reason of their push and energy they have a firm foothold on

the trade of South America to the exclusion of American manufactures. This is not brought about by any reason of greater merit or cheapness of their goods over those of the United States, but because of more energy and greater skill in their disposition and distribution. In other words, they are better merchants.

In London the traveler was deeply impressed by the value of the great exhibitions, such as that which Italy was then holding in the English capital, as a means of promoting trade and industrial development. He also made it his business to inquire into the market for California canned fruits and to note the causes, such as careless selection and packing, which hindered them from securing the place they have subsequently come to occupy. Here also he witnessed the disposal of green fruits by auction at Covent Garden market, and cabled home to the California Fruit Union recommending this method of marketing almost at the same time that Colonel Weinstock was advising it as the result of his independent investigations.

On this trip he visited Ireland and used to narrate with gusto the following experience in Dublin with a guide proud of local progress.

"The guide took us to a fire-engine house, and pointing to a dilapidated old engine said, 'Look at that now. When we has a fire, we takes that and squirts the water on it by machinery. What do you think of that?' I replied, telling him that we also have fire-engines in the United States. He then asked me if we pulled them with horses, and I said, 'Yes, more than that. On the occurrence of a fire an alarm is sounded, the driver jumps on his seat, the horses run to their places, the harness drops down and adjusts itself automatically, the door opens, and before you could say Jack Robinson half a dozen times the engine is off to the fire.' 'Well,' replied the Irishman, 'I always heard that there were liars in America, but I never thought there were such d—d liars as all that.'"

On his return to Sacramento in the autumn of 1888 Lubin

brought back two proposals for practical action. The first was that the economic interests of California would be greatly promoted by opening in London a permanent exhibition of the natural beauties, latent resources, and agricultural and industrial products of the State.

His intuitive faculty enabled Lubin to grasp the various links in the chain of cause and effect and arrive at the ultimate, while others were yet struggling to master the first principles. While the California fruit-grower was only just beginning to realize that he need not necessarily root up his orchards as a remedy for overproduction, that organization could place within his reach the markets east of the Rockies, Lubin already saw California fruits on the table of every European hotel, saw her oranges and lemons competing on the great London emporium with those of the Mediterranean countries, and visualized the then straggling towns and villages of Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Diego, and Santa Barbara as the rivals of the Riviera for the tourist trade of the world.

His ideas aroused interest and some considerable response, but, on the whole, the food was too rich for those to whom it was offered. He did, indeed, carry the exhibition proposal almost to a successful issue; secured the appointment of an influential committee; and, at the cost of great effort, a bill was drafted which had every chance of passing the State Legislature; but when he found that a rider was attached thereto which, he believed, would have made the whole scheme a means of political "graft", he refused to have anything more to do with it and let the whole thing lapse.

But it was not only the merchant and fruit-grower, it was likewise the Director of the California Museum Association who had been traveling through the art centers of the Old World, and in this capacity also he had a suggestion to make.

While stopping in the chief cities of Italy he had been deeply impressed by the extraordinary wealth of art treas-

ures which that country possesses; at the same time he had come to the conclusion that Italy's material wealth could be greatly increased if the old-fashioned plow, the hoe, and the rake, made way for modern farm machinery. In the development of the latter America was a leader. Why should not each country give the other that of which it had a superabundance? Why not exchange specimens of Italian art for products of the International Harvester Company? Why should not Sacramento become the medium for this exchange and secure for her Museum the coveted treasures? He had already approached the American Embassy in Rome, and the matter had been discussed in a tentative way with the Italian authorities; he now placed it before his fellow citizens, hunted up the Italian consul, aroused his interest in the proposal, and organized a committee. Those acquainted with the Italian official mind can easily imagine how it must have stood aghast at the idea of such a transmutation of values, and will not be surprised to hear that, in spite of strenuous efforts, nothing came of the suggestion.

But Lubin was tenacious, and this was not to be his last attempt to secure art treasures and a worthy historical museum for California. His early years in the southern part of the State and in Arizona had given him a glimpse into the interest and romance attaching to the fast disappearing life of the Indian tribes and to the Spanish Missions which, under the saintly guidance of Padre Junipero Serra, first brought civilization and Christianity to the shores of the Pacific. He took the occasion offered by the preparations for the State Fair in 1892 to urge the desirability of an historical exhibit in which should be gathered objects illustrative of the primitive life of the native Indians, the civilizing efforts of the early missions and their devoted padres, the early days of the pioneers and the 'forty-niners, the art of gold mining as practiced in its various stages, the relics of Spanish and Mexican rule, the geology, flora, and fauna of the Golden State. Having carried his point with the organizing committee, he took on himself the task of

traveling from place to place and organizing local committees to hunt up and assemble the vanishing relics of the early days in the life of California.

Indian implements and weapons, Spanish and Mexican costumes and heirlooms, the precious mementos of the old Spanish missions were brought to light, and Lubin succeeded in persuading their owners to loan them for exhibition. He won the friendship, one might say the affection, of the Mission Fathers, who, inspired with something of his own enthusiasm, came to his assistance and helped to make the historic collection a really remarkable exhibit. It was felt that such a collection should not be dispersed, and Lubin hoped to see it permanently housed in the one building of historic interest for Sacramento, the Sutter Fort. But local apathy was stronger than his enthusiasm, and the opportunity was allowed to slip by. Lubin was fond of the old Greek myth which represents Fortune as tapping at the door of each of us, very gently, and but once; if her call is heard and the door opened, the capricious goddess will come in, but miss the single chance and she is gone for ever. I thought of this story as Lubin used to tell it when, after visiting Sacramento, I spent a wonderful morning in the beautiful and interesting ethnographical Museum at San Diego, which is realizing his desire but not in the home town for which he was so ambitious.

The divine fire was not destined to burn steadily in Sacramento. Lit by Lubin's fierce energy, it flared, flickered, and died out. True, the Crocker Art Gallery still stands intact, but the formerly elegant neighborhood in which it was built is now a poor section, and the building, once the admired of all beholders, is now recognized as a product of a period of degraded taste. Still, its spacious, finely lit galleries with the few good things they contain would make a substantial nucleus round which to build. But David Lubin has had no apostolic successor. No museum of California is to be found in the State capital; the seats of art and learning are elsewhere. Suffice it to say that in

this field also he manfully played his part of pioneer, and as far as one man's energy and enthusiasm could do, his did.

Thus the busy years fled by, while Lubin worked for his town and his State, in his store and on his farm; now organizing a committee to promote the opening of new factories in Sacramento, now working to have a proper levee built to save the city from the danger of destructive floods, such as one he had witnessed and taken an active part in fighting. Nor was it all work and no play; he shared to the full in the social life and convivialities of the town, was "hail fellow well met" with one and all, and could enter into enjoyment as heartily as into work. There was still a good deal of the Arizona frontiersman about him; now and again he would have what he called "a rip-snorting time." Generous and open-handed, there was no initiative for the improvement of Sacramento in which he did not participate, and the Weinstock and Lubin store had become a real community center for the city.

His fearless integrity won him the respect of all, even of the "toughs." I have heard him tell how one day he was in a saloon when a very rough character, a sort of "bad man from Bodie" always ready with his revolver, came in and in Lubin's hearing began to abuse the Jews. Lubin turned on him: "You miserable barbarian, you, still all teeth and claws, you dare to speak slightly of the Jews. Why, if it were not for the Jew and his Bible you would probably still be a savage among your native bogs. Do you not know that when you were born it was a Jewish prayer that was read over you, when you were married a Jewish psalm was said, and when you die it will again be a Jewish psalm which will accompany you to the grave. Why, if you were to go down on your knees at the street corner and black the boots of every Jew that passed your way from now until the day of your death, you would be unable to pay off one tithe of the debt you owe that people. And you, miserable brute, dare to abuse!" The astonished Irishman, taken aback at this outburst,

apologized. "I never passed Cavanagh after that but he took his hat off to me," Lubin used to say.

He could tell a good story and it would lose nothing in the telling. Let me close this chapter of miscellanies with one which he used to relate with peculiar relish. Sitting at the right hand of Bishop Manuogue at a banquet given to celebrate the completion of the Roman Catholic cathedral in Sacramento, Lubin rejoiced the company with the story of how his red-headed Irish servant girl, Norah, stood stoutly by her belief that religion had originated with St. Patrick in Ireland. Noticing a Catholic missal among her employer's books she had felt that it had no place on the shelves of an infidel, and had summoned up courage to ask him for it.

"Ye see, it's a book of moy Church, and as ye doan't believe in it, it's moy book," she had said, in pressing her claim.

"Why, Norah," Lubin replied, "I said some of the prayers in that book in the original tongue when I was but a wee bit of a boy."

"The original tongue," responded Norah; "how's that? Do ye know Oirish?"

"No," I said, "but they were written in Hebrew, and I knew enough Hebrew to repeat them."

"Haybroo. Phat's Haybroo? Sure, the first man to tache religion was the Blessed Sint Patrick in Oirland!"

"But I tell you, they were written in Hebrew all the same."

"Well," says Norah, "then they jist copied em."

"Good for Norah," gleefully exclaimed the good Bishop, pounding the table with his fist; "Good for Norah!"

CHAPTER VII

TRANSPORTATION AND TARIFF

ONE day in his store Lubin noted a large stock of books; he looked it over. "Camille, Wife in Name only", "The Burglar's Fate", "A Crown of Shame", "Strikers and Communists", "A Rogue's Life", "The Old Ma'mselle's Secret", "Fair Women", "Professional Thieves." How came Weinstock and Lubin to be selling such stuff? It all came from Eastern publishing houses, and the cost of carriage alone must have represented a large figure. He inquired into the matter and found out that these publications, coming under the classification of serials, were all transported through the United States mails at a uniform charge of one cent a pound in any quantities, and that the large subsidies which the publishing trade thus received from the Government were held to be justified on the ground of encouraging the spread of "literature."

Somewhere around the same time Lubin had for sale the wheat of his Colusa County ranch. It was fine grain, and he noted that the Liverpool price quotations were good; yet the offers he could get barely represented the cost of production. How was this to be accounted for? He went up to San Francisco to inquire of the Chamber of Commerce. The secretary was in a hurry and briefly disposed of Lubin's inquiries by saying "Charters."

"Charters? What's that?" said Lubin. "Just you sit down and tell me. I need to get at the bottom of this matter, and that's what the Chamber of Commerce is for. And just tell me Arizona fashion, with no technical conundrums."

So the secretary sat down and told our friend all about it; how you hire space in the ship for carrying the grain; and how the charge for that space varies according to the rela-

tion between supply and demand; how a shortage of ships at a shipping point at the time when they are needed will raise the cost of the so-called "charters"; how this cost is deducted by the buyer from the price quoted for the grain on the world's chief buying market, Liverpool; and how the Liverpool price, minus the cost of transportation and other subsidiary charges, becomes the price at which the farmer has to sell his grain, and not only the quantity sold for export, but that sold for consumption on the home market as well. "And so, you see, charters just now are very high, as there is a shortage of ships in the export ports, and therefore the price you can get for your grain is low, although the Liverpool price may be high."

"Ah! that's how it is," mused Lubin, and went away with much to think over.

These two incidents, which occurred somewhere round 1893, held in embryo the whole of Lubin's future work, of which the International Institute of Agriculture was to be the logical and ultimate outcome, and the next ten years of his life — with an interlude when he almost concluded that problems of practical justice could best be solved from the philosophic-religious approach — were given up to the questions of transportation and tariff, and their influence on price formation for the staples of agriculture.

In taking up this new campaign he again had recourse to the *Sacramento Record Union*, and set the ball rolling with an article, some four thousand words long, entitled a "Novel Proposition Revolutionizing the Distribution of Wealth", which appeared in that paper in September, 1893.

Lubin in those days was a protectionist, first, last, and all the time. He based his arguments for protection not on economic grounds — even then he was compelled to admit that, economically speaking, protection was unsound — but on political grounds. He argued that America was still a "great experiment"; that it yet had to justify itself in the eyes of the world, and more especially that it must preserve with fostering care its democratic institutions

against contamination by deleterious outside influences. Free trade, he argued, by rapidly developing the foreign relations of the United States, would induce a large number of young Americans to go abroad as travelers, agents, and so forth, when contact with "despotic European countries" and "effete aristocracies" would undermine the manhood and republican principles of American youth.

This argument sounds crude, and so it was; and here we come to one of the interesting angles of Lubin's mind; the way in which the clear intuitive insight into essential facts, which is one of the gifts of genius, pierced through the provincialisms, prejudices, and limitations proper to his environment and his education.

"Protection" was the holy of holies of the Republican party to which he belonged; it saved the American worker from falling to the low level of his oppressed European brother; it safeguarded the infant industries of the United States, and was the corner stone of their prosperity. Lubin accepted all this, but he could not "think cant" and he clearly saw that, as things stood, it was the farmer who paid for the protection which the manufacturer and the industrial worker enjoyed. The farmer's staples being exports could not be protected by a tariff on imports, and the cost of high protection to industries was placed on the shoulders of agriculture without any compensating advantage.

Now, this was wrong — wrong from the standpoint both of equity and of policy; for any condition that permanently impoverished the farmer would, in the long run, undermine the prosperity of the nation.

"Confiscation of a good portion of the producer's just earnings is caused by the protective tariff; but as I am a confirmed protectionist, and am convinced of its tendency toward the conservation of our American institutions, I seek to perpetuate it, but not in its one-sided and unjust operations. Protection is politic; should it not also be just?" he asks in a letter to Mr. George B. James, then editing the *American Cultivator* of Boston.

Now, what was the "Novel Proposition" by which Lubin sought to achieve this justice? Here it is in his own words :

To meet the transportation question, I would suggest national legislation that would change our present system of product transportation to the same system as is now in operation by the United States post office in the forwarding of mail matter, and in charge of that department.

To illustrate, a fruit-grower at San Rafael wishes to send five hundred pounds of peaches to San Francisco. He obtains a stamp of his post office (which may be three times the size of a postal card, and on pasteboard); he attaches same to one of his crates, and delivers same to the postal clerk at the railroad company's depot. Say the value of the stamp is one dollar. Another grower in Chico likewise wishes to send a like quantity of peaches to the same destination, and he too obtains a one-dollar stamp and the fruit is forwarded the same way. A third grower in Sacramento county wishes to forward a like quantity to New York, and he likewise obtains a one-dollar stamp and the fruit goes out to New York.

In short, land products, in their natural state, are to be forwarded in any quantity to any destination just the same as other mail matter and subject to similar conditions.

Replying to an objector he emphasizes his point by stating :

"Last Thursday I received a case of books from the publisher in New York weighing 165 lbs. for \$1.65; these books came in six days, and were brought here by the U. S. Government through its post office department. . . . We all know in advance that the Government pays the railroad from three to six cents per pound for carrying the books, yet it only charges the publisher one cent per pound. Who pays the difference? Who but the people. Every taxpayer, producer or consumer, pays to make up the loss. . . . In these book shipments the publishers, the writers, and the merchants are benefited, and were farm products forwarded that way the farmers would be benefited."

1893 was a year of wide-spread agricultural distress; the grain-growing areas of the world had been rapidly extending; India, Argentina, and new Russian territories were coming into competition with the wheat growers of Europe and North America; with increased production and greater shipping facilities than ever before the price of the staples had been continuously falling. In Europe the agrarians were attributing their troubles to America, and several of the importing countries were protecting themselves by heavy customs duties, which raised the price within their own frontiers but could not affect the basic world price ruling for the producer in the exporting countries. The vast distances which the staples raised in the West and Middle West had to traverse before reaching the export markets made profitable farming in those sections of the country almost impossible at the prevailing low rates, and the discontent which all this engendered expressed itself in great political unrest and in the rise of a whole series of agitations, such as those of the Populists, the Free Silverites, the Single Taxers, and others. The Grange was then a powerful organization, and took up many of these cries.

Lubin's statement of the case pointed to the fundamental fact that in the United States, where the staples were exports, the protective tariff necessarily discriminated against the farmers, and that protection should be afforded them by lifting off their shoulders the burden of distance competition: "If the farmer can have his products forwarded at an even rate for 100 miles or 3000 miles the difference that he will save will be his protection." The difference between Government receipts from the sale of the proposed "stamps", and its expenditures in payments to the railway companies for carrying the farm products, would, of course, have to be evened up out of taxation, but Lubin claimed that the advantages accruing to the manufacturer, the merchant, and the labor man from the increase in national prosperity which this system would bring about would be such that they would willingly pay this tax.

The article in the *Record Union* aroused considerable comment. Some approved, more condemned and derided. Caricatures were published of Lubin posting cabbages and pigs. One of the State Assemblymen, arguing the point, had asked, "Why, d' you mean to say you 'd send a cabbage through the mails?"

"Certainly," replied Lubin.

"Would you send a pig?"

"Why, yes; I would send anything; I would send you," came the reply.

His friend, Grove L. Johnson, who with a twinkle in his eye told me this anecdote, was standing by when this conversation occurred and stepped forward, almost expecting a fight; "but no insult had been meant; Lubin had spoken in all sincerity, only giving one more example ofailable produce."

Anyhow, the proposal was novel enough and notable enough to be widely noticed by the press of the country.

Lubin reprinted article and comments with his replies thereto as a pamphlet of which he had fifty-five thousand copies printed and scattered broadcast among all kinds and conditions of readers, from labor men to professors, from editors to business men, from farmers to financiers; asking all and sundry to send in their views for publication and discussion.

This resulted a few months later in the issue of a second pamphlet in which his suggestions had definitely crystallized into three proposals.

The first was that specified farm products, in limited weight and bulk, should beailable through the U. S. post office department at a uniform rate of one cent per pound for any distance within the Union. Thus Lubin was the first to carry on an active propaganda for a parcel-post system in the United States.

The second proposal was that the disabilities arising from long-distance competition be overcome by providing for the transportation of farm products in their natural state,

raised within the United States, at a reduced rate, lowering the rate in inverse ratio to the distance from the market centers.

In this connection we may note that action along lines similar to those advocated by David Lubin was taken in 1906, as a measure of justice to the agricultural South, by the Italian Government when it took over the railways. While distances in Italy are not comparable to those in the United States, nevertheless the geographical formation of the peninsula entails a very long haul from the Southern provinces and Sicily, which are mainly agricultural, to their markets in Central Europe, and to overcome the geographical disadvantage at which they were thus placed as compared to the industrial North, a system of differential tariffs was introduced by which the greater the distance traversed, the lower the rate.

Many of the issues which Lubin raised in this campaign are as alive to-day as they were when he was agitating them in the early nineties. Ask the citrus fruit growers of California, the grain growers of the North and Middle West, and they will have much to say on the subject of long-distance competition and the effect of transportation rates on agricultural prosperity. Further, the claim he made that a prosperous farming community is essential to the prosperity of industry and labor is also borne out in a striking manner by recent events, when, to quote a statement made in 1921 by Secretary Hoover, "the resistance against lower levels in the services and commodities that the farmer must buy in the face of his very much lower returns is already digging the grave of unemployment for the other industries."

I lay it down as an axiom [Lubin wrote] that the interests of our nation can best be served . . . by absolute and unhampered free trade among the several States of the Union. Now, as long as our territorial extent is almost as great as the continent of Europe, it is manifestly impossible to maintain free trade between the several States and sections as long as the factor of distance creates an uneven charge for

transportation. This unevenness is felt in a much greater degree in agricultural products transported in their natural state, than in the average for manufactured goods. A suit of clothes weighing ten pounds and costing \$15 may be transported from New York to San Francisco at about one per cent. The charge for carrying ten pounds of peaches from San Francisco to New York will be about two hundred and fifty per cent. The reason is clear. The ten pounds of suit is so much more expensive than the ten pounds of peaches. The fact is, of course, well known, and being so general is deemed a fixed law in the social arrangement. The question remains, is it a just law? We may unhesitatingly say that it is not so much a law as a custom. For law is no law unless it be grounded in justice, and this custom is not grounded in justice but in injustice, and injustice is never a factor for betterment.

And here again we touch a question still unsolved, on which his views have recently been confirmed in the following words by Secretary Hoover: "Horizontal rate increases have thrown the relativity of rate scales out of gear, both as to the value of commodities and zones of distribution. The increase of rate may amount to 5 per cent on the shipper's value of some commodities and 80 per cent on others. We have many complaints of the hardship worked by the upset in ratio; complaints that it is readjusting the commercial and industrial map of the United States; complaints that in some industries the charge can be passed on to the consumer while on others, such as agriculture, it falls largely upon the producer; and complaints that it is stifling production."

And so we get back in 1921 to the basic fact pointed out by Lubin in 1894; that such a system works injustice, and that "injustice is never a factor for betterment."

While Populists and Free Silverites on the one hand, labor unions, tariff leaguers, and the great industrial interests on the other, formulated their programs and pressed their policies solely in view of "advantage", all guided by the purely materialistic conception of the Marxist "class war", however much some of them may have deprecated

that expression in the mouths of labor agitators, Lubin's motive in this campaign was then as always the single-minded desire to see the "just weight and the just measure" prevail. Principle, not expediency, was his lodestar; and though this often laid him open to the derision of the "practical" man, it saved him from pinning his faith to any of the cheap nostrums of the day. He took great pains to demonstrate that in seeking relief for the farmer the purpose was to benefit not one but all classes in the community. He sought not privilege but justice, and justice can never be other than even-handed.

Going into the matter from the standpoint of city labor, he showed by close reasoning along Socratic lines, and in dialogue form, that "increase of acreage of a field product at a remote distance from the market, without a corresponding decrease of production of a like product in other sections, demands either a constant decrease of wages or a gradual decrease in the cost of transportation"; that unless this decrease in the cost of transportation is provided for "the tariff and the prevention of immigration will not prevent a steady decline in the wage rate." And here again we have a question which, after an interval of thirty years, is as live an issue to-day as when Lubin wrote; in fact, the Emergency Tariff, the Immigration laws, and the great railway rate and transportation crisis lend an interest of absolute actuality to the problems which he then brought up for discussion and action.

His third proposal was a bold effort to secure for agriculture the effective protection which industries enjoyed under the tariff.

While his contentions in the matter of "long-distance competition" started necessarily from a sectional viewpoint, the viewpoint in his contention for equality in protection was national and in its active advocacy he was to be educated up to the need for a still broader outlook; the nation was to merge into the world, nationalism into internationalism. Nor could it be otherwise when abstract justice was the

bull's-eye aimed at, for justice knows nothing of frontiers, and in the long run justice and expediency are found to converge, however wide apart they may appear to be at the start.

But in 1894 Lubin's horizon was limited to the need for economic equity as between several interests in his own country, and his proposal, briefly stated, was to offset the protection afforded to manufacturers and industrial laborers by a tariff on imports by granting the producers of the staples a bounty on exports in the form of a government subsidy to reduce the cost of ocean carriage from the shipping points to the foreign import markets. By this means, Lubin argued, some of the wealth accruing to the industrial interests through protection would be returned and spent in behalf of the agricultural interests. The actual subsidy, however, would be but the smallest part of the benefit which would accrue to the producers of the staples, for by reducing the cost of carriage to the world's importing center, Liverpool, the price which the producer would receive for every bushel raised would be increased to the extent of said subsidy; not only the price of the bushels sold for export, but also the price of the remainder, and much larger amount, sold for consumption on the home market; for the export and home price on the wheat pits are one and the same. This effective protection would, he claimed, enable the farmer to hold his own against the competition arising from the "use of approved modern appliances for agricultural labor in the hands of countless hordes of docile, cheap labor in many important sections of the world."

It required several years yet before Lubin saw that equity in price formation for the American farmer required as a preëssential equity in the price formation for farmers the world over; that, to use his own words, the advantage he strove to secure for one must be transmuted into a benefit for all before it could be effective.

The ardor, tenacity, and ability which Lubin displayed in organizing and pushing this campaign were extraordinary.

Steadily refusing, as he did throughout his life, to subsidize papers or propagandists to advocate his views — for he rightly held that while open advertisement is legitimate, clandestinely paid propaganda is not — availing himself of no political “pull”, for this too he held to be unclean; backed by no “interests”, for he resolutely refused to favor such, except in so far as their claims conformed strictly to those of justice; working in a small community and with an obscure city as his center, he yet succeeded in a very brief time in getting his views prominently before the people not of California but of the United States. Dipping freely into his own pocket, devoting his time and means and abilities to this service without stint or reward, he set to work. His first pamphlet, sent out in an edition of 55,000 copies, was followed by a second of like number and these by others. Using the experience acquired in publishing business catalogues, he gave these the widest possible distribution, sending them to the press, to the universities, to the great business firms, to statesmen and politicians, to granges and farmers’ associations, to labor unions and individuals, conspicuous and obscure, wherever he thought the seed could be sown with advantage. In a short time he had “promulgation” committees at work in various sections, debates for and against going on in the farmers’ meetings North, West, South and East, and the “novel proposition” had become a live issue calling for editorial comment in the press of the country.

Lubin was indefatigable. The campaign which he started in September, 1893, developed into an absorbing labor of years, in which he sacrificed business and family interests to his zeal for the public good. Gradually the broader issue, that which aimed at equalizing the supposed benefits of protection as between the agricultural and the industrial interests, engrossed him to the exclusion of the minor matter of differential railway rates.

He traveled from point to point (generally taking with him one or other of his children) giving himself up, heart

and soul, to this work, and speaking and debating with all manner of men and women. None were too humble and none too exalted for Lubin to tackle. In June, 1894, he achieved a first success when the proposal was adopted by the Republican State Convention of California as a plank in its platform. He continued the campaign of education among Granges and Farmers' Alliances, and the proposal was next indorsed by the State Grange of California.

This agitation for equalizing protection as between town and country, while it conciliated the traditional republicanism of the Western States, appealed to the farmers, discontented with a system of which they paid the cost without receiving the benefits, and before Lubin was through he had the enthusiastic support of the Granges of California, Oregon, Washington, Illinois, Missouri, Virginia and Pennsylvania. And in those days the Granges were a political force of no mean importance.

The high priests of protection in the East now began to awaken to the incipient dangers of such a movement. The treasurer of the American Protective Tariff League approached Lubin with a request to contribute to the funds of the League and to indorse its policy. He replied by a challenge to debate the agricultural phase of the question :

"As we seem to differ radically in our opinions, and as I am now under the impression that if your theory of protection is just, mine is unjust, and as I would like to have this question decided by competent authority and abide by their decision . . . I will contribute to the funds of your League the sum of \$1,000 subject to the order of a committee nominated for the purpose of deciding this question."

Lubin goes on to name as his members of the committee Professor Ely of the University of Wisconsin, John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, the Master of the California State Grange, Samuel Gompers, and Senator Chandler of New Hampshire. These names show that he had no hesitation in carrying his campaign into the strongholds of protectionism.

The challenge was acknowledged, but it is significant that it was never taken up, and in due time the certified check was returned to Lubin.

The campaign was not without its humors. For instance, when the matter was taken up for action in the National Grange, the political hacks of the Republican party got to work and succeeded by a majority of one in getting that body to refuse to sponsor the measure. The reporter for the committee on agriculture on that occasion was a certain Aaron Jones of Indiana. Now, Mrs. Jones, who under Grange regulations had a vote equally with her husband, and who was evidently less of a politician than he was, convinced by the logic of Brother Lubin's arguments, announced her intention of voting for his motion. But on the morning of the day when the issue was to be decided, she was packed off home by her spouse.

"I don't know what's got into him," the good woman said, as she bade Lubin and other acquaintances good-by, "but he's just hustling me off, and I did so want to remain for the exercises."

On another occasion Lubin had traveled many hundreds of miles to place his case before a State Grange — Ohio, if my memory is not at fault. Hour after hour went by and the Worthy Master never looked his way. A speaker would sit down and Lubin would think his turn had come, when Sister Smith would be called on for a song, or Brother Brown invited to relate some personal experience.

At last a big, shaggy farmer, who had been sitting in the background observing these maneuvers, asked for the floor. It was granted and he rose, opened a ponderous tome, and began slowly and deliberately to read out: "Nails: brass tacks, 5% *ad valorem*; tin tacks, 5% *ad valorem*; half-inch nails, 5% *ad valorem*", and so forth.

This went on for a few minutes to the amazement of the assembled company, when at last the Chair interrupted, asking the Brother kindly to explain why he was reading out the tariff, and how long he would hold the floor.

"Well, it's like this," replied the worthy Granger. "Brother Lubin has come here, and I know he has traveled a long way, and he has something to say which many of us want to hear, but I have noticed that the Worthy Master never looks his way, and time is going by, and Brother Lubin will have to leave without a hearing. Now, I don't think that's fair, and so now I've got the floor, and I'm going to hold it; and as I don't know how to make a speech, I've got hold of this 'ere book, and I'm just a-going to read it, and under our rules you can't take the floor away from me until I'm through, and I'll only stop to make way for Brother Lubin, for I'll see a fair deal, or know the reason why."

Lubin got the floor!

Throughout 1894-1895 and the early part of 1896 we find Lubin here, there, and everywhere, educating and propagandizing; spending freely the wealth he had acquired as one of the means to fit him for Service. Seeking justice for all, he confined his efforts to no class, and was as ready to address the American Federation of Labor or the Tariff League as the Grange. In Sam Gompers he had a sympathetic listener; the labor unions were strong for protection, but they were not unwilling to see it extended also to the farmers; yet when Lubin addressed their annual convention at Denver he found that here again politics ran the show, and his motion was tabled, not because it failed to carry conviction, but because, as the "boys" told him behind the scenes, they were not particularly anxious for measures which would make for economic peace.

In October, 1894, Lubin attended the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress at St. Louis, where it took Mr. Bryan's silver-tongued eloquence to get action on the motion for equal protection postponed until the next conference on the plea that it was too novel to be acted on without further study. From St. Louis he went to New York to discuss the whole question with leading business men and journalists, and thence to Pennsylvania to bring up the proposal before

that State Grange and secure its indorsement and that of the Virginia State Grange; and thence to Washington to a "hearing" before the House Committee on Agriculture.

With untiring energy Lubin left no stone unturned. He submitted his premise for comment and refutation to all and sundry; among others to the President of the Chicago Board of Trade, who fully confirmed the soundness of his claim that the price of farm staples in the United States is the free trade world price minus the cost of carriage from the producing centers to the world market center. This claim the Home Market Club of Boston boldly undertook to refute, in a debate lasting two days which took place at Washington. The floundering efforts made on this occasion by the self-constituted supporters of the *status quo* to prove that the "foreigner" and not the consumer pays for protection, and that the farmer is all right because his staples are on the tariff book, make almost amusing reading, especially when in the course of the debate Grove L. Johnson, then M. C. for California, tried to tie them down to the point.

"Lubin mopped the floor up with them," the shrewd old lawyer said to me not long ago, growing reminiscent over the old days.

Nor were the Universities neglected by Lubin in urging this cause. He paid flying visits to Madison and Ann Arbor, discussed the matter with the professors of political economy of the Universities of Wisconsin and Michigan, and left with them substantial sums for prize essays to be written by their students on "Protection and the Farmer."

Naturally the Democratic and Free Trade press had not been slow to look into this matter and to point out that "equalized protection" was the *reductio ad absurdum* of protection; Lubin had given them points. Indeed, by now he had become a veritable thorn in the side of the orthodox Republican protectionist. Contemptuous silence had given way to derisive comment and virulent attack, but it looked as if the "cat were out of the bag" as far as the farmers were concerned, and this was matter for anxiety.

On one of his visits to New York Lubin received an invitation to call at the office of a leading paper whose editor was one of the shining lights in the inner circles of the protectionist élite. He went.

"Now, Mr. Lubin, we know your standing as a merchant; we know your services to the party; we know you are a stanch Republican, but we want to hear from you all about this agitation you are starting with the farmers. What are you doing it for?"

"What am I doing it for?" and Lubin, nothing loath to talk on his favorite subject, innocently started to explain that a tariff on imports could not protect the staples of agriculture which were exports, etc., etc.

"Oh, I know all about that," interrupted the other impatiently. "What I want to know is what you are doing it for."

"Doing it for? Why, that's what I'm doing it for, of course; because I believe it's right."

"Just so, just so; but of course you must have a motive. Well, remember, Mr. Lubin, there are always positions open to good Republicans, to men of your ability and standing. Perhaps you would like to travel? A consulate in some interesting place, eh?"

Lubin left that office somewhat enlightened, but he always believed that he had made a lifelong and powerful enemy.

By the spring of 1896, when both political parties were preparing for the Presidential election, "Lubinism" had become a recognized issue. The farmers in many sections were pinning their faith to it; labor was lending a sympathetic ear; the press was devoting considerable space to the proposal, in editorial columns from one end of the country to the other.

In April of that year, Lubin, who as a prominent Republican had become treasurer of the first McKinley Club in California, addressed Mark Hanna to know his stand in the matter. He received an evasive answer, accompanied by a

request for generous support. He determined to make "equal protection" a prominent feature of the presidential campaign or know the reason why.

With this end in view he wrote the following letter to Mr. Hanna :

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 7th inst. received, saying that as this matter does not come within your jurisdiction "I leave the question between the Governor (McKinley) and yourself."

Pardon me for observing a few seeming errors in your statement, to which I draw your attention.

As a citizen of the United States, desiring its welfare, this question comes within your jurisdiction. As a protectionist desiring the protection of American industries against the competition of the pauper labor of the world, this question comes within your jurisdiction. And, lastly, as a warm friend of Governor McKinley, seeking to promote his nomination and election to the exalted position of President of the United States, this question comes within your jurisdiction.

You have surely observed, as I and millions of others have, that as long as we export a portion of agricultural staples, the export price must not alone be accepted for the quantity of agricultural staples sold for export, but that the export price, once accepted, becomes the home price for the entire home production.

What, then, is this export price? Is it not the world's free trade price? Again, you have surely observed that the introduction and employment of agricultural machinery in the cheapest land and labor countries in the world, lessened cost of transportation, and subsidized highways and methods of carriage in those countries, have had the tendency of so increasing the world's production as to lower the price of agricultural staples to about half the former rate. . . .

You must surely know that the primary purchasing power of this Nation is in agriculture, and that if the volume of the primary purchasing power is diminished, it diminishes the demand for labor by curtailing the demand for manufactures.

You also know that a lessened demand for labor must reduce the rate of wages — of what use, then, is protection for manufactures?

Would it not be economically wrong to exclude cheaper manufactures so long as agriculture cannot afford to pay the higher prices which a tariff on imports makes possible?

If it would be an economic wrong to do this, of what economic value can such a candidate as Governor McKinley be, unless he stand squarely in favor of actual protection for agriculture by a bounty on exports, so long as he favors protection for manufactures by a tariff on imports?

Some protectionists, however, assert that a tariff on imports can in some way, directly or indirectly, protect the staples of agriculture. If this is so, the promoters of the proposition for the protection of agricultural staples by a bounty on exports do not know it. They have asked to be informed on this subject by so high a protection authority as the American Protective Tariff League of New York, offering to subscribe one thousand dollars to their funds if they could do this. The League, while promising to bring this offer before the Executive Committee and to notify action, failed to give any public notice of its action. . . .

That there may be no mistake, and no room for mistake on this most important question, I will submit the following for your acceptance.

I shall, on receipt of your telegram accepting same, deposit in the Bank of D. O. Mills & Company, the sum of ten thousand dollars subject to the terms and conditions offered to the American Protective Tariff League of New York (see paper inclosed), which sum, should the matter be decided against this proposition, shall be placed to the credit of the McKinley campaign fund. Should the decision be against McKinley, then in that event he (McKinley) is to advocate this proposition. . . .

I deem it necessary to add that this offer is not made with a view to injury of any one, nor is it such a great sacrifice on my part as it may seem to be. On the contrary, it is in the line of prudence and economy.

I believe that protection, when limited to a tariff on imports, becomes, under present conditions, an enormous

burden and a tyrannically unjust tax on agriculture; a burden which should be equalized or abolished; a burden which, unless promptly rectified, must tend to the ultimate elimination from land ownership of the independent farmers of this nation, and their replacement by peasants and tenants; that, as an indirect consequence of this, the existence of this Republic, as such, would be greatly endangered. Believing so, I have for the past several years expended each year about the sum named, I might continue to expend such sums for years to come, and perhaps in the end learn that Governor McKinley's method of protection is right, after all.

Should I find this to be the case at this time, I would clearly save money by ceasing this work.

On the other hand, should this work be in the right direction, economically sound and practicable, there would be no better or more practicable method to have it adopted than that indicated.

That this proffer is opportune may be seen from your campaign pamphlet for McKinley, "A Nation's Choice", when you say on page 32, "Major McKinley is a man of moderate means." Being a man of moderate means, the \$10,000 would, no doubt, come in handy for his campaign.

Kindly let me hear from you at an early date, or, if you prefer, you may telegraph your conclusions.

Yours very truly,

DAVID LUBIN.

Lubin corrected the proofs of this letter which he meant to make public, but it never appeared.

The time had come when he was to pay the penalty of unstinted devotion to public work by sacrificing much of his personal happiness. He had been so absorbed in this service to which he held himself dedicated that he had inevitably neglected private interests and family duties. Moreover, the constant nervous strain and tension had told on him, making him irritable and inconsiderate in small things. A prophet, a reformer, is hardly likely to be the amiable, attentive husband of conventional family life; yet under a

rough and somewhat gruff exterior this prophet had a singularly sensitive nature; nurtured deep, nay, passionate affections. But he doubtless seemed "odd", "incongruous" — I have already used the word and I repeat it — to his environment. And the blow came. His home was broken up, and he himself brought to the verge of nervous collapse.

The physician would not answer for results if his patient did not immediately stop all work and take a complete change of scene. Accompanied by his five children and their governess, Lubin sailed for Europe in the spring of 1896.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HORIZON WIDENS

"LET the novelist throw caution away and show us men and women in the act of leading desirable lives, show us how much better the creative is than the possessive or acquisitive spirit. Let him invent for his bankers, railroad men, merchants, lawyers, a kind of success which without bringing them wealth is yet as credible and indisputable and joyful as the success which Henry James has bestowed upon his novelists who don't sell."

I had just closed the previous chapter of this biography when I chanced on the above in a literary criticism in the *New Republic*, and the words struck me, for was not the life I am trying to describe lived on just that creative plane? With all its shortcomings, failures and sorrows did it not know the "indisputable and joyful success" reserved to such?

Passionate and emotional by nature, Lubin was familiar with the ups and downs of such temperaments; in his haste and impatience he would sometimes be unjust, would wound, and then deeply regret; more frequently he was himself wounded and concealed the smart, perhaps under an assumed harshness of demeanor. But the creative spirit can never be pessimistic, for pessimism is sterile, negative. In such temperaments personal sorrow is transmuted into a further spur to action. Susceptibility to the "emotion of the ideal", capacity for enthusiasm, enthusiasm for a cause, carry those thus endowed through the vicissitudes of life, enabling them to dwell, so to speak, above and outside of themselves, and to breathe a vivifying atmosphere unknown to those confined to the purely materialistic plane.

And so it was with David Lubin. He went abroad to recover his health and to rest. But throughout life "rest" was an impossibility to him. "I shall have time enough to rest when I go into cold storage," he would say. His "vacations" were always farces. Perhaps two or three days of relaxation, but even in that he would be strenuous; and then, that over, the only difference would be that instead of observing some approach to business hours, he would be at it at all hours. The hardest strain of all was during periods of apparent "rest", for then his active mind, driven in upon itself, would very literally wrestle with the problems which his activities or his reading had raised, and he would come out of the ordeal physically exhausted, recovering his poise in the recuperative exercise of active work.

The processes of his mind were, in a certain sense, slow. He had none of the brilliancy and rapidity of the Latin intellect which grasps an idea almost before it is formulated. But again he possessed in a supreme degree the tenacity and capacity of taking pains in which the Latin is often deficient. He would stammer and stumble, express himself clumsily, realize his failure, and be at it again, pursuing an idea as a hound pursues its quarry, until at last he would hunt it to earth. So in his reading. He would read slowly, deliberately; heavily underscoring the pages with a total disregard of all æsthetic consideration; but a book would leave his hands replete with his own personality, having yielded up to him the truth he sought in it perhaps, rather than the truth it contained. He would often quote a remark of Spinoza's to the effect that an original mind need never be ashamed of halting expression and hesitating gait, for by its very failures it is painfully laying the foundations on which others may erect the polished structure.

So it had been with his campaign for equity in economic relations as between agricultural and industrial interests. He had stated his case so often, debated it so frequently, given it so much hard and earnest thought, that he had

reduced it almost to axiomatic expression; and yet, so far, the remedy he had evolved was practically one of "robbing Peter to pay Paul" and then emptying Paul's pockets back into Peter's. He had argued protection down to its *reductio ad absurdum*.

Lubin had come to realize very clearly the deleterious influence exercised on the American producer by unduly low prices forced on the Argentinian, or Indian, or Russian producers, but he was still content to refer to these latter with even-handed contempt as "pauper labor", and to attribute the situation vaguely to "European despotisms" forcing the use of modern machinery on the "clay-like, unresisting human raw material" of oppressed and enslaved countries and inferior races. He had to travel a stage further in his development to see clearly the fundamental solidarity of interests which should unite producers the world over, and to advocate as the remedy for the ills he clearly discerned justice for all rather than artificial protection for the few. His travels in Europe in 1896 were to take him a considerable stage further on this journey.

Unable, in spite of doctor's orders, to keep his mind off the absorbing topics on which it was engaged, he began to look around to see whether facts as he could observe them in England, in Russia, in Germany, in Austria, Hungary, Italy, and France carried out the claims he had made. In the Old World as in the New the decline in the price of agricultural staples was a fact claiming the earnest attention of landowners and economists; but in Europe it was also engaging the best thought of the conservative statesmen. They sought to combat it by protective tariffs (effective in their case, for the countries in question were importers of the staples) and by legislation affording the farmer special railway facilities, cheap credit, coöperative enterprises, and fiscal privileges. Yet all this was proving of little avail. What was the cause at work?

Lubin still saw it in the spread of agricultural machinery to the cheap land and labor countries of the world. For-

warding a batch of catalogues showing the growth of the agricultural machine industry in Europe to Mr. J. H. Brigham, then Master of the National Grange, he writes in October, 1896 :

The important bearing of these catalogues on American agriculture will escape the duller mind, but will arrest the attention of thoughtful American citizens, be they farmers or of other occupations. The indications point that in the near future almost all Europe will employ labor-saving agricultural machinery ; but at this time the greatest significance must be attached to the fact that it is being constantly and rapidly employed in the cheapest land and labor countries. . . . What then must be the potency of this factor in lowering the world's price of agricultural staples ?

These observations, confirming his belief that low and still lower prices would be the trend, convinced him more than ever of the need of protecting the farmer if he was not to be degraded from the status of independent landowner to landless tenant. In the United States his opponents sneered at his contention that protection was denied to farmers, but refused to take up his challenge to debate the matter and show him where he was wrong. He therefore seized the opportunity to get the opinion of foreign economists, unbiased by party passion. "Can a tariff on imports protect the staples of agriculture when they are exports?" was the conundrum he went about propounding ; he received in reply an unequivocal "no" from the authorities he consulted in Berlin, in Vienna, in Budapest, and in Rome.

In Berlin he found both the academic and the political world keenly alive to the gravity of the heavy and constant decline in the price of agricultural staples, a decline which the powerful *Agrarpartei* met by protective tariffs.

With the help of the U. S. Embassy, Lubin obtained an audience with the Prussian Minister of Agriculture, Baron Hammerstein-Lockstein, who fully sympathized with his anxiety regarding agricultural depression and arranged for a conference with prominent German agrarians. It was on

this occasion that a suggestion was made by Professor Max Seering which became the nucleus around which Lubin's thoughts crystallized during the next few years. "Why should not the agrarians of the world form an international alliance with a central bureau in London, Washington, Berlin or Paris for the protection of their common interests? If this were done might not a common policy be evolved in the interests of all?"

From Berlin Lubin and his party proceeded to Budapest to witness the festivities with which Hungary was celebrating the thousandth anniversary of her national life. As fortune willed it, on this occasion an international congress was meeting in that city to inquire into the very matter uppermost in Lubin's thoughts, the causes of and remedies for the decline in the world's price of farm staples. Delegations had come from many countries, but the United States was unrepresented. Lubin received an invitation from the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture to attend. As he always considered that the address he delivered before the Congress contained the first outline of the proposal which was to crystallize into the International Institute of Agriculture, it undoubtedly claims our attention. It is, moreover, a typical example of Lubin's mode of presentation, a presentation in which ideas positively jostle one another in the somewhat clumsily constructed sentences.

To those accustomed to keep religion and economics wide apart, lodged in separate watertight compartments of their brain, it seems full of references to irrelevant matters, yet its very originality and unexpectedness sets the thoughtful mind to work.

Lubin first inquires whether the decline in values complained of has been general, "for if all other commodities, including interest, taxes, rent, incomes, and wages have correspondingly declined, then a uniform decline can have no adverse effect upon agriculture. An adverse condition may only result from a disturbance in the relative exchange value, or in an unequal mode of distribution."

Having shown the existence of this adverse condition he refers to the alternative remedies then offered in the United States, — the remonetization of silver in the ratio of 16 to 1; a higher protective tariff; and, finally, an export bounty on the staples, or, failing that, free trade.

That the arguments of the free trade advocates, which had met him at every turn of his campaign, had made a deep impression on his mind is shown by the following:

Free traders now step in and say that any and all restrictive measures are, in the end, injurious; that as the farmers are obliged to sell their products at the world's price it is an injustice to compel them to pay protection prices on what they buy. They further claim that the maintenance of artificially raised prices for necessities, on the one hand, and a constantly lowering world's price on the other, must, in the end, destroy the independent land-owning farmer. . . . In this connection it may not be amiss to remark that the general public has but a feeble idea of the real cost, the real tax of protection by a tariff on imports. . . . When protection really protects it enhances the import and the home price not alone by the addition of the duty, but also by the addition of the profits thereon, a conservative estimate of which would be 15 per cent for the importer, 20 per cent for the jobber, and 25 per cent for the retailer, which in calculation is compounded, and nearly doubles the original amount shown by the Government schedules. This protectionists, as a rule, deny, and yet it can be readily confirmed by the accounts of merchants, showing that protectionists seem to deal in advantage rather than in truth.

But again dread of the competition of cheap Oriental labor, so firmly implanted in the Californian, made Lubin fight shy of free trade. He proceeds to set forth his case in a way which cannot but have surprised the practical-minded agrarians he was addressing.

Much has been said about the "Culture Kampf"; in the future very much more will be said about the "economic kampf." Tariffs and restrictions will dash and clash, but

in the end the restrictive walls must crumble by their own unwieldy weight and fall; and the flood of general advantage will take the place of obscure, unjust factionalism and sectionalism. From now on, and until a universal level is reached, there will be warfare, not a warfare of bullets or even of ballots; it will be by efficient means of production, and the fittest will survive.

This warfare is actually being fought now, but the state of the fight is as yet only a skirmish; England with her 75 cents a day wage-rate against the German 60 cents, or the French 55, and the American \$1.25. This is a mere prelude to the fierce battle which will ensue when several hundred millions of Orientals will step to the front and operate throttle and lever at the rate of from 8 to 20 cents a day.

Let us consider that what is usually termed wages is, after all, a measure of privileges. Where privileges are scant there wages are meager. In the world-battle the Oriental sought peace, the Occidental privileges. Characters are now stereotyped, the one in submission, the other in aggression; the former defenseless, the latter armed, armed in his more developed mind, in conceded rights, in his method of production, in the mechanical appliances for labor. These he has created, invented; and so long as he alone is the exclusive user of them, so long may he continue to hold and enlarge his privileges. When, however, the time will come when the Oriental will likewise employ these appliances, these machines, then will have arrived a time of new and strange struggles for new adjustments.

. . . What then should be done now, at this time? Cease exporting machinery? No, that cannot be done. All that can be done is to agree to unite all the power at our command in an endeavor so to modify conditions as best to promote our several advantages, not advantages which one individual holds or intends to obtain at the expense of his brother, not an advantage to one country at the expense of another; that is barbarism and robbery. We should aim to cultivate that which will be of advantage to our neighbor, and in this we will most surely find our own highest advantage.

To do this requires not only will but wisdom, and wisdom

may be more readily found in union, in deliberation, and in interchange of experiences.

Such a union has been suggested by that able and eminent economist, Professor Dr. Max Seering of Berlin in the formation of a permanent International Association of Agricultural Organizations with the aim of the general promotion of agricultural interests in the civilized countries. While at first thought it may seem that the various and conflicting interests would not permit the growth and development of such an organization, yet on sober second thought it must be admitted that much more good than harm can be done by such an Association. Why then should not such an organization be formed?

Here we have indeed a widening of the horizon. In 1893 the Californian had become an American, in 1896 the American was becoming a citizen of the world.

In this development the approach was made essentially from the ethico-religious rather than from the practical, economic end. During these years of development Lubin had been thinking hard along both these lines, and the nearer he got to the Central Theme in religion the clearer became his grasp of economic truths.

"No political, economic or social system can be just or equitable which does not rest on the solid foundation of justice and equity. And can that be justice and equity which is not grounded in universal law?" he was to write a year or two later. It was this constant endeavor to make his practical work conform to universal law which was freeing Lubin from his prejudices and limitations. Right thinking in the abstract was leading to right action in the concrete. The man was constantly developing from within. Years of work and travel, of observation and discussion had stored his mind with a great variety of facts and thoughts, fully or partially grasped, and he was now using this data for ever wider generalizations.

On his return to the United States in December, 1896, Lubin settled in Philadelphia. McKinley had been elected President, and it was known that one of the first acts of

the new Administration would be a revision of the tariff. Was the farmer's claim to be again ignored, or would he receive his share of protection? Lubin found himself again in the thick of the fight. His proposal had attracted tentative support from a rather unexpected quarter. The ship-building interests, which had suffered heavily from the high-protective tariff, were trying to arouse public interest in the need for an American merchant marine, and Lubin's proposal seemed to offer a means of furthering their ends while gaining to their side the large body of public opinion represented by the American farmers. A conference of the South Atlantic ship-builders went on record in its favor, but . . . there was a "but" attached to their support. The measure was to be for a bounty on agricultural exports "providing they were shipped in American bottoms."

Lubin could see that this would amount, in practice, to handing the bounty over to the shipping men; the farmers would be no better off than before. Protected by a practical monopoly, the American charter rates would rise to a figure which would absorb the bounty, and the price of the staple would be unaffected both on the export and home market.

Tempting as the offer appeared on the surface, Lubin refused to secure what might have been a personal success — that of carrying his measure through Congress — at the cost of stultifying its real purpose. He decided that it must stand or fall on its own merits.

He was determined, however, to fight to the last ditch, and in the closing six months of the campaign the contest waged with redoubled energy.

He memorialized Congress. His old friend Senator Perkins of California had several of his papers made into public documents, and Lubin saw to it that the franking privilege granted to such was used to good purpose. He attacked the orthodox protectionists in their stronghold and practically stumped Pennsylvania, speaking throughout the State to show the inequities of the one-sided system of protection. Faithful to his plan of never making it a class

issue, a farmers' fight, he took the matter up with the Central Labor Union and got the annual conference of that influential body of organized workers to pass a resolution stating that "so long as our manufacturers are protected in what they produce by a tariff on imports, justice, equity, and expediency demand as an offset an equal protection to agriculture by a bounty on exports." Labor joining hands with agriculture made a threatening combination, and the orthodox Republican press got quite worked up about this "crank" from the wild and woolly West who was stirring up trouble in the happy home, defeating protection by out-Heroding Herod.

But perhaps his most original move in the campaign was the effort — the successful effort — he made to win the pulpits of the various denominations to espouse the cause for which he stood. His efforts resulted in the formation, in Philadelphia, of a Lubin Club with a membership of some fifty-five ministers of the different churches pledged to support the proposal for even-handed protection as between industries and agriculture. In March a deputation of five clergymen waited on President McKinley and presented an address, reminding him that he had already undertaken to have the Lubin proposal carefully studied.

"As this question involves the principles of equity and justice it is the purpose of many of the clergymen we represent to devote their time and energy to this work and to deliver addresses in their places of worship as well as through this and other States of the Union. . . . As this proposition has been before you for consideration for the past sixteen months it is most respectfully desired that you give us your conclusions."

But McKinley was not to be drawn, and the Republican press roundly rated the ministers of religion and advised them to "confine their attention to their congregations and the subject of their discourses to such as are naturally suggested by the Bible."

A little later on "See that the Republic receives no harm"

was selected by nine Philadelphia clergymen as the subject for an address from the pulpit in which on the same day they drew attention to the ethical and economical phases of protection in relation to Lubin's proposal.

In seeking the support of the different churches Lubin was perfectly logical, for "equity" not "advantage" was his watchword, and he always maintained that such work was not "secular" but "sacred"; it was to him the very essence of religion in general and of the religion of Israel in particular.

In May, 1897, the Dingley Tariff Bill was up for action in Congress. It was a foregone conclusion that it would pass. The interests arrayed in its support were far too powerful in the halls of legislation to allow the farmers' claims, as embodied in the Lubin proposal to stultify the high protectionist policy. Lubin was the leader of a forlorn hope, but he made a plucky fight to the end. Senator Frank Cannon of Utah, converted from an opponent into a fervent upholder of "equity in protection", introduced an amendment to the Dingley Bill whereby "any exporter of wheat or wheat flour, rye or rye flour, corn, ground or unground, cotton, hops, or tobacco, produced wholly in the United States and exported by sea from any port in the United States" should receive a specified export bounty "by way of an equalization to agriculture of the benefits of this act to encourage the industries of the United States."

The amendment was defeated by a large majority.

To snatch victory from the jaws of defeat was now the purpose to which Lubin's efforts were directed; but the victory he had in mind was no small, immediate political success. The three and a half years' campaign had not been wasted time; the experience had been intensely educational, and the first one to profit thereby had been the promulgator himself. He had learned much from the criticisms of the free traders, he had learned still more from his contact with the viewpoint of economists in foreign countries. While his premise had stood the test and come out unscathed from the

ordeal, he had come to see flaws in the proposed remedy. When tried by the selfish standards of the advocates of a high tariff it was unshaken; from that point of view all considerations of fairness demanded that the farmer should be given his share of protection. But there was a broader and a higher standpoint from which the whole question could be considered, one more in line with ideal justice.

The price of the staples, he argued, was determined by world conditions; low prices in certain countries lowered the price in others. The narrow point of view was to accept this as a fact and to seek a national advantage, to apply the poultice of protection in the form of export bounties to the evil due to international inequities in price formation. But even as he preached this remedy he began to perceive its inadequacy, to have an inkling that it was empirical.

After all, what determined the price of such a farm staple as wheat? The ratio between demand and supply. What was the supply? Was it the supply of a County, of a State, of a Nation? No, it was the total available supply from all wheat-growing countries. Now, how was the amount of this supply determined?

This was a fundamental question, and one which was to occupy his thoughts much during the next few years, for he could see clearly that the individuals, nations, or constituted authorities who gave out this price-forming factor would have it in their power to manipulate prices, to corner markets, and to defeat any attempt to secure justice for the farmer by national legislative action.

But before engaging in this fight for justice in the international field, the last and logical development of his labors, an interval of some years was to elapse, during which he was to clarify his underlying thought and strengthen the ethico-religious foundations of his economic labors.

Then, too, the claims of his personal life required attention. For years he had been absorbed in public matters well nigh to the exclusion of all else. Yet, in a certain sense, he was

deeply attached to family life. His personal happiness was entirely dependent on it. Apart from the duties imposed on him by the Service to which he was self-dedicated, the company of wife and children was the only company he sought; his own fireside the one place where he loved to develop the dawning intelligence of his children, to converse with a few choice friends, to read his favorite books.

In nothing were the contradictions of his character, contradictions resulting from inherited tradition and temperament in contrast with environment and reasoned conviction, more striking than in his attitude towards woman. Theoretically he placed woman on a high pedestal, but he could not bring himself to accept the modern attitude which not only sees in her the equal of man, but would give her similar functions in the world. His idealized woman was essentially intuitional; not only the home-maker but the priestess in the home; a delight and an inspiration to her husband, an educator to her children, leading a sheltered life, able to share through spiritual insight in his highest thoughts and aspirations, but recognizing her essential difference if not her inferiority to man. Indeed, he considered her in many respects his superior, yet he expected her to acknowledge the authority and mastership of man in all relations of life. Lubin's ideas in this matter were those of an age which is fast disappearing, and the environment in which he lived was becoming every year more and more at variance with his instinct. He did not like to see women in politics or in professions; he was prejudiced in favor of very early marriages; he felt no sympathy with the claim of woman to economic independence. Yet no man ever felt more keenly the need of woman's sympathy and help. Pursuing his economic work with all the fervor of a religious mission he realized that nothing would be of such great help to the holy cause of righteousness he had at heart as the enthusiasm and support of women, in whom, indeed, all great religious teachers have found their most devoted and effective disciples. He realized that the spiritual nobility he so highly

prized is the crowning glory of perfect spiritual freedom, but he failed to see that under modern conditions this implies the subsidiary forms not only of personal but also of economic and political freedom. In this respect the possessive instinct was often stronger than his reason. The wife might be the priestess in the home, but the man was the master; and master is a word against which the twentieth century, for good and for evil, is rebelling.

In 1897 he remarried and again took up his residence in California, making his home in San Francisco, where he resumed business activities, opening a branch of the Sacramento Department Store, no longer the "Mechanic's Store" of early days, but a full-fledged corporation, Weinstock, Lubin and Company.

Though engaged in no active campaign, Lubin could not lie fallow. Much of the unrest of future years was brewing in those late nineties, years when the capitalistic industrial system had attained perhaps its fullest expression; when abundance, such as the present generation may never again hope to enjoy, flooded civilized countries with cheap products of all kinds, when science had placed comforts and conveniences, formerly undreamed of even in the seats of the mighty, within the reach of the humblest. Yet the very prevalence of material prosperity accentuated the contrast with the poverty and distress of the surplus labor which formed the basis on which capitalistic industrialism rested, that surplus labor which crowded the city slums and menacingly raised its head in times of exceptional unemployment, giving pause for thought even to the most complacent.

Those were years of great activity in the ranks of organized labor; socialism was sowing the seed which was to fructify in the social upheavals of to-day and Lubin was closely in touch with these movements through his lifelong friend Sam Gompers, through Andrew Furuseth, the sailors' champion of whom he saw much in San Francisco, and through many others with whom his work brought him in contact all over the country.

While on the surface all looked serene, a turning point in history had been reached. Not only was there simmering industrial unrest, but spiritually also the modern world had lost its bearings. Current religious creeds had lost their hold on the masses as well as on the *intelligentsia*. Even that bed-rock of social life, the family, was undergoing radical transformation; the "woman's movement" was certainly not the least revolutionary symptom of the times.

Lubin was keenly sensitive to all this. He felt that society was living on the crust of a volcano, and this fortified his conviction of the imperious need of strengthening the conservative element in a democracy, the landowning farmer. But at the same time he became more and more convinced that right thinking, a sound "Central Theme" is a preëssential to right action; that a spiritual revival must be an integral part of an economic readjustment. "What a false level, a false plumb, a false square and a false compass are in building, such is the postulating of false attributes of God in religion with its reflex action on the social structure." These words which occur in his book "Let There Be Light", then taking shape in his mind, clearly state his position. Ought not then the work of the reformer to lie in clarifying religious thought?

The questions stirring in his mind as a youth in Arizona, as a young man in Palestine, were still clamoring for answer; he now felt prepared to formulate a reply. Experience, reading, constant and deep reflection had stored his mind with the data requisite for drawing the higher generalizations.

His scattered writings during three years of comparative inactivity in San Francisco indicate that it was the ethical side of the economic and social problem which engaged his thoughts rather than the practical solutions on which he had worked so hard in preceding years. That he attached no less importance to equity in the home than in the other spheres of life is evidenced by an article he wrote which

gave rise to a wide discussion in the columns of the *San Francisco Bulletin*.

"Are the scales evenly balanced?" was the question raised in his mind by the debates on woman's rights, so frequently and so hotly argued in those years. Is the man entitled to claim credit as the sole "bread winner" in the home? By no means, Lubin points out; the function of wisely exchanging money for goods, the function of the housewife, frequently requires skill of a higher order than that of exchanging labor for money, and the wife in the home performs a task demanding ability similar to that of the highly paid "head of department" in a store. "The intelligent outlay of the earnings of the husband in the interest of the family by his wife is as much a part of earning a living as is the labor of her husband; her position is therefore that of an equal, a partner, a helpmeet; both are interdependent, yet independent and free."

In another symposium which he started by an article entitled "Should it be Labor or should it be Service", he examines the ethical side of the labor question in the form of a dialogue between a Man of Earth and a Man of Mars. The truth which David Lubin tried to teach might well give pause for thought in our day when labor loudly claims recognition as the most important factor in the State. "Begin," says Lubin's Man of Mars, "by avoiding the overpraise of such labor as renders inefficient service. Where, in universal law, will you find the undeveloped preferred to the developed? The idealization of that kind of labor which does not render efficient service is a fiction, a lie, a delusion, and untrue to universal law. We esteem those the most illustrious who render the greatest service; your system gives a theoretic, empty and fictitious title to labor, while in reality it gives the substantial profits to those shrewd enough to absorb them. Your system seeks to absorb service; ours, on the contrary, seeks to expand service."

Self-development by observation, generalization, and synthesis as a preparation for Service, this, he believed,

was the duty of every man "made in the image of God", no matter how lowly his station. To encourage and facilitate the accomplishment of this duty should be the function of democracy, as opposed to aristocracy which reserved the highest development as the privilege of the few. The most powerful instrument in this development should be the Church, the great educator, training man to use his senses so as to understand the laws of God.

These were the thoughts which led David Lubin for the next few years to approach the problems of righteousness from the angle of right thinking rather than to push his practical schemes for right acting. He took a step back in the arena of action, much as a runner recoils before making the final rush and leap which is to clear the obstacles in his path and land him at the goal.

CHAPTER IX

“LET THERE BE LIGHT”

“LET There Be Light!” These words, not as command but as prayer, summarize the efforts and endeavors of David Lubin during the years of preparation for his ultimate work.

The conclusions drawn from earnest thought and endeavor in the field of reform left him at this time somewhat dubious as to the path he should follow. Was it not necessary to lay a sound foundation for practical work by inculcating right ideas in the abstract as a preliminary? Would not right thinking necessarily bring about right action? Was not the real need of the age a religious revival? And then again the knowledge of his own limitations made him hesitate. For twenty-five years he had been reading widely and thoughtfully the works of American and English economists, sociologists, philosophers, historians, theologians; they had taught him much; above all they had taught him how much he did not know. The following passages from letters written in 1900-1901 to his son Simon on his program for study at Harvard show the equipment he believed necessary to the speculative thinker:

And now a point in your studies to which I wish to draw attention. I note that you omit entirely any practical study of physics or mathematics, and I am afraid that without these it is not possible to analyze or synthesize properly. . . .

And again:

Since writing you last I have thought over the subject, and the more I think it over the more conclusive my opinion becomes that the studies you have chosen are not likely to do you nearly as much good as studies in the domain of

Science. The reason why I did not advise this at the start is because my lack of experience as technical student did not permit me to come to this conclusion in a positive form, though you may remember I spoke on several occasions of it.

Intuitively, however, you will see from my book “Let There Be Light” that I come to the conclusion that the future training of man, through the Church, should be by the study of phenomena or through science. And this conclusion, while ahead of the times for general adoption, is, I am sure, a sound conclusion in your case. If we read the “*More Nabuchim*” [Maimonides’ “Guide to the Perplexed”] carefully we find that the “secrets of the Torah” (speculative philosophy) were only transmitted to one who was a graduate in the sciences, and such receiving it were “doctors of the Law” whereas all others are of no value as authority. Among the essential sciences mentioned by Maimonides are mathematics, astronomy, anatomy, chemistry, and the healing art. But to-day this list may be amended.

To begin with speculative philosophy is to end a Jesuitical theorist, a crank. Speculative learning may educate a man to be at home with himself, but in a monk’s cell. Science so educates a man that he is always at home in all the world. It is the study of science which fits a man to become a real speculative philosopher. To begin with speculative philosophy is the lazy way of trying to acquire wisdom. Speculative philosophy proper should only be the profit, the product of science.

A little later on he returns to the charge :

As I understand the matter, no one can achieve an eminent standing in speculative philosophy who has not served a long and faithful apprenticeship in the sciences. It seems to me that any one devoting himself to speculative philosophy without a grounding in the sciences must either become a textbook man or a crank. This is even more likely to be the case with a University student than with a man studying who is in business ; the latter, through conflict with the world, has checks to crankiness, whereas the former has this tendency to its maximum. . . . As it seems

to me, there should be no generalizing at the start; there should be the foundations, well grounded, of such sciences as mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, biology, mechanical motion, philology, optics and acoustics.

Lubin lacked this preparation, though in his case, the school of life and practical business experience had trained the mind to logical, positive thinking. But he held firmly to the democratic doctrine that all men have the power, if they will but exert it, of reasoning from experience. Without arrogating to himself the rank of teacher, he therefore decided to approach the problems humbly, as a searcher after truth, quoting as his authorities the standard textbooks of his day, laying no claim to original research, but drawing deductions from given data, and to throw his treatise into the form of a series of debates on political, social and labor questions held by the members of a workingman's club.

This resulted in a book, published by Putnam in 1900, under the title "Let There Be Light", which fully engaged his activities during 1898-1899.

Desirous of securing a wide hearing, addressing himself not to scholars but to thoughtful men and women of all classes, Lubin sought to avail himself of the attractions of fiction. He threw his book into the form of a story in which he tried to show the viewpoint of the wealthy capitalist who has risen from the ranks, and of his well-to-do nephew and niece, who represent the leisured, cultured class, in contrast with that of the intelligent working man, whether conservative trade-unionist, socialist agitator, or humble acceptor of the *status quo*. These, represented by American, Italian, German, Irishman, and Negro, he groups round the central figure, Ezra, a Jew gifted with the fine speculative brain characteristic of his race, who by argument, debate, criticism and thought has attained a degree of spiritual freedom which enables him to view events not as isolated phenomena but as links in a chain of cause and effect. The prevailing social and economic order comes up for discussion before the Twentieth Century Club in a series of debates

on “The Republic and its Destiny”, the “Industrial and Social Question”, “Competition and Collectivism”, “Socialism.” Ezra sees in the injustice complained of evidence of wrong thought resulting in wrong action with its concomitant evils. He summarizes the debates, leading those present to assent to the proposition that civilizations decline or prosper according to the degree in which they conform or deviate from universal law. His idea is conveyed in this quotation from “Let There Be Light:”

To illustrate: A house can, no doubt be built without the use of the square, the compass, the plumb, and the level, but it cannot be built so quickly or so truly as with these aids. A cathedral or palace could never be built without them. Now what are these things? Are they not material embodiments of universal law? They certainly are. If then they can best build houses who conform to universal law, is it not equally necessary to adhere to universal law in the upbuilding of the social structure? Surely. . . . In the higher development of industrial and social systems it is necessary to conform as strictly as possible to universal law. And if so, must not universal law become our standard, our central theme, our criterion, our rule to go by? So long as we lack this criterion we are like a ship at sea without rudder or compass. Having this we can sail on our true course. But whether our progress shall then be in harmony with the law of least resistance depends upon the quality of our perception of universal law. The more nearly perfect our perception, the more truly will our criterion harmonize therewith. . . . Are our political, social and economic institutions grounded on universal law? If not, any mere change in the present system which fails to take cognizance of universal law can be no improvement. What test can we apply which will determine this question as accurately as a plumb determines for us the true line of gravitation? I know of but one . . . that central theme which actuates us and from which we receive our highest inspirations for thought and deed. What then is our Central Theme and what should it be?

The debaters are thus brought face to face with the question of religion. If a man's thoughts shape his actions, what subject can be so important to the reformer as to make sure that this action-shaping force, this spiritual dynamo, is working along right lines?

One by one the debaters set forth their views. The Italian sees salvation in the Catholic Church; another member pins his faith to the theme as embodied in the Presbyterian creed; another makes an eloquent exposition of the doctrine of Unitarianism; the Negro makes a plea for the Baptist Church, while the Socialist member brushes all this aside, makes sport of the doctrine of Jew and Christian, and attributes hatred, persecution and cruelty to the superstitious conceptions arising from belief in an anthropomorphic God. "To abolish these we must abolish religion. Our Central Theme is here without it. It is ever present in the laws of Cause and Effect."

Then Ezra takes up the ball. He is the mouthpiece for the ideas which Lubin had arrived at.

The Central Theme, by which our actions are guided, is obscured by ignorance, an ignorance which leads the mind to ascribe false attributes to God. A finite mind cannot grasp Infinity; attempts to do so and to formulate dogmatic conclusions result in idolatry, the worship of false gods. The very compass by which we steer our course is thus falsified, and all the aberrations in practical action which mar social systems originate in such false conception of the Central Theme. Yet, would man but realize it, he has within his reach a sure guide to a realization of the eternal harmony and unerring justice which rule alike the mote and the star: "The laws which surround us, unchanging and infinite, we know and feel that they cannot err. We realize that they cannot be partial in their operations; they cannot be unjust; they cannot be set aside. And what are these laws but the manifestations, the messengers, the agents of God?"

Surely then it should be the task of the Church to train

the people to seek God through a devout study of His laws. And he proceeds to develop his idea of a church which should effectively live up to the names of three of the “most powerful factors in the development of the human race”, Israel “Champion of God”, Catholic “Universal”, and Protestant “one who protests.” “Combine these three and we have the Universal Champion of God in constant Protest against ignorance and wrong. This Church should be for the mass of the people what the University is to the favored few. The endeavor of the churches should be centered on the amelioration of the economic and social status of the people.”

We must not seek for the essence or originality of David Lubin’s ideas in the pages in which he sets to work to describe the mode of procedure of his “Church Universal.” Rather must the originality of his mind be sought in the directness with which he applies abstract reasoning to concrete facts. Working with and as part of the Church Universal he would have the people in every district form into committees for social service so that the teaching of the Church may react immediately on the actual life of the nation. Committees on factory and farm labor, on transportation, on public amusements, on education, on newspapers, on housing, on pure food, on hygiene, in short, on all forms of social activity would be the field for practical amelioration; he would set all to thinking and generalizing, and acting. He had got at the principle so much discussed nowadays under its Russian name of Soviet; the effort to make the masses actual participants in government.

He contemplated undismayed the possibility of the boldest experiments, provided the spirit that inspired them be an enlightened endeavor to conform to universal law; provided these same masses be educated up through an agency, which he thought should be the Church, to the right thinking essential to right action.

In this Lubin departed from the fashion of his day, which was to say, “What do a man’s thoughts matter? We

are concerned only with what he does." For him the essential was the thought behind the action, for by it the action would be determined. And his criterion for judging thought was no dogma, but conformity to universal law as revealed by phenomena.

Lubin was never a polished but often a very forcible writer, setting his mark indelibly on all he wrote in pointed metaphor and telling, homely illustration. But oppressed by a feeling that he lacked what he used to call the "writer's tool chest", and extremely anxious that this book should be easy, pleasant reading, he had it revised and largely rewritten by a literary assistant. The result is a curious volume, full of ideas, of original thoughts, yet with a warp of commonplace running through the weft of expression of a strong personality with something worth while to say and saying it in all earnestness and singleness of mind.

On its publication in 1900, it was widely reviewed and favorably received, yet the result was a disappointment to its author. His deep conviction of the practical importance on the subject had led him to hope that fellow workers would arise, debating societies be formed, chains of discussion in newspaper, pulpit and lecture hall result in united effort, leading to a definite program of work in the field of social amelioration. But his message in this form was delivered to an unheeding world; and it was well. He was destined for a more fruitful service.

On the man himself an interesting psychologic side light is afforded by a series of letters written to Miss Rebecca Altman, a correspondent with whom his book brought him in touch, but whom he never met. Like ships that pass in the night they signaled to each other on their journey through life; then went their several ways; indeed the correspondence itself is limited to the dozen letters from which I am privileged to quote:

New York, June 28th, 1900.

My dear Miss Altman,

Your interesting letter of 28th received. No, I made no

mistake, the letter to Rev. Wm. Wole was intended for you, and seemingly it has accomplished its purpose. . . . You, and some other “daughters in Israel” are to be warmly congratulated that you are so far removed from the present aims and aspirations of the “sons”, and some considerable number of “daughters” too, who can only be at home in “shop”, on “bargain”, or on “poker.”

I, of course, deny that any such trash are “Chosen People”, or “Israel”; they are simply “rishes”-makers, parvenus, hook-nosed Idumeans, or perhaps mongrel Egyptian-Persian-Roman-Greek-German-French-Spanish mixtures.

That God can have any special interest in such pork-eating, diamond-wearing gentry I deny. And if that is “Israel”, then let me be Irish or Hawaiian. But, you say, these were brought low by persecution. “Not so,” I reply; “persecution elevates, does not degrade. The mongrel parvenu among Israel existed as really so in the days of Isaiah as to-day.” . . .

And now Miss Rebecca (and I prefer that name to a simple R) I would ask that you read the book over again and we will see whether you will not come nearer the view and the aspirations of the author. We will see if you cannot after all find “Jiddishkeit” — not that taught by Joseph Caro in the *Schulchan Arach* of Medieval idolatrous times — but that taught by Isaiah and Jeremiah and Micah — (and Jesus too if we subtract the additions of paganism and heathenism). . . .

And that is the mission of Israel; to speak words of fire which shall consume idolatry. Not Lessing’s “ring” parable; for Elijah, Isaiah, and Moses did not believe in compromises with idolatry, and we have had enough of crawling into holes conveniently placed for us to crawl into by the Goyim during the past nineteenth century. God, when he gave us free America, took us out of the depths, what for? To do lucrative pawnbroking, to furnish “Beitzimers” with bargains, to permit our men to play pinocle and poker, and our women to wear diamonds? Far better than this is a return to the Ghetto, to the Sabbath lights, the “maz-zurah” and the “tallith.”

No! God gave us freedom in order that we might be

revenged on the Goy. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord; and if we are God's Chosen we must do God's work, and execute God's vengeance on the People. And what shall that revenge be? This, we shall bless them that cursed us, and we shall lift up them that pulled us down.

And in this blessing, this lifting up of the nations, shall Israel find his own blessing and elevation.

This, my dear young lady, while it is not the theme of the "Schulchan Arach", is the theme of the immortal and inspired prophets of Israel. And does a voice speak to you saying, "Go forth and do my work." Then obey it.

July 4th, 1900.

Your valued favor of 2nd received. I do not think that your sweeping generalization is permissible without qualification. This is not an age when the "real" is the ideal.

The greatest thinkers of contemporary time have devoted their highest energies in proving that there is no such thing as "real", that if there is a true "real" at all, it resides in the ideal (this seems like an Irish bull).

There is, it is true, quite a body of people in this country whose sole effort is a hot chase after what they call the "real", and this real with them is, in the end, money for diamonds and money for poker, and these "real" chasers are the ones who give Prof. Goldwin Smith, Herr Ahlwardt, Stocker, and Bebel a chance to "rip up" Judaism. These "real" chasers cause the seaside hotel to send notices, "no Hebrews." . . .

Last summer at the Catskills while I was writing my book, I tried to converse with the guests, nearly all Jews. They would talk "clodding", "bargains", even local "boledigs", but when I brought up the subject of the ideal they began to look at me with suspicion. "He talks *mishagga*" [insanely] I overheard one animal say. But, say you, "Is it not necessary to be wide awake in business? How is one to live otherwise?" Yes, that is true, but business is only a means, only what a boiler is to a machine shop. What I object to is not business, for I have been for twenty-five

years at the head of a business house at Sacramento, and still derive my principal income from that house, and yet I had time for reading.

So far as I can see, a large part of our Jewish people in the United States think that by eating pork, sporting diamonds, and playing poker they are worthy of the love and respect of the American people.

And is this Judaism? Is this the Mission of Israel?

Of course, I do not write this way to Prof. Goldwin Smith or to Herr Bebel, but to you, a young daughter in Israel, I write, for it may be that you can exert influences mightier than you give yourself credit for. . . .

Spring Lake, N. J., July 16, 1900.

Your valued favor July 10th at hand, and I note what you say about the crusade which I spoke of in my last. You point out the difficulties in the way, and forget that the glory of achievement lies in overcoming difficulties. Do you think that any credit is due for convincing those whom it is not necessary to convince?

Take any great master in achievement, and was the crown of mastership gained with that ease which you would have evidenced before you would be tempted to enter the field? Certainly not. Heroes buckle on the armour and unsheath the sword and fight valiantly. Those who are too much attached to ease stay at home and are no heroes; they are part and parcel of the conventional and commonplace people. If you have a longing for achievement, are of heroic blood, have the divine impulse and sufficient force, you can surely achieve. And what an achievement! for, mark you, they who achieve in the sphere of Religion, achieve for ever.

And the Jew, as I believe, has his greatest achievement before him, not behind him. Great as was his past, his future is to be still greater and grander. He has to emancipate, not himself alone, but the whole world.

And shall not the Jewess enter this God blessed task? And if so why not *you*? Can you tell me? . . .

Spring Lake, N. J., Aug. 2nd.

. . . I am about to block out a new book, and were you in New York I would deem it a fortunate event to consult you. During my work on "Let There Be Light" I was assisted by Miss May Rhone, daughter of Col. Rhone, Master of the Pennsylvania State Grange. Miss Rhone, being an orthodox Christian, could hardly be expected to sympathize with my theme.

As it is, I may from time to time send you any of the more important sketches.

Spring Lake, N. J., Aug. 3.

In reading over your letter again to-day I am reminded of a story. A Scotch land-owner in making the rounds of his estate chanced upon one of his tenants, a woman who was bleaching flax. "Were you to church last Sunday?" asked the man. "Yes, and I enjoyed the sermon very much." "What was the text?" "I do not know." "What did the Minister say that impressed you?" "I cannot remember." "Of what value to you then is your church-going?" "Well," she replied, pointing to the flax on the ground, "I put water on this flax exposed to the sun, and I keep on doing so until the flax is bleached. I cannot tell you just how much each drop bleaches, but I know if I keep on I have bleached flax. So with the sermon. I cannot tell just how the parts of sermons or any sermon makes me better; all I know is that they make me better."

This, I think, answers your query as to why the few sages have not been able to transform a world of primitive minds. The fact is that the sages have done this very thing and are doing it to-day.

The bleaching is so gradual as to seem to the untutored mind to be no bleaching at all. But do you not see that it is going on all the time? So then each of us may do something (and in fact we do) towards the great end. . . .

Spring Lake, N. J., Aug. 11th, 1900.

. . . Permit me to say that recently I received a photograph of a young Jewess who seems to me to be a model of

that sweet and heroic and classic type which I love to denominate "Israella" queen of "Isroael." . . . Why "Israella"? Why not Judith?

Judith is tribal as Judah is, but Israel is universal.

Had you been known to me for ever so many years I would not have known you as well as I know you now.

I see your sweet spirit in your unselfishness, but please to bear in mind that in the Republic of letters the true subjects are of that order. So what are "terms", these indexes of grocery men and butchers, to those who in spirit think of their fellow craftsmen as of their own right hand?

Thank God I have some means for my own. And who are my own? And in this I am a Galilean, a Nazarene, aye, the Chiefest of them, who said, in substance, "Who is my father or my mother or my brother or sister or my friend?" Who but those who were with him in spirit. Even so, my dear daughter, are you very near me. . . .

Do you know Edwin Markham? He wrote the poem "The Man with the Hoe." He was here for one week and we went over the field, and thank God the Goy was converted, and his first next poem will be "The Shofar." And in it will be found the dream of philosophical Anarchism, logical Socialism, spiritual Christianity, and ameliorating Israelitism. You are to meet this poet and inspire him in his work. You are to help materialize the theme of the new book of which there are already some sketches. Oh, there is ever so much work to do, and the work is so grand and heroic and sweet, but who understands its high value?

And now I will close by saying that I know you now, you, your soul, your heart, your mind, and you are no longer stranger. So come to us.

Spring Lake, Aug. 20th, 1900.

Your esteemed favor of 31st at hand, and Mrs. Lubin and I regret that you did not come.

However we shall be glad to entertain you at our residence in New York whenever you come to that city and shall try to make your stay as pleasant as possible.

I have not yet started on my new book and may not do so until the beginning of winter. Next week I am to meet Professor Markham in New York, when we are to go over an outline for his next poem.

At some future time I may give you an impression of the photograph; sufficient at this time to say that I judge its owner possessed of considerable power which is at present dormant and likely to remain so unless conditions of development arise.

Spring Lake, Aug. 29th, 1900.

Your interesting letter of 28th just to hand as I was about to begin my morning's correspondence, so I will start by answering you. First of all, your praise, while appreciated, is not altogether deserved when judged by all criticism at hand, for a clipping to hand this morning from an Episcopal paper of Philadelphia tells me that I have "written a bad book" and hopes that but "few should read it." Again, even Jesus when called "good" turned to the speaker saying, "Why callest thou me good? No one is good but God." And know, my dear friend, that I have as hard a struggle to adhere to the Path as others, and, my young sister-confessor, let me tell you that I do not always come out the victor in the struggles. Hence you see that I, too, am common clay.

But I feel that I could be so much stronger and happier were I in a sympathetic atmosphere. Not one soul surrounds me who can approximately sympathise with my work and my ideals. So much is this the case that I am obliged out of deference to environment to hide my nature by at least appearing as a normal store-keeper and "man of the world." So last week I tried to learn the game of "progressive euchre" but I failed utterly, and fell accordingly in the estimation of present environment. I feel, however, that some day, perhaps years after I am gathered with my fathers, I may be more seriously considered.

But what nonsense! What can it matter how I am considered? What egoism, what rare impudence, the wish to be considered good and great when I know and feel that I am neither good nor great! And yet I certainly crave for something; but so do children. . . .

Spring Lake, Aug. 30th, 1900.

Having a few moments' leisure I will make clear that part of my former letter about my contemplated book. When I wrote you that I had parts of the book already written I meant by that the following:

I originally wrote "Let There Be Light" in story form, but I was strongly advised to drop the story form and write in pure essay form. This I did not consent to, and seeing the force of the opposing argument I compromised by toning down the story to a mere thread. You therefore see that I have, say, a dozen sketches, which, with modifications, can be availed of for the new book.

This new book I have not framed yet, hoping to do so in the near future. But right here there is a sense of confusion in my mind; for I find two ideas running counter. One, the idea of a story: the other a book, in essay form, on the theme "Righteousness", in which I would show that the Prophets meant by that term "amelioration" and not piousness; whereas Christianity reduces all to "salvation", which is to be had through belief in Christ. And now do you understand?

Were you here we could then go over the merits of the story and the essay. If the "story" is to be chosen, I would then be glad to visit the "East Side" of New York for some local detail. . . .

You seem to have some doubt as to my bearing with regard to my fealty to the cause of Israel. You can safely put aside all doubt. Israel shall rise from his dung-hill and ascend the throne and reign sole sovereign over the whole world. "Oh, what nonsense!" say the so-called practical men, "why, there is no sign that they will ever even reign over a village, let alone the world!"

Notwithstanding, however, I say that he will reign over the whole world. Yes, and he even reigns to-day; for do you not see clearly that it is not Emperor, Czar, King or Queen who rule, but Isaiah, Moses, Jeremiah, Micah, and Jesus who rule. This rule it is which is to be made clearer, brighter and surer, and by and through the "Champion of God", which is the English for the Hebrew "Isroael."

Spring Lake, N. J., Sept. 3.

My dear Pupil :

Your letter of Sept. 1st just received, and as you close by saying "If time permits, answer soon", and as time does "permit" I comply now, but do not promise to be as prompt when I am in New York (which will be shortly) as there my time will be taken up with hard study and work. . . .

From the tenor of this letter and from some portions of the former letters I am of the opinion that I can discern what is going on in your heart. You seem to possess the germs of an idealist's soul with strong realist tendencies. And this is true to the higher Jewish nature, the rare exception to which was the great Nazarene. "Tachles" — purpose, profit — is the normal Jewish characteristic, and *you*, you want, *in sight*, the love of humanity even before you have a right to demand it. And so do I; hence we are both Jewish; high relatively, but low absolutely. The high absolutely has the crown of thorns driven deep into the brow and the spirit is, nevertheless, serene.

You and I prate of sympathy and long for it; but the true God-child suffers all and singular tortures and is serene in spirit. I have toiled some, some *years* before you heard of me, in the *work*, and I have lived in oh, so many disappointments, so many thorns and wounds, and did I live them serene in spirit? No; as my letters to you will testify. And now, dear Sister, you come, you who have not yet done anything, and you, too, cry "tachles"; where is my profit, where is the human sympathy? Go to! You are no prophetess and I am no prophet. Or we would neither of us look for reward!

Go you now at once to "small talk"; talk cards, talk shop, talk parties, talk village rot, but enter not, as I have done, in the sacred precincts of God's work for pay.

Do you want the pay? Can you stand it? Do you want contempt, falsehood, injury, disappointment and hatred? Then serve God as a God-child should and your spirit will be serene.

Do you want applause, human sympathy and the fewest disappointments? Then be as realistic as a butcher, practical as a plumber, and crafty as an everyday Jew, and you will have all these.

I advise you, with all the earnestness of a well-wisher, to abandon your idealism for ever; banish it as a pestiferous plant from the garden of your heart; become practical and real and you will be what the world calls happy.

Dare to go into the ideal world and unless you are armed for the combat you sink under the first few blows. And now, if after all I have said you, *knowing yourself*, are still inclined to be a God-child, I would be justified in taking up your clauses (not any longer as a harsh critic but as loving brother and willing disciple). You say that: “talk about a united brotherhood, a common humanity, is a phantastic vision; the *real* man’s attitude to his brother is that of enmity.” You do God a great injustice in the above sentence, not intentionally but unwittingly, as you shall see.

There is a God or there is not. If not, there is no purpose, end, or aim in whatever we do or in whatever is done in the universe. But if there is — (and I am of the firm opinion that I am more sure of God’s absolute existence than I am of my own), then we must admit that objects are but manifestations of His will. Now this will is symbolized in types, and the highest type of man is the “real man.” Now the “real” man is God’s ideal man; His son, His child. And is this “real” man’s attitude to his brother one of “enmity”? On the very contrary; it is that of amity. Amity in spite of the crown of thorns, in spite of hate and torments. When the human soul is so great as to prefer these thorns and torments for the sake of a united brotherhood, then is that soul God’s child, the champion of God, Israel. Do you now understand?

And these God’s-children, do not the butchers, the plumbers, the “practical” people, worship them as they worship God?

And now, sweet sister, I had another dream, and I am again in the practical work of disappointment. I dreamt that one of Israel’s daughters was to come, and like Ben Hur of old, hold up the hand of Moses during the time of the battle. But God wills it otherwise. I must alone take up the cross and bear it, and, oh, how hard the task. For my path is in the gloom of the forest, and the hope of sunshine inspired me to call you.

But now I would rather you would not come.

. . . Stay where you are and banish every vestige of desire for a field so fraught with peril and sorrow, and choose that easier, happier, and more profitable road incidental to the life of an ordinary woman. This is the path which will give you least physical pain and which will come nearer fulfilling the desires of your parents. May God bless and protect you. Farewell.

So, dreaming dreams and awakening to realities, Lubin worked his way manfully along the path he had set himself. "What right have I to complain?" I have often heard him say, when failure or disappointment rewarded his efforts. "The good Lord made no bargain with me. I was not compelled to take up this work; no one asked me to do it." And he was invincibly strong in this: when he saw that he had failed he would never waste time quarreling with a vicious or stupid world; never lay the blame on his environment. He would come rather to the conclusion that the fault was his, that he had not used the right means to ends. "The world demands service, and pays cash for real service, and is quite anxious to be served," he wrote to his son; "and the man who has spurious ideas for sale must be prepared to receive the same treatment as is given to the man with spurious merchandise."

Of course the latter part of the remark is not applicable to the ideas Lubin set forth in his book; he was convinced that those ideas were sterling gold which would stand the acid test. But as his purpose was not to add one more book to the many more powerful than his own in which such abstract truths were set forth, but to translate them from the realm of the abstract to that of the concrete, he saw that he must approach the task from an angle different from those hitherto attempted.

This was what he did when, in the autumn of 1904, he set out for Europe.

CHAPTER X

A MISSIONARY IN ROME

ON the fourth of October, 1904, David Lubin reached Rome.

He had left New York toward the end of August, after a long period of bad bronchial trouble which *he* attributed to "nervous strain" and his wife to the fact that he had passed much of his time in a damp cellar experimenting with the soil pulverizer of his invention. Probably there was some truth in both explanations.

Doctor Shelby, the physician who attended him in New York, remembers Lubin as a very odd patient who claimed he had no leisure to waste on illness as he had a great work to perform for which he must go to Europe. He urged the doctor to hurry up the treatment to meet these exigencies. He was advised to pass the winter in Egypt, and set off, anything but cured, suffering from a most distressing cough which gave him little rest by day or night, complicated by heart trouble. This made the task of mounting a few steps or walking fifty yards a physical strain of the severest kind. Long years of incessant work, severe mental strain, and spiritual and emotional stress had told on an unusually robust constitution, and it was a man in broken health who reached the Italian capital. But the shattered physique was domineered by an iron will, determined that the body should be servant and not master.

For twenty years David Lubin had striven to achieve in the path of reform; for twenty years he had striven to materialize through concrete action in the field of agriculture the aspirations instilled into him as a boy by his mother, aspirations which had recurred to his mind and sunk deeply

into his soul in the deserts of Arizona, taking shape and gaining definite expression during his travels in the Holy Land.

He had so far worked from the sectional, then from the national standpoint, and from the bottom upwards. Now he would enter the international field and would start from the top. His endeavor would be to convert a ruler to his point of view.

The idea he now set out to realize was that first roughly outlined in his speech in Budapest in 1896. Agriculture could only hold its own through international action, and to make possible such international action the farmers of the world must be able to secure through a World Chamber of Agriculture that knowledge of world conditions which they required in order to hold their own in the economic arena. But if they were still, in most cases, too individualistic to combine for effective national action, it was surely preposterous to expect such heterogeneous elements as the American farmer, the European peasant, the Russian moujik, the Egyptian fellahin, and the inarticulate agricultural masses of Asia and South America to create anything comparable to the international economic organizations at the service of commerce and finance. If this was to be done the initiative must come from above.

Before setting out to seek in Europe for the initiator, Lubin had not neglected to place his ideas, still in a tentative stage, before the Secretary of Agriculture. At Washington he had encountered nothing but hostility. His hard-fought fight for equity in protection had not made him popular with orthodox Republicans, and twenty years ago the idea of international action was looked upon as a utopian notion, unworthy of practical politicians. Lubin was regarded as a crank, told that there was nothing international in agriculture, that however much the United States might have to teach they certainly had nothing to learn, and that they wished to have as little to do as possible with the "pauper countries" of Europe. Then Lubin approached the Grange.

"No other great industry in the country stands to-day in as defenseless a position as does the industry of agriculture. It stands defenseless against the action of a discriminative protective tariff; . . . it stands defenseless in shaping the price for agricultural staples; it stands defenseless against the action of innumerable trusts," he said in the first of a series of articles addressed to that body, which he wrote before leaving for Europe. He urged the Patrons of Husbandry to live up to their claim to represent American agriculture in its effort to secure economic betterment. He pointed out what Europe had done through the coöperative credit movement to improve the status of agriculture, and suggested that they should take the initiative in forming a traveling committee to take up this and other cognate studies. His article was read by many with interest and aroused a good deal of comment, but he could see that nothing practical would come of it.

His mind was now made up. He would set out and find the Chief Executive of a nation, — Emperor, King, or President as the case might be. He would place before him the idea. He would show the need of strengthening the conservative countryman as a bulwark against the revolutionary progressive forces of Finance, Commerce and Labor; he would show the need of equity in the price formation of the staples as the basis for securing equity in economic relations; he would show that the Ruler who would call the peoples of the world to act along these lines would be entitled to an enduring place in history. He felt sure of success if he could only place his premise clearly before the right man, and with the courage of simplicity he set out to find the statesman of vision and power who would materialize this dream.

Lubin's first stopping place was in London, but there he seems to have made but little impression. He tried his luck in France, and met the few people of importance in the world of politics or economics to be found in Paris in September. He was told to wait, but counsels of patience

were never palatable to him. He tried what he could do with those he saw, among whom was M. Yves Guyot, the well-known economist. But he was unfortunate in his interpreter. A Cook's guide is hardly the person one would select to explain such a proposition as Lubin's to an economist of note. Mr. Lubin always suspected that guide of being a radical of sorts; he said he got into a debate with Yves Guyot, of which he (Lubin) understood nothing beyond the fact that the French professor got very angry; anyhow, his effort came to naught. He tried to interest the American Chamber of Commerce, but to no purpose. Nothing daunted, he packed his grip and set out again; his next stopping place was Rome.

The fascination of a great name, the imminence of a mighty past, the seal of universality which the Roman Empire and the Catholic Church have set on the Eternal City, made it singularly auspicious for his purpose. He was determined that here he would not rest until he got at the King himself.

To the average American the idea of bringing such a proposal as Lubin had in mind to Italy, of all places in the world, seems incongruous. Italy is thought of as the country of art, of poetry, of music; or as a poverty-stricken land whence come unlettered laborers to perform the hard manual work of the world. Few realize what an important factor she has been and still is in modern thought and development along scientific, economic and sociological lines. Yet it was from Italy that trade and banking and industry first spread to the rest of Europe; if the names of Dante and Michelangelo and Verdi are famous, so are those of Galileo and Galvani, Volta and Marconi; and of late years Italian writers have produced many more notable works on economics and sociology than in the realm of fiction. The imagination of the Italian enables him to dream dreams; his traditions enable him to think internationally. Moreover, the Italian and the American temperaments have a notable point of contact, — both are characterized by

practical idealism. Pick up the works of modern Italians on such subjects as hydraulics, land reclamation, engineering, agriculture, and while severely scientific they yet breathe the spirit of romance. Not only is it financially profitable but it is great and wonderful to bend the forces of nature to the service of man, to convert deserts into smiling corn-fields and orchards, to see the feeble powers of puny individuals multiplied in geometric ratio by coöperation and combination, to see order evolve out of chaos. Undoubtedly the imaginative and poetic faculty has inspired American business enterprise no less than a desire for returns in dollars and cents.

But while the marvelous opportunities of a new land give the American confidence and optimism, the Italian staggers under the weight of his great past. Yet that same past makes him ambitious for the future; lack of opportunity has made him frequently skeptical and pessimistic, but the divine fire is there, beneath the ashes, ready to flame up if fanned ever so little by a favoring breeze. The Italian has none of the stolid conservatism of the English, or the traditionalism of the French. The fact that an idea is new is no reason in his mind for it to be bad. Indeed, modern life is everywhere grafted on Italy's still living past. Her medieval towns and villages are lit with electric light; they use the telephone and electric street car. Italy thinks dynamically.

Such a people is not averse to new ideas, and as the Italian rarely suffers from "swollen head", he is quite willing to take them from a stranger if they strike him as having merit. In fact, no people more fully and more generously acts on the assumption that in the world of thought there are no frontiers.

Thus it was no mere chance, but a rare intuition which led David Lubin to Rome.

He had not been in the city an hour before he started work by a search for an interpreter, and it was in that capacity I met him, and took down from dictation a letter to the editor

of the *American Agriculturist* of New York. I quote from it, for not only does it show what he did in France, but sets forth his point of view in the way in which he placed it before the leaders to whom he addressed himself in Italy :

Hotel Bristol, Rome, Italy
Oct. 6, 1904.

This letter contains observations I made while in France ; the next will deal with conditions as I find them in Italy. . . .

While reports and interviews indicate a notable divergency of opinions and conclusions, nevertheless they all agree on one point, *i.e.* that an agricultural question exists in France.

French thinkers all agree in saying that this question must be solved, but no one seems to know just how to solve it.

The concentration of Capital and Energy, so general in the United States, is beginning to make itself felt in the Old World, and in this new factor, this new phenomenon, the European thinkers note a serious danger for the independent landowning farmer.

Finance, Commerce, Manufactures, Labor, each of these forms a distinct group, closely united, guided and directed by Manufacturers' Councils, by Chambers of Commerce, by Federations.

This concentration, this conservation of Capital and Energy, this new Power, has but one aim, Advantage. And where can this organized Power gain Advantage more readily than by exploiting unorganized Agriculture?

It is not difficult for the Organized to take advantage of the Unorganized. This is so evident that it is accepted as a law, a law well understood by the Organized but only dimly guessed at by the Unorganized.

And this law is beginning to be generally understood in Europe. A great number of independent agricultural associations exist in France, many of which are for the purpose of securing loans through Government aid at a nominal rate of interest.

But all this does not give real strength ; the heterogeneous agricultural associations of France, numerous as they are,

cannot be compared to the compact and united forces of Capital and Energy struggling for Advantage. The landowning farmers of France begin to understand this, and they have asked their House of Deputies for a law providing for a National Advisory Council for Agriculture. This Council should be the guiding power behind the several independent agricultural associations, and should place the industry of agriculture in France on a footing of equality with the concentrated forces of Capital and Energy.

This bill has been introduced several times but so far has failed of acceptance. . . .

The reasons given for its rejection are the following :

1. It would endanger the Republic by affording the Socialists the means of getting at the farmers, through the proposed National Advisory Council.

2. The united forces of Agriculture would incline toward the restoration of the Monarchy.

3. The Church would make use of unified Agriculture to the injury of the Republic.

To all of which the landowning farmers of France reply : "Our wishes are rejected, not so much because it is feared that we shall become Socialists, or Monarchists, or tools of the Church. We must remain as we are, because such is the will of the exploiters. Otherwise how could we be exploited?"

Whatever may be the result of the efforts of the French landowning farmers it is evident that, in substance, they are in the right. The time has come when it is essential that they unite their scattered forces, and they can only do this through a National Advisory Council. Nor is this all: the time is here when each nation should have its National Advisory Council, and at the head of these National Councils there should be an International Agricultural Advisory Council. Thus organized, the farmers of the world would be able to hold their own against local, national and international exploiters.

But if it is impossible for the French farmers to unite in a central federation, how would it be possible for the farmers of other countries to do so?

If the French farmers cannot, at present, unite under the auspices of their Government, could they not unite in a voluntary association? And could not this be done by the farmers of any other nationality?

At fixed dates, bodies known as "International Agricultural Congresses" meet. Do I refer to such meetings as those? No; I do not mean those; I mean National Chambers and an International Chamber of Agriculture, and not a temporary convention before which delegates make set speeches and then adjourn.

But why such national and international institutions for Agriculture more than for Finance, for Commerce, for Manufactures and for Labor?

Not "more" than for them, but equally with them. There are hundreds of thousands of Trade Committees, Chambers of Commerce, Labor Exchanges, Federations, etc., both national and international. Are they of value?

Most certainly they are. They are the directing eye and ear and brain of Finance, of Commerce, of Manufactures, and of Labor. And if these exist in the interest of those who live in the crowded cities, how much greater the need of the people who live in isolation on the farms?

But what difference can it make to the nation as such whether national wealth belongs to one group of citizens rather than to another so long as the wealth exists?

It makes this difference so far as the farmers of a free country are concerned. Given a sufficient number of independent, landowning farmers, and the conservatism of the country and the progress of the city is insured. Replace these independent, landowning farmers by renters and you have converted men into beasts of burden in the country, and free men into slaves in the city.

This is the most obvious law of human history, so obvious that those who ignore it may well be called "ignorant."

Here, where I am writing this letter, this city, this "eternal" Rome bears solemn witness to the aforesaid truth. Here in "eternal" Rome a republic arose, a republic of farmers; and as long as those farmers were landowners the republic endured and prospered and was a blessing. But when the free, landowning farmers departed, liberty also departed;

and when the renter came, there came with him slavery and a curse. And why did the landowning farmer go? Because he was turned out. And who turned him out? Organized militarism and organized usury.

But why did not the farmers of old Rome unite? Because they "had n't got the time", because they were "too busy." And thus, in the end, the Roman farmers became beggars and received largess of grain and oil in the plaza not far from where I am now writing. And so it will be with the American farmer if he also "has not got time", if he also is "too busy" to organize. For the law of concentration acts now as it acted two thousand years ago.

The farmers of Old Rome were "weighed in the balance and found wanting." How will it be with the American farmer? Has not the time come for him to organize?

Having written this letter, Lubin started out on the work which had brought him to Rome. His first move was to call on the Director General of the Ministry of Agriculture, whom he had consulted eight years before, when collecting European opinion on the tariff as a means of protecting agricultural exports.

To this typical bureaucrat, a stout elderly man of jovial appearance, courteous but skeptical and gradually amazed, Lubin briefly set forth his views, stating that he had come to Rome to see if the Chief Executive of the Italian nation would become the sponsor to his proposal.

"The Chief Executive of the Nation? Does he mean the King?" Commendatore Siemoni asked me, taken aback at the audacity of the proposal.

I translated. "Yes, that's it. The King of Italy. Ask him how I can see the King."

The Commendatore was almost shocked. "Certain names should not be lightly mentioned." Then, resuming his easy, courteous manner, he went on: "Anyhow, it is a proposal entirely outside my province. Of course, it may be a good one. I would suggest that you talk the matter over with Professor Montemartini."

Giovanni Montemartini was a young man of notable talent who already occupied an important administrative post, and who would undoubtedly have become a primary factor in Italian life had not death ended his career prematurely in 1911. The famous economist and financier, Luigi Luzzatti, then Minister of the Treasury in the third Giolitti Cabinet, had noted his unusual gifts and had been instrumental in having him placed at the head of the Labor Bureau of the then Ministry of Agriculture, Industry and Commerce. A brilliant man of progressive ideas and a Socialist to boot, it had become the habit of his colleagues to railroad in to him any one whom they considered a crank with a bee in his bonnet.

But before going further in interviewing Department men, Lubin thought it his duty to place his ideas before the Minister of Agriculture himself, and having called on the American Embassy and obtained from the *chargé d'affaires* a note requesting an audience in his behalf, we climbed up a long flight of stairs — Lubin stopping to take breath at almost every step — and sat in the Minister's anteroom. The line from the Embassy secured prompt admission; the interview was short and decisive. The Minister Luigi Rava, a short, fussy, self-important man, had evidently had a trying morning. A general election was imminent, and such times are apt to try the souls of Cabinet ministers. He was nervous and hurried and wanted Lubin to tell him quickly what was up; and Lubin wanted to make a deliberate statement of the case; if there was one thing he disliked more than another it was to be interrupted: he always said it crossed wires and got his mind off the track. When, at the Minister's urgency, he briefly stated that he wished to see the King with a view to Italy taking the initiative in a movement for the international organization of agriculture, Rava thought he had no time to waste on cranks, and saying to me in Italian: "*Ma queste sono americanate*" (But these are American ideas) he summarily showed us out.

Montemartini was the next step in the endeavor. He gave

a very different reception to the matter. He listened attentively to Lubin.

"This is no crank," Montemartini said to me in Italian when Lubin had concluded his statement: "he is right, and his proposal is most important." Nor was he alarmed when Lubin expressed the wish to place the matter before the King. He suggested as the best mode of approach Luigi Luzzatti, the veteran statesman who had done so much to retrieve Italian finances, the apostle of coöperation, whose keen intellect and vivid sympathies made him ever ready to assist in the realization of progressive or philanthropic ideas. As Minister of the Treasury he was in a position to help Lubin if he would.

The Treasury Department was our next goal. We were received by Comm. Concini, Luzzatti's private secretary, who informed us that the Minister was out of Rome; the forthcoming elections absorbed the energies of public men, and the time was inopportune for calling their attention to matters such as that which Lubin briefly outlined. "Tell him there is no such thing as an opportune or an inopportune time," replied Lubin. "If the matter is valueless, then all times are inopportune; but if it is of supreme importance, as I believe, then no time is so opportune as the present." And he brushed aside the idea that the general elections were a sufficient impediment. "In a few years' time who will remember there ever was a general election in Italy in October, 1904? Whereas the matter of which I speak will make history."

And he handed the Secretary a short typewritten statement of the case. "Hand this to your Minister when he returns, and tell him if he wishes to be a great man to give it a careful reading," and with the assurance that on Luzzatti's return he would be afforded an opportunity to place the case before him, Lubin left.

Some days elapsed during which I heard nothing more of the matter; then one evening about nine o'clock a young man appeared at my door, saying he had been sent by Mr.

Lubin to fetch me straight away to the Hotel Bristol. When I demurred at the hour he became very urgent; he had imperative orders to bring me back in a cab which waited below. I went and found Lubin seated on a box in his small room in the Bristol Hotel, anxiously awaiting my arrival so as to speak to a journalist who knew no English. It turned out that the gentleman was the sporting editor of the *Tribuna*, a not very hopeful approach to the end in view, but silence in other quarters was making Lubin desperate. He obtained a promise that no newspaper "copy" was to be made of what he had to say — a promise most honorably kept — and Signor Lionelli, who turned out to be intelligent on much besides sports, quite came under the spell of Lubin's eloquence.

The fact is that those who were privileged to come in contact with Lubin during those months all experienced the same impression. The man was inspired; his whole being — physical, mental, spiritual — was bent in concentrated effort toward achievement. The Italian mind is temperamentally suspicious, and our age is one of self-seeking; but to speak with Lubin for half an hour was to come away with the absolute certainty that no shade of self-interest stained the purity of his endeavor. The Italian is an idealist but has scant toleration for cranks; but Lubin's ideas were so lucid, his facts so sound, his deductions so logical that he could not be placed in that category. Moreover, there was a religious fervor about him, an entire consecration to a lofty ideal, which commanded respect even from the skeptical. In those months he was at the very zenith of his powers. One felt, moreover, that it was the spirit which kept the body alive. He hardly ate; his nights were so broken by a racking cough that the hotel guests in neighboring rooms complained and had to be accommodated elsewhere. Yet he was ever ready for whatever effort the work might demand. Out in all weathers, up at all hours, dragging himself up the endless flights of Roman stairs; arguing, persuading, coaxing; generous in praise

to all who helped him, more than modest in his own regard. Direct, unornate, somewhat abrupt in manner, the courtesy that comes of natural sensitiveness and good feeling was his and soon won him fast friends among the Italians with whom he was brought in touch. At times — but in those months only rarely and with the few — he would sit back, and with closed eyes as though to concentrate on the inner vision, would give a glimpse of the dreams he dreamed, summoning up to the almost awe-struck listener the grandeur and nobility of the theme of Israel's sages, the dream of a Messianic age, of nations exalted by righteousness, of swords beaten into plowshares, when knowledge shall cover the earth as the waters the sea, when the Lord's House shall be established on the summit of the mountains, and all nations shall flow unto it.

"All nations"; he had left far behind particularism, sectionalism, "my nation right or wrong." The universality of Rome, of the city which has twice been the capital of the world, once by armed might and then by the still mightier power of the spirit, matched his mood.

On one of those days of waiting he drove down to the Forum, and standing by the Arch of Titus suddenly asked me, "Who won the struggle between Rome and Jerusalem?" "Rome," I replied, somewhat startled by the inquiry and failing to follow the train of thought. "You think so," he said; "and this arch shows us the seven-branched candelabrum of the Temple carried in the triumphal procession of a Roman Cæsar. But look there," pointing in the direction of St. Peter's dome, "and tell me now. Is it a Roman Emperor whose foot is worn away with the kisses of the people?"

But Lubin was determined to see the King. Could Lionelli help? Lubin always had the faculty of making his co-workers feel that the word "impossible" must have no place in their vocabulary, and so the journalist remembered that he had made the acquaintance of the King's *aid-de-camp*, General Brusati, at the races at Naples. He therefore

suggested that Lubin go with him to San Rossore near Pisa, where the King was then staying, when he would recall himself to Brusati, introduce Lubin, and see if the audience could not be brought about that way. Nothing better offering Lubin consented, and he, the sporting editor, and my humble self as interpreter arranged to leave, Lionelli trying to impress Lubin with the need of correct attire, — Prince Albert coat, stovepipe hat, and light-colored kid gloves. “Well, well, I will get the proper traps when I am sure of the audience,” was Lubin’s reply. The silk hat of diplomacy evidently inspired him with alarm where the idea of laying down the law to a King seemed to him perfectly natural.

But the Fates willed that he should be introduced under other auspices. On the very morning of the day fixed for our departure a summons came from Luzzatti.

The veteran statesman, as much of an idealist in those latter years as he had been in his youth when preaching the gospel of coöperation, had found time to read Lubin’s paper; it had impressed him as a sound combination of the ideal and the practical; he grasped its significance in the international field. “Such an organization could become a more powerful instrument for peace than the Hague conference,” he said, and inquired what he could do to help. “Get me an audience with the King,” came the prompt reply, and there and then Luzzatti dictated a letter complying with Lubin’s wish.

When I met Lubin to catch the two P.M. train I found him radiant. The only cloud on the horizon was the sporting editor. “We really don’t need him now, and he may be rather in the way; but he’s a right good fellow and I wouldn’t hurt his feelings for the world, so he must just come with us,” was Lubin’s comment on the situation. However, even that slight drawback was to be removed; for, just as we were preparing to start, a message came from Signor Lionelli stating that he had sprained his foot and deeply regretted his inability to come.

David Lubin's knowledge of kings was derived from history books, and the title was associated in his mind with a degree of personal power far exceeding that exercised by the constitutional monarch of our days. If he knew little of royal prerogatives, he knew still less of court etiquette when, armed with Luzzatti's letter, he set out to see Victor Emanuel III. I had urged him to send the letter to General Brusati and await results, but he had scant belief in my knowledge on the subject (and I am free to admit that I was not in the habit of calling on Royalty) and insisted on following his own judgment, which was to get into the first cab (or wagon as he always called such vehicles), drive to San Rossore, and inquire at the gate of the little shooting box if the King was in. He was told that His Majesty was out shooting with General Brusati, so he handed in Luzzatti's letter and with it (again acting against my advice) a black-bound scrap-book containing a number of letters "to all whom it may concern", from friends and well-wishers in the United States which he was in the habit of producing in evidence of his identity and respectability when calling on strangers. Saying that he would return in two hours' time for an answer, he drove off. He came back, once, twice, thrice; he returned again the next morning, but always to get the same answer: "His Majesty is out," and the last time his book was returned to him and with it the letter. He looked blank indeed; but on opening the envelope failure was explained. He had inadvertently handed in a translation of Luzzatti's letter instead of the original!

"If we keep on driving back and forth like this, asking for the King, we shall be taken for anarchists and arrested," I said. "Let us return to the Hotel, send the proper letter by post, and await the answer which cannot fail to come in due time."

Lubin reluctantly acted on this suggestion and passed a restless day, waiting and wondering. He called on the Mayor of Pisa and solicited his help; he spoke with the hotel proprietor; by the evening he had almost given up

hope. Then, at nine P.M., the call came. His Majesty would receive Mr. David Lubin on the morrow, Sunday, 24th October, at nine A.M.

"We must leave at 7.30," he said to me. I demurred, for the drive from Pisa to San Rossore takes little more than half an hour. "Everything depends on the outcome of this conference; we must run no risks," he replied. "The wagon might break down on that country road and I should have to go on foot, and I cannot walk fast."

And the tall hat and gloves? He had meant to buy them when the call came, and here it was nine o'clock at night and the audience for Sunday morning. "Well, we must just do the best we know how." I pointed out that there was no need for me to accompany him. "Oh, yes," he replied, "you must come. If the King does not speak English, or only pidgin English, you must be there to interpret."

So attired in the Prince Albert coat dear to Bureaucracy, but wearing his broad-brimmed felt hat and with hands uncased in gloves, Lubin set forth the next morning in a ramshackle cab with a very shabby driver, the first he had struck in Pisa. I had suggested hiring a more stylish turnout, but he said no, the man was a good fellow and he would not do him out of the job.

The spirit in which Lubin started off on this culminating effort of long years of work was that in which a prophet of old may have addressed a King in Israel. He was not in the least dazzled or unduly impressed at the idea of meeting royalty, but with almost childlike simplicity and directness and with an unsophisticated belief in the power of the man he was to address, he concentrated all the faith and earnestness and exaltation that was in him on the task in which he felt that he was but a humble instrument in the hands of Providence.

Many stories have been current on this interview between a rough man of the "wild and woolly West" and the King of Italy; anecdotes in which fancy has been free to run riot, for Lubin sternly refused to give interviews or make cheap

newspaper copy out of an event which he believed to be of great historic significance. One thing stands out as solid fact amidst much fiction; a man utterly unknown in Italy, with no official backing of any sort, presenting himself in the most modest and unconventional way, went in and stood before a king, and by sheer force of logic and by the nobility and earnestness of his presentation secured in half an hour's time from the Head of a great nation the promise to take the initiative in materializing the project he had at heart.

Lubin was closeted with Victor Emmanuel for some three quarters of an hour while I sat in the little anteroom where the prefect, the mayor, and the Bishop of Pisa were waiting their turn to go in and pay their respects to the Sovereign on this the first day on which he was giving audience since reaching San Rossore. Such audiences usually last for some ten minutes, and as the clock hands went round, marking a quarter, and then half-past nine, and still Lubin's loud, booming voice could be heard through the thin partition, the assembled dignitaries looked at one another, evidently wondering what was up. Then the door opened and Lubin came out, his face wreathed in smiles. It was evident at a glance that his mission had been crowned with success.

As we drove away, he gave me some account of this strange conference. He had told the King that as the success of a merchant is reckoned at the end of a year by the amount of dollars he has been able to accumulate, so the success of a ruler is determined by the work of historic importance he has been able to perform. "I bring you the opportunity to perform a work of historic importance, which will entitle you to more enduring fame than the Caesars; they earned fame by wars, you would earn it by working for peace, the peace of righteousness. You are of course a very important person here, but remember, you are a small potato in the world, the monarch of a third-rate country. Take up this work in earnest and at one leap Italy can head the nations in the

great fight of our day, — the fight for justice in economic relations.”

Speaking to a statesman, he pointed out that the principal function of good government is the maintenance of the equilibrium between the progressive tendency of the city man and the conservative tendency of the man of the country, and he emphasized the importance to the State of the independent, landowning farmer by pointing to the history of Old Rome. “And now the world is once more facing a similar condition to that which led to the downfall of the Roman Empire; unorganized agriculture is vainly trying to hold its own against the organized forces of the cities; its position is much the same as that of the prisoner of old, sent into the arena with a reed and told to defend himself against a gladiator fully armed. Trusts and price manipulators are slowly crushing the life out of the conservative element in the body politic, and as a result you are living on the edge of a volcano which may at any moment break into eruption, and you know it. Governments seek to protect the *status quo* by armaments; to discontent they reply by ever more soldiers, and more policemen, and more prisons; they go for the agitators in the red shirts and red ties and fail to see that these are harmless when compared to those arch radicals of commerce and finance, the trusts, the speculators, and the manipulators. How can these be fought? Anti-trust legislation is but dust in the eyes of the people; it is powerless to change the condition; the concentration of capital is a product of modern conditions; its evils can only be fought by using its own weapons, by organizing the unorganized, by replacing ignorance by knowledge, anarchy by order, by providing the conservative forces of agriculture with an international organ which would be for them the ear, the eye, and the directing brain which merchants, financiers, and city labor have provided themselves with in their national and international understandings, organizations, Chambers of Commerce, Federations.”

And even while Lubin was setting forth his case his eye suddenly noted the broad-brimmed felt hat he had inadvertently brought in and placed, as was his wont, on the table before him. It struck him as out of place; it annoyed him; he tried to get it out of the way without attracting undue attention. The King, noting his uneasiness, inquired its cause. "The fact is, Your Majesty," Lubin replied, "I was trying to get this hat off the table. Your men in Rome told me before I came here that I ought to get a tall hat to come to see you, but I had never worn one — they are n't exactly fashionable in Sacramento — so I meant to buy it here. But when your call came last night there was n't the time, and now I fear this looks disrespectful."

"But the King only smiled and told me to go on with my story," Lubin said in telling quaintly of this incongruous anti-climax.

Put once more at his ease, he proceeded to show that the initiative for such an organization must be taken by a king. Why not the King of Italy? Why should not Rome once more say the word which the nations of the earth would obey? Why should she not regain her erstwhile spiritual supremacy and raise the temple to Righteousness, to righteousness in economic relations? He concluded by reminding his royal listener of the old Greek Fable which told that the Goddess Fortune knocks at each man's door, taps very gently, and but once. If the call is heard and the door opened, she steps in; if not she passes on and returns no more. Would the King hear? And all unconscious of royal etiquette it was the Californian who rose to leave. He left with the promise that Victor Emmanuel would read the paper he had brought, in which these ideas were briefly recapitulated, would have the matter examined by his ministers, and, if they thought well of it, that he would himself take the initiative towards founding a World Chamber of Agriculture.

The incredible was accomplished. Within twenty days of reaching Italy, David Lubin had won the first battle in

what was to be a long campaign. He had induced the King to champion the cause of the international organization of Agriculture. His mother's prophecy, so oft repeated to the wayward boy in Polish ghetto and East-side tenement house, "You shall sit at table with Kings," had come to pass.

CHAPTER XI

THE ROMANCE OF AN IDEA

“WILL you make history with me?”

These were the words with which, an hour or two after his audience with the King, Lubin greeted the friend who during the next few months was to be his devoted aide-de-camp in launching this world work.

Gian Francesco Guerrazzi, nephew of the famous Italian patriot and author, Francesco Domenico of that name, himself an ardent worker in all movements for national progress, had come down the night before to his farm near Pisa. On leaving San Rossore, Lubin wished to follow up his first success, and I brought Guerrazzi to him as well suited to advise on a course of action. In some recollections written shortly after Lubin's death, he tells of that interview in the following words:

“It was at the Hotel Nettuno at Pisa that I first met a middle-aged man, dark-complexioned, clean-shaven with kindly smiling eyes deep set in a lean and worn face, with an abundant crop of stiff black hair just turning gray growing well back from a tall forehead. His appearance at once denoted a man of no common stamp. Without further preliminaries he handed me a scrap-book in which were pasted letters and recommendations ‘to all whom it may concern’ from eminent persons in the United States. When I had satisfied his wish by glancing over these, David Lubin addressed me with friendly familiarity.

“‘My boy, are you fond of history?’ To my smiling assent he rejoined: ‘Well, then, will you make history with me?’

“This sudden invitation rather took my breath away, but my curiosity and sympathy were aroused and as I listened I became both fascinated and interested.

“He started from way back, and in a rambling talk, relieved by singular and picturesque expression, traced down the ages the everlasting struggle between town and country, between the industrial and the rural population, showing how the latter, though more numerous, more virile, and the economic and military backbone of the State, has, nevertheless, been the ‘under dog’ in the struggle, politically outwitted and economically exploited more or less everywhere. This was the substance which I deduced from a presentation in which he summoned up images and suggested thoughts by quaint unexpected expressions and comparisons, rather than by direct statements. The ideas were not new to me, but he spoke with such warmth of conviction, his eyes shot such fiery glances, that all diffidence which the eccentricity of the person or of the approach might have inspired melted away. Indeed, I felt strongly attracted to this man, obviously moved by a deep sense of injustice to be righted, of good to be accomplished. And he won my assent more and more when, analyzing the phenomena, he assigned the cause of the inferiority complained of to the defective organization of the agricultural classes. He was speaking to a convert.”

After this lengthy preamble, David Lubin explained his proposed remedy, pointing out that the King of Italy was well fitted to take the initiative toward its realization. A country of preponderating weight either as exporter or importer would be likely to arouse in others suspicion and jealousy. The Head of an insignificant country would not carry sufficient weight. Italy, being neither a great buyer nor seller of the staples, was admirably suited for the purpose, and the attraction of a great name would confer dignity on any movement coming from Rome.

Then and there, while lunching with Lubin in the restaurant of the “*Nettuno*”, opening on the sleepy Lungarno basking in the October sun, Guerrazzi drew up a list of economists, agrarians, and statesmen who might assist his new

acquaintance in working out the details of the idea. The name of Professor Maffeo Pantaleoni headed the list.

That same afternoon Lubin left Pisa, and the next morning by ten o'clock we stood on the doorstep of the famous professor of political economy of the Rome University.

"What's the argument?" exclaimed Professor Pantaleoni in his abrupt, incisive manner, pacing up and down his library, evidently somewhat put out at the intrusion.

"Argument? There's no argument; I haven't yet spoken," rejoined Lubin, and settled down to tell his story.

His mode of presentation was always disconcerting to those who did not know him. Instead of the stereotyped talk on agriculture, interlarded with statistical data and political and economic platitudes generally expected from agrarian reformers, this strange looking Westerner would start with the history of old Rome or Palestine, illustrating his contentions with Biblical texts, with parables and illustrations, and while the amazed listener was getting ready to dismiss a crank, if not a bore, he would gradually find himself interested by the picturesque and forcible language, and then seized and impressed by the logic of this man who stated abstruse economic truths in the language of a Bret Harte miner, and drew from his wide experience as merchant and farmer generalizations and deductions as accurate and incontrovertible as they were striking and novel. Hesitating and awkward at the start, Lubin, if allowed to speak without interruption — and he would generally stipulate for this privilege — would gradually warm to his subject and become eloquent and impressive.

So it was on this occasion; and as I sat by, I saw on the keen intellectual features of the Italian the gradual change of mental attitude toward his unexpected visitor. When we came in he looked as if ten minutes were all the time he could spare. When Lubin had finished some two hours had elapsed.

"You are right; the conditions you point to are here;

the trust has come to stay and can only be fought successfully if the agricultural interest is organized, is no longer the lamb facing the two ravening wolves of which you have spoken. And you state an economic truth when you point out that this organization to be effective must be international. The idea is right, but it will take long years to see it realized; perhaps our children's children may do so; we shall not."

"Oh," replied Lubin, "but I have the promise of your King that if the proposition is a sound one he will take the initiative."

"You have seen the King? When?"

"Yesterday; and I come to ask you to help me draw up the definite propositions to be submitted to your Government for action."

"How long have you been working on this? When did you reach Rome?"

"About three weeks ago," said Lubin in a matter-of-fact way. Twenty days seemed to his impatience a very long period.

"And you have the King's promise?"

"Yes; if his Ministers approve. It is now up to us to convince them. Will you help?"

The Professor's surprise was immense. Here indeed was no idle dreamer but a man of action and achievement, a general in whose ranks one might well enlist.

A little group of ardent workers was soon formed. Pantaleoni, Montemartini, Guerrazzi, my husband, Antonio Agresti, Professor Bosco, a gifted young man who died not long after, Professor Colletti, — these were the men who for several weeks labored indefatigably to shape and refine and give practical effect to the ideas Lubin had brought to Rome.

With American vim and energy Lubin allowed no time to elapse before setting to work, and that very same evening, October 25th, the little group held the first of many meetings in his room in the Bristol Hotel.

The proposal, as elaborated by debate and study, was

indeed pregnant with possibilities. The associations of concentrated capital and energy resulting in trust, merger, and combine, were to be countered by organizing the agricultural interests through the influences exerted directly and indirectly by an International Chamber of Agriculture. This Chamber was to be semi-official, the initiative for its foundation being taken by the governments on the invitation of the King of Italy. In effect, it would be an economic parliament with advisory and consultative powers, through which the farmers of the world could express their needs and wishes. Its primary function would be to gather and disseminate, on a world-wide scale, dynamic, price-forming information on the condition and prospects of the growing crops and on the world demand for them. Such information, gathered by each nation and assembled, summarized and published telegraphically by the Central Chamber, would place the farmers in possession of that inside information on crop conditions and stocks, on transport facilities and market needs which had hitherto been gathered by private interests and used as the stock in trade of the astute speculator and price manipulator.

This dynamic, statistical information could not, however, be secured by the concerted action of farmers alone. In all countries the collection of such data on a systematic and reliable scale is the province of government, which, representing the conflicting interests of both buyers and consumers, alone affords the requisite guarantee of impartiality. Therefore, not only must the governments take the initiative in starting the Chamber, but they must be directly represented on its committees.

Lubin conceived of this Chamber as formed of an Upper and a Lower House, the former to consist of one government delegate for each country, the latter of members elected by the voluntary agricultural associations, proportionately to their number and importance. Thus the live economic forces of the men actually engaged in farming, both as land-owners and tenants, would be associated in permanent and

continuous effort with the representatives of governments to endow agriculture with ears, eyes and directing brain.

The possibilities for development under such a scheme were vast indeed. Not only could this International Chamber of Agriculture act as a world crop-reporting bureau, but it could also be the recognized center for studying and advising on the international aspect of all questions in the field of agricultural economics. Joint action for the control of diseases of plants and animals; international reinsurance of agricultural risks; the international problems involved in the regulation of forests and watersheds; the protection of agricultural products against fraud by international agreements in the field of pure food legislation; international regulation of the migration of farm labor so as to direct it when and where required; the upbuilding of the science of agricultural meteorology through concerted government action; the rapid clearing of information on developments in the field of agricultural coöperation for credit, insurance, production and marketing, placing the experience acquired by one at the service of all, these were all problems which the Chamber would deal with. It would have authority to propose to member governments draft agreements for collective action in the interests of agriculture; it would be in a unique position to promote agricultural organization.

Nor was this all. Under its auspices one might expect exchanges to be opened in the world's market centers in which the agricultural associations would themselves place on sale the products of the farm, and it might well be that in time the insurance and transportation of the staples would come within the purview of the activities of organizations which would grow up as a result of the Chamber's labors. It can be readily seen how powerful an instrument it could thus become in fighting the trust.

"But could not governments, through legislation, abolish detrimental mergers, combinations and trusts?" Lubin was asked in one of the debates at the Bristol Hotel, and he replied:

“No; absolutely no. In order to do so the Government would first have to possess the power to abolish the right in personal property and substitute in its stead the right of the State to dictate what shall be done with personal property. Any legislation under the present social system in the direction of prohibiting the right of incorporation or of combination must necessarily prove useless for the end in view. The way to abolish detrimental trusts, combinations and mergers is to prevent them from getting hold of the product in the first place. The International Chamber of Agriculture, as trustee for the welfare of the world’s agricultural producers, would be able to indicate to the farmers how their products could be disposed of outside of the harmful influences of such trusts.”

At the time Lubin was talking thus in Rome, Washington was ringing with stirring denunciations of the trusts, culminating in the Sherman and Clayton laws. Time and experience have shown which side was the exponent of the truest statesmanship in this matter, and if the organization which Lubin advocated has never yet been given a fair chance to show all it could do in this direction, the other policy has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

In all this Lubin was far from advocating State intrusion in the domain of trade; he always looked upon such experiments with suspicion. The developments he foresaw as likely to arise from the activities of the Chamber were to be the result of free association, initiative, development; they were to be no parasitic growth dependent on government subsidies. A small percentage on the business done by produce exchanges operating under the auspices of the International Chamber, or the sale of “seats” therein, would provide the means of meeting any expense, however considerable, which the formation and working of the International Chamber might entail. Government was only to set the ball rolling; to coördinate effort; to supply the machinery for collecting the data on crop areas, conditions, prospects, and results; to act as impartial umpire; to exam-

ine and, if deemed advisable, give effect to draft conventions prepared by the Chamber for collective action.

If their heads were in the clouds, Lubin and his coadjutors had their feet firmly planted on Mother Earth. They carefully guarded against the error of attributing the functions of a super-government to this vast international economic association. National sovereignty was in no wise to be challenged. "How would the proposed International Chamber of Agriculture affect tariff questions and the internal economic policy of the nations?" was a question put to Lubin in one of the debates. He replied: "The sovereignty right is vested in each nation. The International Chamber of Agriculture would not have the power to interfere with that right. The nations would be free, as now, to legislate on and protect their agricultural interests as they may see fit. The proposed International Chamber would be consultative and deliberative, it would come to conclusions, and it would advise that these conclusions be adopted."

Such was the concrete form in which the ideal David Lubin had been groping after for so many years was taking shape. A work which might well be deemed worthy of a "Fighter for God" was dawning on his sight. It was no effort to seek special advantage, but an effort toward the higher synthesis. The International Chamber would be the lofty economic observatory from whose summit the several lines of the particular would be seen merging into the Universal. What greater work for peace than to make men realize that a loss to one is a curse to all, a benefit to one a blessing to all; and to teach this lesson not from the pulpit as an abstract theory, but by affording an enlightened view of actual facts in the business world? Was not this work truly paving the way for the time when swords should be beaten into plowshares?

In the debates of those first eager, hectic weeks the essential solidarity of economic interests was constantly enforced.

"As the staples of agriculture are governed by interna-

tional prices, price depression caused by detrimental combinations must affect farmers adversely, not only in the territory of such combinations but also in other territories where no such combinations exist."

"Would not the proposed association enable the undeveloped nations to profit at the expense of the developed?"

"They would undoubtedly profit, but not at the expense of the developed nations. Increased prosperity of the less fully developed would tend to increase their imports of manufactures and thus equalize the benefits in all directions."

"Would it not seem that the more highly organized and developed agricultural nations would not desire to see their less developed rivals organize?"

"Not at all, for the highly organized countries are intelligent enough to understand the benefits they can derive from the progress of the less developed. In the first place, the abnormally low prices in undeveloped countries tend to make the world's price for agricultural products, and if these abnormal prices are raised to the normal level this would advance the world's price and hence advance the price in the developed countries. Secondly, the increased agricultural prosperity of undeveloped countries would correspondingly tend to increase the exports of manufactures from the more developed into the less developed, and thus there would be ample compensation."

The almost mystic fervor which inspired Lubin was reflected in his collaborators. They were developing that faith which can move mountains. But every now and again a cold douche of skepticism would give a shock productive of wholesome reaction.

In his eagerness to carry the work to a successful conclusion, Lubin would sally forth occasionally on his own initiative to win new converts, and in this connection he had some amusing experiences. When the purpose is to speak on matters of public importance to public men, he could see no need for the formality of introductions, and

very generally this worked out all right. Anyhow, acting on this theory, he never hesitated to present himself, accompanied by his book of recommendations, at the house of the people he wished to see and ask for admittance. I remember on one occasion driving with him to the palatial residence of the Marquis Cappelli, then President of the Society of Italian Agriculturists. He sent up his card and his book by the porter, and in a few minutes word came that the Marquis wanted no wines and could not receive him.

"Wines? Does the d—d fool think I want to sell wines?" Lubin said to me when I explained the situation. "Tell him I have nothing to sell but come to speak to him on a matter of public interest."

After some going back and forth, we were shown into a magnificent room where a handsome, elderly representative of the European landowning aristocracy received us very stiffly. As interpreter I had to explain the situation. "What do you want?" was the testy query; in answer to which Lubin, nothing daunted, handed the Marquis a type-written statement (the same which had secured him the support of the King) with a request that he look it over. As the old gentleman rapidly turned the pages, he kept muttering the equivalents in Italian of "Stuff", "Nonsense", "Preposterous", and then handing the paper back, he said: "There is nothing in your idea; nothing at all. You grow lemons and oranges in California; we grow lemons and oranges in Sicily; we are rivals; there is no basis for international action in agriculture," and he showed us out. When some three weeks later the King's letter was published, taking the initiative, one of the first congratulatory messages was that sent by Marquis Cappelli, who was to become the second President of the International Institute of Agriculture and a firm convert to its ideas.

On another occasion it was to a student, a historian as well as a large landowner, that Lubin introduced himself. Count Pier Desiderio Pasolini received the stranger with all the courtesy of the old-time gentleman, though with

some undisguised amazement. He made him sit down and listened carefully to his statement, calling in his son, as representing the ideas of the younger generation. The young man was inclined to scoff, but his father reproved him: "The idea is noble, generous; its promulgator deserves respect; but look here," he said, leading Lubin to a window commanding a wide view over the great city, "you come from a young country to which all things seem possible; but remember, you are in Rome, and Rome is a great lady, but she is very very old; she is weary with the weight of her history; she is of the past; your idea is of the future; you must take it elsewhere."

And many too were the pitfalls narrowly avoided. It was essential to keep the whole matter from the press, for if the King's name had been bandied about in half-cooked newspaper reports, the proposal would have been turned to ridicule and dropped like a hot potato by those responsible before the Sovereign; then too Lubin's complete ignorance of the wheels within wheels in Italian and Roman politics laid him open to the risk of appealing to the wrong as well as to the right people.

For instance, in one of his moments of depression, when weeks seemed to him years and hours days, and when he feared that after all nothing would come of his endeavors, Lubin appealed for help to a fellow countrywoman, married to an Italian Count, a lady of volcanic energy and no little ability. She suggested taking him to the Pope. To Lubin, with his mystic vision of the Church Universal as by right the educator of the peoples, the idea appealed strongly. Leo XIII had issued the Encyclical on Labor, why should not Pius X issue an encyclical on agriculture? On her side the Countess rather fancied playing the part of mediator between Church and State, effecting a reconciliation between the Quirinal and the Vatican with international agriculture as the olive-branch. Of course, such a step would have been fatal. It would have been looked upon as an insult by the King and his Government who had the proposal

under consideration, and would have been received with suspicion by the Vatican. But Lubin's frankness and loyalty enabled him to thread his way safely through the mazes of political situations which he could not be expected to understand. He would take no step before consulting his "pioneers", as he called the little band of the first days, and on this occasion Guerrazzi was soon able to show him how things stood. "I see: it would be like trying to sit on two stools and falling between them," he replied, and the matter was settled so far as he was concerned.

By a mixture of daring and prudence, of shrewdness and simplicity, Lubin succeeded in winning important friends to his cause, among them a professor of finance, an influential member of Parliament, and a prominent figure in the social life of Rome, the Marchese de Viti de Marco. Essentially skeptical and critical, de Viti's was not a temperament readily susceptible to humanitarian enthusiasms, and he saw more clearly than the others the many rocks and shoals ahead, but he could also see that from an economic standpoint Lubin had logic on his side, and what the Marchese lacked in enthusiasm was supplied by his American wife. They became prominent among the little band of workers through whom Lubin's dynamic force found expression.

During these weeks of work the group kept in touch with Luzzatti, who watched the elaboration of the idea with interest, and Guerrazzi, who had easy access to the King, saw that His Majesty was kept informed of developments.

By December the proposal had developed into shape. A report was drawn up by professors Pantaleoni and Montemartini; it was now the turn of the Government to act.

Lubin's anxiety and impatience knew no bounds. His education in the rights and privileges of constitutional monarchs had been sadly neglected, and it was hard to persuade him that a king could not say "Do", and it would be done; "Go", and they went. It took no small effort to make him realize that the King of Italy has less power than the President of the United States.

So restless was he during the inevitable weeks of waiting that early in December he went to Palermo to await the decision in a climate more favorable to his severe bronchial trouble. "But he could not stay away from Rome" (I quote from Guerrazzi's recollections) "and before Christmas he was among us again, more impatient than ever. The days went by and still no answer came; Lubin was in despair. He was constantly urging me to seek information and put pressure on influential quarters. So poignant was his anxiety that he would break through his usual discretion and thoughtfulness for others and drive up to my door very late at night to inquire for the hundredth time whether I really believed that the initiative would be taken. And when I once more assured him that it could not fail to materialize, he would go off comforted, and the next day a beautiful flowering plant or a huge box of candies for my wife and children would be delivered with his card."

Thus in alternatives of hope and despondency the weeks went by. Lubin spent much of his time in his room, reading the Bible; then strong in the conviction that he was working on lines consonant with Universal Law, he would sally forth to work for the idea. I found myself intrusted with the most unlooked-for tasks. Lubin would give me orders to see to it that a Cabinet meeting was held by a certain date, and I would rush off, get this one to write, the other to go, and somehow or other the thing would be done. Luzzatti was the power behind the throne, and the King himself let it be known that he wished for a decision.

At last the Ministers examined the proposal and approved of it. Giolitti, then Prime Minister, could see that Italy had nothing to lose and much to gain by placing herself at the head of a movement consonant with the rôle of teacher and moderator in the international sphere for which geographical position, tradition, and her recent history have prepared her.

It was decided that the initiative should take the form of a letter addressed by Victor Emmanuel to his Prime

Minister, inviting him to call an international conference to consider Lubin's proposal.

The last steps had now to be taken. The instructions to Italy's diplomatic agents in foreign countries, which must accompany the King's letter, had to be drawn up. This task was intrusted by the Government to the Marchese de Viti.

Lubin watched over every step with the anxiety of a parent for a loved child. He dreaded any delay, and procrastination was characteristic of de Viti. Lubin was lunching at their house. He risked all on a throw:—"The American people as a rule do not look with favor on American women who marry foreign titles," he did not hesitate to say to the Marchesa, "but you have a great opportunity to change prejudice into approval. It is in your power to have this paper delivered within twenty-four hours: this will insure the prompt issue of the Call, and the day will come when the American people will honor you as one of the pioneers in the fight for economic justice."

The Marchese looked up and asked when the paper was wanted. "Let me have it to-morrow," Lubin said. On the morrow it was delivered. In the ordinary course of events two or three months might easily have elapsed before de Viti, absorbed in multifarious occupations, would have attended to this particular piece of work.

The time will come when this document will be hunted up and studied carefully as the charter for progress in a vital section of the economic field. It mirrors the vision which Lubin had summoned up, which had struck the imagination of the King and inspired his Italian collaborators.

By the middle of January all was ready, and the text of the letter which the King was to sign was communicated to Lubin. It gave rise to an incident characteristic of the two chief actors in these events.

Lubin was a lion when his idea was at stake, but in personal matters he was essentially modest and retiring; he believed himself to be just an "ordinary scrub", as he would phrase

it. The work was everything, his personality was absorbed and lost in it. Therefore when he found that his name was to appear in the King's letter he was seriously disturbed. It would never do to intrude his personality on the scene; it would detract from the dignity of a historic document. He drove off with me on a Sunday afternoon to the Ministry of the Treasury to see Luzzatti and have his name removed. Luzzatti listened to his arguments unconvinced, but said he would refer the matter higher up, and transmit the answer. And the answer was that Victor Emmanuel thought it would detract from the dignity of a king to take another man's idea and not give him credit for it! There was nothing more to be said.

On January 24, 1905, exactly three months to a day from the audience with the King at San Rossore, and three months and twenty days after Lubin's arrival in Rome, the press of Italy and of the world was startled by the publication of the following letter:

To His Excellency, Cav. Giovanni Giolitti,
President of the Council of Ministers,
Rome.

Dear President:

A citizen of the United States, Mr. David Lubin, explained to me with that warmth which comes from a sincere conviction, an idea which seemed to me practical and valuable and which, for that reason, I recommend to the attention of my Government.

The agricultural classes, generally the most numerous, and who exert everywhere a great influence on the destiny of nations, live disunited and dispersed, and are consequently unable to provide adequately for the improvement and rational distribution of the various forms of agricultural produce and to safeguard their own interests on the markets which, in the case of agriculture, are becoming every day more international.

For this reason an international institution, absolutely unpolitical in its aims, which would have before it informa-

tion on the conditions of agriculture in the different countries of the world, which would notify periodically the quantity and quality of the crops in hand, so as to facilitate their production and render less costly and more rapid the trade in same, and facilitate the attainment of a more favorable settlement of prices, would be most highly beneficial.

This institution, acting in unison with the various national associations already constituted for similar purposes, would also furnish reliable information as to the demand and supply of agricultural labor in various parts of the world, providing emigrants with a safe and useful guide; it would promote those agreements necessary for collective defence against diseases of plants and live-stock which cannot be successfully fought by means of partial action; and lastly, it would exercise a timely influence on the development of societies for rural coöperation, for agricultural insurance, and for agrarian credit.

Such an institution, which would be an instrument of solidarity for all the components of the agricultural classes, and which would consequently be a powerful influence for peace, would be capable of many beneficial developments. Rome would be a worthy and propitious seat, and there the representatives of the various States adhering to the project, and the representatives of the principal associations of the parties interested, should meet, so that the authority of the various Governments and the free energies of the tillers of the soil, may work harmoniously together.

I have faith that the nobility of the end in view will enable the difficulties of the undertaking to be overcome, and in this faith I am pleased to sign myself

Your affectionate cousin,
Victor Emmanuel¹

Lubin became a seven days' wonder. The press clamored for interviews; fashionable salons were anxious to exhibit the lion of the day. Who was this American who had fallen like a bolt from the blue into the arena of world events, with a King standing sponsor to his idea?

¹ As Knight of the Order of the Annunciation Giolitti is entitled to the complimentary title of "cousin" of the King of Italy.

But if he had failed in securing anonymity, Lubin was determined that his personality should remain in the background. "The idea could never have materialized without the King; mere ideas are of little value; the credit is due not to me but to the King of Italy." So he refused all interviews, frustrated the efforts of photographers, left his hotel by a back door to escape the ubiquitous reporter, and clapped his hat over his face when an intruding kodak nearly snapped him unawares. He would talk on the theme, but nothing would induce him to touch on the "human interest" side so dear to press-men.

Those days were not without their humors. I remember one very stiff and starchy representative of an ultra-Tory and extremely select London paper coming to seek for information. To Lubin its name stood for nothing, and he suspected "yellow" journalism everywhere. "I am quite willing to explain the proposition; but I'm not going to tell you when I first sat up in a high chair or when I ate my first pap."

"If you knew the standing of my paper you would realize that it would accept no such trash," was the frosty reply intended to crush the ignorant Yankee.

"That's all very well," Lubin went on serenely, "but this is a question of economics. Now, I explain it to you, and that's all right; but you send in your 'copy' to your paper, and how am I to know what sort of a story will be given out? Perhaps the editor will want it cut down, and he calls in Jones. Now, Jones is the man who writes up the dog-fights, and you can imagine what sort of economics will be the result," and, utterly unconscious of the sacrilege he had committed, Lubin talked on to a listener well-nigh speechless with indignation, who afterwards remarked in an English drawing-room that he didn't think any the better of the King of Italy for taking up with that fellow Lubin!

But even while receiving congratulations, Lubin realized that this first step must be immediately followed by hard work. Not only was his own reputation at stake, but the

dignity of the King and Government which had honored him so signally with their confidence required that the initiative should be crowned by a complete diplomatic success.

The news he received from America showed that the proposal was meeting with a hostile reception from the Department of Agriculture. From a Department point of view Lubin was a rank outsider; what did he mean by poaching on what should have been the Secretary's preserves? Moreover, Secretary Wilson failed to grasp the real crux of the question, *i.e.* that the price of staples with a world market is a world price, determined by a knowledge of world conditions, and that, therefore, the farmers need a central world crop-reporting bureau. Secondary developments — by-products of the proposed international organization — such as collective action against plant diseases, or international regulation of migratory farm labor, were taken by him to be primary, and as their value was discounted, the tendency was to look askance at the whole scheme. In fact, Secretary Wilson's personal antagonism to Lubin was such that the invitation to attend the conference would have been refused had not Secretary of State Hay and President Roosevelt taken the decision into their own hands as being primarily a diplomatic and not an agricultural question.

And just as Lubin had shifted his primary action from Washington to Rome, so his keen political instinct told him not to train guns on Washington but to win the support of the leading European countries. If they rallied to the flag unfurled by the King of Italy he felt sure of overcoming an opposition based so largely on misunderstanding and prejudice.

Budapest, where he had formulated the first vague outline of the idea which had now taken shape, and where he had made firm friends in 1896, should be the first stage in his effort. So towards the end of February, in severe winter weather, his frame shaken by the racking cough which gave him little rest, he left Rome.

Central Europe was well prepared to grasp the full significance of the King's initiative, for it was keenly alive to the political as well as the economic importance of the farmer. On the other hand, the essential solidarity of agricultural interests was a truth it failed to realize. Its own outlook was so narrow and selfish that it deemed it incredible that an American, a representative (even if an unofficial one) of the farmers of the great continent which it looked upon only as a dangerous competitor, against whose products it was ever building up tariff walls, should come bearing genuine gifts. And so the wiseacres felt sure that some deep-laid plot to secure information as to European conditions and markets with a view to strangling European agriculture in the interest of transatlantic trusts must be the motive Lubin concealed behind fair words. "Besides," said the anti-Semites of Budapest, Vienna, and Berlin, "is he not a Jew? And what can you expect of such?"

Moreover, how could anything good hail from shores other than those of the Fatherland? And, sure enough, at the meeting to which Lubin had been invited by the agrarians to explain his proposal, the ubiquitous German professor bobbed up serene with a claim to priority. Doctor Charles Ruhland, accompanied by a satellite bearing the significant name of Klapper, claimed the idea as his.

"Tell me, in what printed document you first set forth the idea of an International Chamber of Agriculture?" Lubin inquired. "Give chapter, page, and line, and we will see."

"Everybody knows the idea is mine, and anyhow it was in the air, '*es war in der Luft*,'" came the reply.

"Oh, in the air, was it?" Lubin replied, as he handed a book, on which he had been sitting, to his interpreter. "Please read out of this, and give the title, chapter, page, and lines," he said.

He had procured from the Ministry of Agriculture a copy of the proceedings of the 1896 congress, and the passage read out contained his idea as enunciated in embryo nearly ten years before. The claim of plagiarism was exploded,

and with characteristic generosity at the banquet offered him that evening by men won over to warm support, Lubin hunted out Doctor Ruhland and insisted on his sharing with him the honors at the head of the table.

"Dear Mrs. Agresti," he wrote to me from Vienna on March 7th, "it is all right! Every one is enthusiastic! Not only in Italy and in Hungary, but also in Austria. So you should be hard at work, and so should the rest of the Committee. I suppose by this time the Proclamation in the three translations is in circulation. Are you at work?"

In Vienna he joined forces with the two representatives of the Italian Committee appointed to prepare the program for the conference, Prince Scipione Borghese and Professor Giovanni Lorenzoni.

The suspicions of Machiavellian designs on the part of the United States to subvert the tariff policy of Central Europe were dispelled by contact with Lubin, but he could see that the interpretation the agrarian party wished to give to the King's initiative was narrow and selfish.

"It is quite manifest," Lubin wrote some months later to Senator Lodge, "to those who have observed the matter closely that the great landed interests in Central Europe are very desirous that the United States do not become a part of the Institute. In their absence the Institute is almost sure to become a secret organization, when the European nations will have the advantage of obtaining the information we freely furnish, which together with that to be gathered by the Institute would give them every advantage over the United States."

Both in America and in Europe Lubin was experiencing the suspicion and the hostility of the "practical" man.

"What will it put into *my* pocket? I want none of this 'righteousness' talk; I'm a practical man, I am. What's there in it for me?"

And Lubin would patiently set to work to show that it would benefit the farmer, because it would give him the knowledge necessary to hold his own against the trust;

that it would benefit the merchant, because it would tend to minimize price fluctuations; that it would benefit labor, because the staples of the farm are the raw material of the factory and violent price disturbances endanger the secure tenor of his job.

From Germany Lubin went to France and thence to England. Meantime, Washington learned from the German Ambassador that his country would be strongly represented at the Rome conference. Where Germany was, France could not be absent. England, although believing herself but slightly concerned, would not say nay to the invitation of the King of Italy.

In Paris, Lubin called on the Russian Ambassador, Mourawieff. "My boy," he had said, slapping the distinguished diplomat on the knee, "you know as well as I do that the economic destinies of Russia are swayed at present by the grain manipulators and that your government is powerless to cope single-handed with this new and gigantic evil, the trust. Russia cannot afford to be absent when such work is being undertaken." And the Ambassador, surprised and impressed, had written Lubin an emphatic indorsement of the idea and had undertaken to urge his Government to be properly represented.

Lubin's plan of action justified itself; the Department of State decided to be represented, selecting as its delegates Mr. Henry White, then American Ambassador in Rome, Doctor A. Wood, a plant pathologist sent by the Department of Agriculture, and Mr. William F. Hill, Master of the Pennsylvania State Grange, who came as the representative of the American farmers.

Lubin was ignored. In one sense this was right, as he could not be judge and jury to pass on his own idea.

On May 25, 1905, seven months from the date on which David Lubin had first reached Rome, the representatives of forty nations assembled in the Eternal City to judge of the idea which this American citizen had placed before the King of Italy.

CHAPTER XII

THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURE

WHEN, on the 20th of May, 1905, the delegations of the forty governments represented at the conference settled down to their task in Palazzo Corsini, great uncertainty mingled with much skepticism prevailed among them.

Not only was David Lubin absent from the sittings, but the little group of pioneers which had worked with such ardor to get the idea into shape had not been called to complete its task. At the last moment Professor Pantaleoni's name was added to the list of the Italian delegation, but he was in a minority of one.

The usual thing had occurred. The daring which leads to victory had given place to timidity; devotion to an idea to considerations of place and person. The bigwigs of official agriculture, the same who had turned down Lubin whenever he had approached them tentatively prior to the publication of the King's letter, recovering from their first speechless astonishment at the whole proceeding, now rushed in, determined to "save" the King from the consequences of the wild excursion through the realm of idealistic novelty into which, in their opinion, he had been rashly allowed to adventure. The "grocery man" was to have his innings.

The guiding of the labors of the conference, instead of being in the hands of such practical idealists as Luzzatti, Montemartini, Pantaleoni, de Viti de Marco, and others who could all point to solid achievement in public finance, in science, in organization, and in economics, was intrusted to the mediocrity of titled parliamentarians, accustomed to see their names on the membership of royal commissions, parliamentary inquiries, and decorative official associations. All were there

“to scramble at the feast,
and shove away the worthy bidden guest.”

The foreign delegations were preponderatingly diplomatic, each headed by its Ambassador; nevertheless, many leading experts on agricultural matters were present, and the German, Austrian, and Hungarian delegations counted among their members the leading exponents of their agrarian parties, and some of the foremost authorities in the field of agricultural coöperation and organization.

Undoubtedly, the perfunctory character of the American delegation and the tepid support given by Washington went far to endanger the success of the whole effort. Still, the diplomatic element, of which Ambassador White, who headed the United States delegation, was a prominent representative, while little comprehending or caring for the scheme, looked at it from a political standpoint and saved the day.

The meeting had been called by the King of Italy; the purpose if not valuable was certainly innocuous; agriculture is neither disarmament nor revolution; it is a subject to which all feel bound to pay lip-homage; and so long as it was clearly understood that no inroads were to be made on national sovereignty rights, it was desirable that the initiative should be crowned with a diplomatic success.

Venturing on the untried ground of international action, the conference proceeded by way of exclusion. The first anxiety of the agrarian parties was to make sure that the future body would lay no claim to interfere with tariff legislation. Then they saw a possible danger for themselves in international action for the control of diseases of animals which might hinder their policy of supplementing the tariff by exclusions on the pretext of trichinosis. The big land-owning interests were likewise determined that the function of guiding the migratory currents of farm labor — a proposal to which the Italian and some of the South American delegations attached special importance — should not be one of the duties of the new organ. These points were settled

to their satisfaction. As we have seen, it had been no part of the original intent to encroach in any wise on national sovereignty rights, and fears on this head were set at rest by the formula: "All questions concerning the economic interests, the legislation, and the administration of a particular nation shall be excluded from the consideration of the Institute."

But the real struggle took place over the nature of the proposed organization. In the intention of the founders it was to be neither an academy, nor a bureau, nor a legislative body. It was to be for agriculture very much what the Chambers of Commerce are for trade — a deliberative and consultative body in permanent session; which might be expected to give rise to many autonomous developments — such, for instance, as the produce exchanges referred to in the previous chapter — the outcome of an organ which was to focus, coördinate, and discipline the activities of the agricultural world.

In the writings he circulated, Lubin, as we have seen, advocated a permanent, semi-official Chamber, consisting of an upper and a lower house. Central Europe wanted to see the future organ in the hands of the agrarians and advocated a body elected by the agricultural associations, acting independently of governments and aiming mainly at organizing the agrarian as opposed to industrial and labor interests. The Italians favored one house, consisting both of elected delegates and government representatives, but as to its duties they were decidedly vague.

These various views had been more or less fully discussed in the preparatory period and the assumption was that a compromise would be reached along these lines. But now the French, who had taken little or no part in preliminary discussions, came forward with a clear-cut plan of their own.

France was at that time bitterly divided by the aftermath of the famous Dreyfus "affair" and by fierce controversies over the separation of Church and State. The internal

political situation made that government resolutely hostile to the creation of any body which would confer prestige and authority on representatives of free agricultural associations. No one must be entitled to speak for French agriculture but the French government, and the new institution must either be exclusively a government institution or not be at all, at least so far as France was concerned. On this point the French delegation was unanimous and uncompromising, as against the Italian delegation which was half-hearted, and others quite willing to side in with whoever would propose a solution likely to bring the proceedings to a decorous close, giving nominal satisfaction to the Royal Initiator, while at the same time committing their governments to nothing rash.

This point of view coincided with the instructions on which the American delegation was acting, and soon the French rallied to their side a majority in the conference. The only stiff opposition came from the Central Empires, unwilling to see international bureaucracy interfere in the field of agricultural organization. They made a hard fight, threatening to withdraw when they saw that their views would be defeated. But here again the diplomatic character of the conference saved the day. The Ambassadors of the Central Empires could see that it would never do for the Powers of the Triple Alliance to defeat a proposal sponsored by the King of Italy, and their delegations reluctantly assented to Article 2 of the protocol:

“The International Institute of Agriculture is to be a government institution in which each adhering power shall be represented by delegates of its choice.”

The “two houses” idea was finally modified into that of a Permanent Committee, on which each adhering government should be represented by one delegate of its choice, intrusted with the executive power of the Institute, acting under the direction and control of a General Assembly. This Assembly, meeting at stated intervals, would consist likewise of government appointees, but it was pointed out

to the delegations favoring representation of the agricultural associations that nothing prevented their governments from choosing delegates from among such associations. The number of representatives which each government might send to the General Assembly was not fixed, but whatever their number, each nation would only be entitled to a number of votes determined by the group to which it belonged — five votes for the governments entering the first group and paying sixteen units of assessment; four for those in the second group paying eight units, three for those in the third paying four units; two for those in the fourth paying two units; and one for those in the fifth paying one unit of assessment.

When agreement had been reached as to the nature of the Institute and as to what it was *not* to do, the functions to be intrusted to it were soon settled. All agreed that its main activity should be statistical and informative:

“Collect, study, and publish, as promptly as possible, statistical, technical or economic information concerning farming, the trade in agricultural products, and the prices prevailing in the various markets. Communicate to parties interested, also as promptly as possible, all the information just referred to.”

Besides this it was to:

“Indicate the wages paid for farm labor; make known new plant diseases appearing in any part of the world, showing the territories infected, the progress of the disease, and, if possible, the remedies effective for its control; study questions concerning agricultural coöperation, insurance, and credit in all their aspects; collect and publish information which might be useful in the various countries in the organization of works connected therewith.”

The final clause of this Article 9 of the protocol conferred on the new body power to “submit to the approval of governments measures for the protection of the common interests of farmers and for the improvement of their condition.”

Thus, amid the indifference of the public, and the dif-

fidence of governments and agricultural associations, arose an institution which was very truly a new departure in international life, a pioneer in the field of world organization. That those who created it failed to recognize the significance of the decisions to which they had come is, however, patent from the total inadequacy of the means with which they endowed it. Compromising even the future, they laid down in an Article of the protocol that "in no event shall the contribution due per unit of assessment ever exceed a maximum of twenty-five hundred francs."

Yet even when whittled down and shorn of many of the more striking features which Lubin had in mind, this International Institute of Agriculture—as it was officially christened by the conference—differed essentially from all previous international bodies. It was no mere scientific bureau; it was no occasional conference; it was totally different from the international congresses which meet to pass resolutions and then disperse, leaving no one to see that their recommendations are carried out. Nor was it, as many of the pioneers feared, a mere organ of international bureaucracy. The representatives of all the adhering governments were brought together in a permanent, deliberative body, in direct touch with the governments from which they emanated; while the Assembly provided the means of keeping this Permanent Committee in contact with, and under the control of the living agricultural forces of a country, provided the farmers woke up to the importance of the Institute and brought the necessary pressure to bear on their home governments.

Moreover, the Institute was to act not only as an international crop-reporting bureau, but it was recognized as the legitimate organ through which the agricultural interests in each country could voice their wishes in the international sphere, and it was empowered to formulate them as draft conventions and to submit them to the several governments for approval.

In fact, we have here the first attempt in history to create

an international parliamentary body. The protocol signed by the plenipotentiaries of the forty governments represented at the conference on the seventh of June one thousand nine hundred and five may properly claim to be a historic document, for it created the first League of Nations, a League of Nations for economic betterment.

But what of David Lubin during these weeks when the success or failure of his life-work hung in the balance? He had returned to Rome about the middle of May. His position was somewhat anomalous. His Government evidently intended to ignore him, yet the letter of the King of Italy left no doubt that the nations of the world had assembled to discuss Lubin's idea, and the natural thing seemed to be to find out from him what it was all about. Moreover, when it was known that the membership of the conference would be predominatingly diplomatic, the recently formed *Unione Agraria*, of which a great landowner, Prince d'Antuni, was president, decided to call a conference of the representatives of agricultural associations to meet in Rome so as to submit their views for the consideration of the official conference. This was done, and the number and authority of the men who attended the meetings in the Palazzo Ruspoli conferred no small importance on their deliberations, which favored action along the lines Lubin had advocated. Besides this, the member of the American delegation who represented the farmers, Mr. William F. Hill, Master of the Pennsylvania State Grange, appointed at the eleventh hour as the result of resolutions indorsing the initiative passed by the National Grange and by the American Federation of Labor, naturally gravitated towards Lubin, who, as we have seen, had for long years been prominent among the patrons of husbandry.

Had personal ambition been an ingredient in Lubin's make-up he would then have asserted his powerful personality. He would have shown resentment at the way he was set aside and ignored, and stood up as a champion of an influential minority, a minority which was, in fact, a large majority. Had he done this, he could have had any

amount of publicity; he could have counted on a powerful following; his views would have been widely discussed and applauded. In fact, it was the lack of such "human interest" as his personal action at this juncture would have supplied which had deprived the initiative of the attention it would otherwise have received.

It was a real disappointment to many of his staunchest friends and supporters that he declined to take up this attitude, for they believed that militancy on his part would have won victory for a policy of dynamic action. And such a militant attitude would have been natural to Lubin, who was a born fighter. But he was adamant.

The King, by mentioning his name, had placed him under a sacred obligation. By no action of his must he lay himself open to the charge of using the honor as a means of self-advertisement. He felt that in a certain measure the dignity of a nation and of its Chief Executive was in his keeping, and it was in safe hands. This was the paramount consideration which made him determined to lend himself to no noisy opposition. He would remain strictly in the background, promoting the work by all means in his power, but never obtruding his personality.

Already, in the early days after the proclamation, he had written seeking advice of his Roman friends:

"My sole aim is so to shape my course as to have whatever I do serve the best ends of your noble King, the honor of your country and the promotion of the high ends we all have in view. What puzzles me is this: if I display activity in the work something within me seems to say 'Is it right for you to court prominence in this work after the high prominence given you by the chivalrous action of H. M. the King?' Again, were I to sit down and do nothing, the thought would surely come to me: 'You are a concrete sample of the ungrateful and the lazy. Can you fold your arms in idleness when there is so much work to do?'" He would do the work, but he would avoid the notoriety.

Moreover, Lubin had the long-range vision of the real statesman. For all his volcanic energy no one realized better than he the magnitude of the work he had set going, a work which would now be shipwrecked by impatience. Where others saw failure, he saw the tiny seed which with careful husbandry might grow into a fruitful and wide-spreading tree.

So he sat in his room in the Hotel Pincio waiting for news, and those who wished to see him had to seek him out. And they were many.

On his arrival in Rome the Italian Minister of Agriculture, Luigi Rava, whom Lubin had approached in vain seven months before, called officially on the man whom the King "delighted to honor." He spoke no English and Lubin spoke nothing else, and I was not present. Lubin sent for the hotel porter as interpreter, made him sit down between them, and, in democratic fashion, offered him and the Minister cigars. I well remember the look of relief with which His Excellency saw me enter the room a few minutes later and relieve him from what he evidently felt was an embarrassing position. On another occasion it was the British delegation — the Earl of Jersey, Lord Minto, Sir Edward Buck and Sir Thomas Elliott — to whom Lubin explained his views, using, I remember, to their evident surprise, a waste-paper basket, which he placed on the table, and the several squares on the carpet to which he kept pointing, to illustrate his point. The squares were the several nations, the basket the Institute into which they threw their crop-reporting information, and which gave it forth in summarized form to the world. Lubin never liked dealing in generalities; his mind refused to grasp them and craved for the concrete, Arizona, "This-er", "What-er", "That-er" mode of reasoning. With the help of a rough diagram or an actual object to which he could give a name, he would explain in kindergarten fashion the idea he had in mind and make it so clear that he could not be mistaken. "You never can tell what an Englishman is thinking; he just sits and listens and leaves you wondering

whether he has understood or not," Lubin commented, after the British had left.

Disappointment and discouragement had no part in him. If surprise were expressed at the scant interest taken by the press in a conference of such import he would say, "Yes, it is much easier to interest the public in a dog-fight than in a vital economic question, but then the dog-fight is soon forgotten." If difficulties were made much of, he would say, "Of course all worth-while things are difficult. It is easy enough to proclaim 'Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye: to-day is Monday the 4th of June, 1905.' Such a proclamation will be true, and it will be easy; but there will be no merit in it." And to those who expressed disappointment with results, he would tell a tale of two Russian moujiks who visit St. Petersburg and stand open-mouthed before the cannon in front of the Winter Palace, wondering how they are made. At last one of them, scratching his head reflectively, says: "I think I know how it's done. They take a hole and put iron round it." "Well," Lubin would say, "that's just what we must do. We must take a hole and put iron round it. It is up to us to build this Institute."

He took up the program of work laid down by the Treaty. Much of the original proposal had been eliminated, but what he had always insisted should be its central function remained. The Treaty provided for an intelligence office for gathering and disseminating crop-reporting and statistical data "as rapidly as possible", an expression liable to as many interpretations as there were points of view. Should the static interpretation be adopted, it would mean just one more bureau publishing red books and green books and blue books, which would in due time find their way to the paper mill. But if the interpretation were dynamic, then a live crop-reporting center would be established in Rome under the auspices of all the adhering governments, in constant telegraphic communication with the producing and marketing centers of the world, giving out data of commercial, price-fixing value.

It was toward the realization of such a service that Lubin concentrated all his energies during the ensuing months.

Writing to Professor Pantaleoni on February 7, 1906, he thus outlines the policy to be followed :

There should be no wild rush to dabble in multiform directions; for the statistical labor, if properly performed, will be quite sufficient. But I by no means refer to a mere heaping up of figures which, when on good paper, is mainly sought after by the "old junk man." What I mean are figures valuable enough to tempt the thief to steal them and the rogue to buy them.

If the International Institute of Agriculture can produce figures sufficiently valuable to stand that test, there will be sufficient reason why it will live and develop, but if it only adds stuff for the "old junk man" it will only be permitted to do so for a very short time.

It must necessarily be the case that up to the present time the adherence of the nations is largely given as a matter of courtesy at the request of your King, or as a matter of curiosity. Let the Institute simply gather up useless information at high cost and the courtesy and the curiosity will cease at short order. But let it prove to be a benefit, let it pay twenty-fold for the outlay, and the nations will be quite anxious to continue and strengthen it.

If Italy should be fortunate enough to guide this work in the proper direction, in the direction of greatest potential and practical gain not alone for herself but for all the nations that have signed, — if Italy can do this she takes her place, with one bound, among the very few of the directing powers in the history of the world, and will hold her place thus so long as she performs this high duty in an acceptable manner.

Whence in olden times the Law went forth for a world; whence, after that, Religion was militantly promulgated; thence shall go forth the fiat which shall decide the just measure for Service among Men.

CHAPTER XIII

DAVID LUBIN THE PROPAGANDIST

FOR the next three years, until the Institute opened its doors for the organizing session, David Lubin became its peripatetic apostle. Officially the work of securing ratification of the Treaty of June 5, 1905, was in the hands of the Italian Royal Commission presided over by Count Eugenio Faina. But Lubin well knew that perfunctory diplomatic action would not secure support for an idea which had to overcome the indifference of the many, the prejudice of the conservative, the active but hidden opposition of "special interests."

During the next few months David Lubin fixed his headquarters in Malvern, England, where he was joined by his wife and three young children, — Dorothy, Grace, and Teddy. From this rural retreat he worked night and day, elaborating his ideas in a series of letters, copies of which he would send to an ever growing circle of correspondents. Lubin found writing real, hard work; he was not ready with his pen; and it must be borne in mind that he was an innovator, treading on untried ground, wrestling with grave problems in economics which he was examining from a new angle of vision.

The following letter to Doctor Bernat, Secretary of the powerful Hungarian Agricultural Association, *Magyar Gazdaszovetseg*, is a sample of these propaganda letters.

Marlborough House, Malvern, England,
Nov. 26th, 1905.

Dear Dr. Bernat:

I have your letter of Nov. 24th as well as the letter you sent me some time ago, and I will now reply to both.

I confess that there was much cause for disappointment in your previous letter. When I was in Budapest and in Vienna there was great enthusiasm for the proposed International Institute of Agriculture; especially so among the Hungarians, but almost as short a time as it took to arouse enthusiasm it took to dissipate every trace of it away. This is contrary to my experience in England: here it was with the utmost difficulty that the idea could be made to take root, but as soon as it did take root it came to "stay."

But has not Hungary as much at stake in her agricultural interests as England has? Surely. Then why this difference?

You tried to explain it in your last letter by saying that because the Rome Conference was not conducted on the lines laid down by the meeting at Vienna the Hungarians would have nothing to do with it.

Now, let us see how your conclusions will stand the test of logic.

First of all, the Rome Conference was called by H. M. the King of Italy, and the delegates were the high representatives of the various governments. How, then, was it possible for private individuals to intrude their will on the "floor" of that Conference?

"But," say you, "that does not matter; just so long as the Conference refuses to accept the ideas of our association we will refuse to have anything to do with it."

Well, what else will you do?

"We will set up an international institute ourselves."

But is this practicable? Can you get another king to make another proclamation, call another international conference? Certainly not. But even if you could, what guarantee would you have that just the ideas of your association would be adopted?

"But we can create an international institution composed of private agricultural associations, can we not?"

But of what value would such an organization be? Of no more practical value than evaporated naphtha would be in running a motor-car.

"Well, if we cannot have our way then we will not favor any other way."

No one can compel you; but that need not prevent the other way from being adopted, notwithstanding. And would it be fortunate for your country if that were to be the case? And it is quite likely to be the case; for Hungary will either join as a pioneer country among the first, or it will join as the "tail end", among the last. Which shall it be? Please remember that the idea of international action was presented by me at Budapest first, at the International Agricultural Congress in 1896, and shall Hungary be the last to join this Institute now, when it seems almost sure to be materialized? . . .

It is true that the Conference narrowed the outline of the work of the Institute, but it is not true that the Institute must, therefore, work on those narrow lines for all time to come! The farmers of the world; the changing conditions which the International Institute of Agriculture will bring about; all these will tend toward necessary modifications of the original outline, and to much better advantage than if more radical lines had been agreed upon at the outset.

What I most regret is this: that I was unable to have the interview with His Excellency, Ignace Daranye, at the time I was in Budapest. You remember that he was suddenly called to Vienna. Had our interview been held I am sure that Hungary would have been among the first nations to join. But it is by no means too late now. Hungary can still hold a pioneer rank in the work, provided not a single day is lost. And now, in order to make a beginning, I ask you to send me a list of the flour-milling concerns of Hungary and of Austria. If the Institute is to be of value to the cotton spinners, it will for the very same reason be of benefit to the flour-milling industry, so the intention is to bring them in as soon as possible. Perhaps they are federated, and then it will be easier to reach them.

Should you desire it I will be glad to send you other documents on the Institute and give you any information in my power.

In closing this letter I would say that the realization of the Institute is now an assured probability, and I feel it very much that Hungary has so far left itself out in the cold. So come in with a rush, but come in to "stay."

With my kind regards to His Excellency, the Minister of Agriculture (Ignace Daranye), and hoping to hear the good news that Hungary has been the very next nation to sign adherence, I am,

Yours very truly,

David Lubin.

Hungary did come in, and the first person to whom Minister Daranye telegraphed the news was Mr. Lubin. But this adherence was only secured after a long struggle in the course of which Lubin, in June, 1907, again went to Vienna, this time accompanied by Guerrazzi. The International Congress of Agriculture was meeting in that city, and the Bund der Landwirther of Berlin, backed by the Austrian and Hungarian agrarians whose views had been turned down by the Rome Conference, had prepared very unfavorable reports on the proposed Institute, reports which, if indorsed by the Congress, would have had a most injurious effect. The Royal Commission in Rome, absorbed in building the future seat of the Institute, never seemed to realize the need for that active propaganda which alone can make a success of an idea. It assumed that it was beneath the dignity of governments to trouble to enlighten the "man in the street." Had it not been for the assiduous labors of Lubin, which were tolerated rather than encouraged, no effort to secure ratifications would have been made beyond purely official action through diplomatic channels, that is to say through the very channels which could be least expected to understand or care about the proposal. This inaction brought Lubin almost to the verge of despair.

"If Italy had but half a dozen heroic helpers in behalf of this work, it would bring victory; it would bring your King the highest historic renown, and the most lasting glory to your nation. Has Italy such men? . . . The King has done his share of the work, but where are the leaders who should do theirs?" he wrote to the Marchese de Viti de Marco in one of these fits of depression. But he would

quickly recover, and again set to work to "take a hole and put iron round it."

To Prince Galitzin, the Russian Ambassador in Rome, who had expressed surprise at the total neglect of publicity, Lubin writes :

There may be good reasons for all this, but what they are I do not know. However, this lack of publicity is not material; the real question is — can we do without the Institute? If we can, then it is not wanted, publicity or no publicity. If it is wanted, if its need be imperative, we must have it, publicity or no publicity.

And if there is one country more than another where the needs are great, that country is Russia. Nor is it at all necessary for me to supply the reasons, they are evident, certainly evident to the Statesman. Were this a matter like offering additional meats after dessert it could be waived aside, but this matter is one of "food" or "starvation."

You know as well as I do that the manipulator and not your government sways the economic destinies of Russia; and you know as well as I do that single-handed your government is no more powerful to cope with this new and gigantic evil than is the United States or France. It is only through the united efforts of all nations that the evil can be overcome. . . .

It is now some twenty-five years since I began my study of the manipulator, and those who think that he is beginning to get tired of his control, that he is shortly going, of his own will, to lay down his power, are doomed to sad and certain disappointment. And the giant has by no means reached maturity yet; he is still growing and gaining power from hour to hour and from day to day, and, unchecked, he will presently eat the life out of the nations with much greater rapidity. . . .

And what gives the manipulator this power? This; he is the "boss" of the figures which make and unmake the prices of the staples of agriculture. Take this away from him; give the figures to the world in a form accepted as authoritative; and you have rendered him as Samson was after his hair had been shorn from his head.

That the matter under consideration is not yet generally understood is evident. Only a short time ago, His Excellency W. Weschniakoff, a gentleman of high standing in your country, wrote me saying that in his opinion Russia kept statistics of her agricultural products and, therefore, did not need the proposed International Institute of Agriculture. If Mr. Weschniakoff were to know the labor performed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in collecting statistics for the cotton production of the United States, he would begin to realize that no such kind of effort is made in Russia, in Argentina, and in other grain-producing countries. And yet grain is grown in many more countries than cotton, and how much more difficult would it be for any one country to gather up throughout the world the essential facts on the world's production, — for, be it noted, the facts of any one country are of no use in arriving at the world's price, the price at which agricultural staples are sold. And supposing it were possible for any one nation to arrive at the facts, would the people of the other nations believe them to be the facts? And here is just where the manipulator obtains his power.

Once have each nation concerned devise and carry out a system for collecting correct information within its own borders, and let this information be summarized under the auspices of the I. I. A., and disseminated by it, and the chief stock-in-trade of the manipulator is gone.

It may be that the plan is ahead of the times; but why should a remedy so simple as the one proposed require the experience of revolutions before its adoption, when, through a few far-seeing agents, it can be adopted now?

Thus in the absence of official propaganda Lubin took the task on himself, and worked early and late at his correspondence. He would write a letter of several pages setting forth some aspect of the case, and send carbon copies to all likely to be interested or whose support it was desirable to win.

If in some of these letters there is a note of over-emphasis it is the over-emphasis of a reformer — *vox clamantis in deserto* — who knows he has a great truth to teach and every-

where meets contemptuous indifference; but there is also much close, able reasoning.

But it was the force of personality in Lubin, his shrewdness and skill in handling men, and the infection of his own enthusiasm for a cause which carried the day. He had an unerring instinct in these matters. For instance, when the ratification of the treaty by Great Britain was under discussion, the trend was to discount the matter on the ground that agricultural interests were only of subordinate importance for England. He made it clear that such an attitude was untenable, that the price of the staples interests the buyer no less than the seller, and that the interest of both parties demands not so much high prices or low prices as steady prices. He knew that the legitimate trader or merchant has no love for sudden and violent fluctuations which throw all exchange values out of gear. Guided by this instinct a few months later on, when Secretary Wilson said he would like the opinion of practical American business men on the value of the Institute, it was to the Chicago Board of Trade that Lubin turned. He had some difficulty in getting a hearing. The Secretary, the late Mr. George F. Stone, was a very busy man with little time for theorists or cranks, such as he at first guessed Lubin to be. But persistency won the day. Lubin left some papers for the Secretary to go over, and was told to call again. When he returned he found Mr. Stone pacing up and down his office. "Do you know the importance of the matter you have submitted to me?" was the rather unexpected inquiry he was met with; and to Lubin's affirmative the Secretary replied, "But do you know what this plan of yours would mean to the world in dollars and cents if it were properly carried out? . . . I will tell you. The crops of the United States are valued for 1905 by the Department of Agriculture somewhere around one billion dollars. At a very conservative estimate the crops of the world are at least ten times those of the United States, therefore a matter of over ten billion dollars. The official world summary of crop conditions and yields of

which you speak, if gathered and published rapidly enough to be of commercial value, would steady the market in these staples from five to ten per cent. Reckon that out in dollars and cents, and you will get an idea of the importance of your proposal."

"Will you give me a statement to that effect which I can use?" asked Lubin, and Mr. Stone wrote out a strong indorsement.

It was always thus with David Lubin; those who were inclined to discount him as an idealistic dreamer were the incompetent; the shallow politician, the decorative diplomat, the superficial journalist, these would be repelled by his emphasis over matters the vital importance of which was not within their sphere of experience, while his fierce enthusiasm offended the sophist and the dilettante. He was a bull in the china shop of their delicate sensibilities. But he never feared contact with the really competent, — the real statesman, the shrewd, hard-headed business man, the keen economist. He submitted his ideas to them time out of number and the result was always victory. And just as he had gone to the fountainhead of the grain trade in Liverpool and Chicago, so he took up the case in the stronghold of manufacturing industry, and there again won unqualified support.

The name "International Institute of Agriculture" suggested to the English mind an academic body for promoting the technic of farming. It might be all right for some countries, but of what use could it be to a great industrial community? He would show that an institution which could affect the price formation of the raw materials of industry was on the contrary of paramount importance to just such a community, and without waiting for introductions or help he went straight to Manchester, to Mr. (now Sir Charles) Macara, the president of the International Association of Master Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers, a man second to none in his stalwart championship of international organization for economic progress. Macara dis-

covered that Lubin was a man striving to achieve in the vast field of agricultural production what he himself had just been organizing in the more limited field of cotton manufacture, and Lubin found he was speaking not to a convert, but to a fellow pioneer.

And so they went immediately to London and had one of Lubin's not infrequent and long conferences with that able, experienced, patient, and eminently fair-minded administrator, Sir Thomas Elliott, then permanent Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, now British delegate to the International Institute.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Macara, in whom the Institute from that day forth had a firm and influential friend, placed the matter before the international cotton convention in Paris, where it received strong indorsement; and not only in England but in France also Macara did much to convince the hesitating Treasury authorities of the advisability of providing the necessary funds for the Rome Institute.

If diplomacy is intrigue or deceit, there never was a less diplomatic man than Lubin. He either couldn't or wouldn't understand a hint, an innuendo, a whispered word; when he wrote a letter he would generally make six copies and send it all round; and he treated all communications on public matters as addressed not to himself only but to all concerned. He couldn't speak in a low tone of voice, he couldn't — or wouldn't — understand anything but clearly enunciated speech and clear bold handwriting. He was transparently above board and direct, almost brutally frank, in all his dealings. But if diplomacy calls for keen psychologic insight which enables a negotiator to strike home, and to strike at the right moment for securing results, then Lubin was a born diplomat, and showed it time and again in the way in which he conducted the campaign for the Institute from the day he reached Rome until his death.

Take, for instance, this account I have often heard him give of a meeting he attended at the Board of Agriculture.

Ratification of the Treaty was under discussion. Various arguments had been made in favor, but he saw that the support was lukewarm. He asked permission to speak. "I can see what's in your minds, gentlemen," he said. "You think that England is a buyer not a grower of the staples, and you fear that the activities of the Institute would tend to level up prices, making it increasingly difficult to secure 'deals' in the less highly organized countries, such as Argentina or Russia or the Balkans. The cheap loaf is good for the British workman, and may not the Institute interfere with the cheap loaf? Now, the cheap loaf may be all very well, but there is another side to the story. You have some industries in England, you sell your manufactures abroad—your cotton stuffs, your machinery, your boots, your valises, and suspenders, and what not—And you export capital. England holds bonds and stocks and shares in those very countries. Now, if you squeeze the life out of them, if you force down the price of their staples through price manipulation, it may mean a cheap loaf and a big stomach for the British workman to-day, but, mind you, it may mean unemployment for him to-morrow. That same workman will soon find his job gone, for such a policy amounts to strangling your best markets; your bonds and shares will not be worth the paper they are printed on; you will kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Help to build the Institute up and make it a living force working for equity in exchange, and you will be building up the economic strength, the purchasing power of those great agricultural countries which are the natural markets for British manufactures."

In the spring of 1906, for the first time since entering the international field Lubin returned to the United States.

As he embarked, he learned of the San Francisco earthquake which, according to the first reports reaching Europe, had engulfed half California! It is easy to imagine his feelings during that crossing. Events called for his presence in Sacramento, and there he went, but no private interests,

however urgent, could displace the Institute from the first place in his thoughts.

In May, Lubin went to Washington to fight for ratification. He took the proposal up with influential members of the House and Senate, finding warm support in his old friends Senator George C. Perkins and Congressman Julius Kahn of the California delegation. The Secretary of Commerce, Oscar Straus, was sympathetic; he soon won friends among the Department men, and even that fine, obstinate, old Scotchman from Iowa, Secretary Wilson, had to confess that there was more in the proposal than he had seen at first. Lubin had, in fact, turned the tables on the Secretary very neatly, hoisting him with his own petard. In his 1905 Report to the President of the United States, speaking of the crop-reporting service of the Department, Secretary Wilson had stated: —

“A knowledge which covers only parts of the area of a given crop may be misleading. . . . Reports covering the area definitely only in parts may be used by self-interested crop-reporting agencies to mislead. The producer and others interested need a knowledge of the crop of the entire area expressed as a total.”

This was pie for Lubin; it was easy for him to show that the entire crop area for such staples as cereals was not confined to the United States. Hence the logical outcome of the Secretary's own claim was the recognition of the need of an international crop-reporting service. Assiduous work prepared a ground favorable for ratification, and it was then that for the first time he ran up against European bureaucracy, beginning that long and wearing experience which some years later wrung from him the following outburst with which he relieved his feelings, and then put it on file where it has remained until now:

When the angel Lucifer rebelled against the Almighty, there was nothing for it but to expel him from Paradise and consign him forever to nethermost Hell. As the rebellious

and fallen angel fell down to the bottomless pit his heart was full of rage and spite and he determined he would be even on some one, and the easiest victim he could find was man. Ha, ha, he thought, you shall pay me for this; I will be even yet on somebody; and as the worst he could do, and the heaviest burden ingenuity could contrive, he devised bureaucracy, and the nations still groan beneath the cruel load.

When I was in Austria in 1905 to bring the matter of the proposed Institute of Agriculture before the leading agricultural bodies in that country, I saw amongst others Count Hohenbluhm. We had to talk through an interpreter as I do not speak enough German to converse with him freely. After the main outline had been set forth, and Hohenbluhm gathered that Governments were likely to play a prominent part in the proposed Institute, that it was, in fact, proposed to make it a State institution, he began swearing and using such unparliamentary language that even my scanty German sufficed to gather that storms were raging. "What is he doing?" I asked of the interpreter. "Is he swearing at me?" "Oh, no," came the reply, "not at you; it is the bureaucracy, and do not ask me to translate; his language is awful."

Well, I thought, the old gentleman evidently has some grievance; I expect he is something of a crank.

Since the Institute has been at work, I have learned much. I have learned that Hohenbluhm was not such a crank after all, that even the calmest might be betrayed into strong language if they had much to do with the animal known as bureaucracy. Bureaucracy is the biggest eater and the biggest loafer that ever oppressed the sons of man, and the Socialists might well pause and learn from Hohenbluhm before they advocate that all the complicated machinery of modern life be controlled by an enlarged and inflated bureaucracy. The experience in the Institute has been enough to settle my opinion on the value of bureaucracies.

Before any official action could be taken toward ratification, the authenticated copy of the protocol had to be transmitted by the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs to the Department of State. To Lubin this transaction represented nothing more than placing a document in an en-

velope, registering it, and mailing it, all of which could surely be done within half a day of receiving a request, especially when that request showed excellent reasons for the use of dispatch. The sacred traditions of bureaucracy which make it little short of treason for a high official (and a whole series of small officials too) not to let so weighty a document slumber the regulation number of days or weeks or months, as the case may be, on their several desks before it at last gets launched on its journey, were incomprehensible to him and he started a regular bombardment of letters and cables to get at that protocol. Here are two from a dozen such which he sent the round of the friends and workers: —

Washington, May 31st, 1906.

Dear Mrs. Agresti:

As you may remember, it was my motto always to try to wring victory from the jaws of defeat. But here is a new phase; victory is in sight, but — but — but —. . . . Now, it may not be too late yet (watch the papers on the adjournment of Congress) and if still in time when you get this, take it to all our friends and see whether they can roll the logs away so that we can proceed. Whatever be the case, it will be necessary to reach me by cable. So if the official Convention or Protocol is or is not on the way, let me know.

Yours very sincerely,
David Lubin.

Washington, June 20th, 1906.

Well, the Protocol is not here yet, and the Secretary of State telephoned for it; but what can be done? Every hour that we lose now brings us further away from the possibility of success.

Most certainly you are in no way to blame, nor are any of our friends and co-workers to blame. However, I shall not leave the field until the fighting chance is absolutely gone.

One thing is sure, the field so far as the Administration is concerned is completely won. To-day I happened to visit

the statistical department, when the Chief told me that he had been asked to make a report on the Institute for the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. I was then given to understand that the report favored the Institute in the very strongest terms. Well, the next few days will decide whether ratification is possible at this session. Had the Protocol been sent on the 2nd, as promised, it would most likely have been ratified by this time.

One thing is sure; they are beginning to see here that the King of Italy and his advisors were not the "back numbers" in taking up this matter that they at first thought they were. . . . Should the miracle occur and ratification still be possible during this session, I will cable.

As these letters show, Lubin had so stirred things up that by now the Administration was on the "qui vive", telephoning and inquiring what had become of that protocol. It arrived on June 24; on the 25th, Secretary of State Root transmitted it to President Roosevelt; on the 26th the President transmitted it to the Senate, and on the 27th it was ratified and made public.

And now came the question of the appointment of the delegate. Reluctant as Lubin was to put himself in evidence and seek for office, not only the urgency of his Italian friends, but his own experience of the past few months had shown him that the cause demanded that he should fill that place. He alone had devoted a lifetime to the study of the questions involved; he alone was prepared to dedicate himself exclusively — time, energy and means — to its promotion; he alone had the apostolic fervor which could make a success of so difficult a task. Certainly, had he consulted private and family interests, he would have retired on the laurels he had already won, and once more devoted his unparalleled energies to business. Though still a man of means, he had no longer the wealth his earlier efforts had secured him; he had spent it unhesitatingly on the causes he believed in; he always looked upon money as an excellent servant but a detestable master. But he could no longer doubt where

duty lay. After his hurricane campaign for ratification, his friends in California took up the case of his candidacy, and when he left the United States for England in October of that same year, he had been appointed delegate to the Permanent Committee by President Roosevelt.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MASTER BUILDER

THE following quotation from a letter David Lubin wrote to his sons in April, 1917, embodies the lesson he learnt and acted on during the years of patient upbuilding which followed his appointment as delegate to the Institute, years which proved his true worth more than the brilliant and rapid success which he achieved in a first time.

I believe that you have too much common sense to feel irritated at a just complaint, nay, as you have doubtless read and digested the writings of Seneca and Epictetus you will not even be offended at unjust criticism.

From these writers you will have learnt that the difference between the intelligent man and the unintelligent is this: the intelligent takes a given environment as a *status quo*. It is a fact. There are some incongruities and shortcomings with his ideal, and he endeavors, partly by accommodation and partly by efforts, to bring the environment nearer to his ideal. The unintelligent takes the stand that the environment should, of its own accord, embody his ideals; but of course no such thing can happen. . . . So it comes to pass that the unintelligent are always awry with their environment.

The chief characteristic of the intelligent consists in taking for granted that there is a diversity, that there must be a diversity, and that this diversity must be respected. And, if there be necessity for it, this diversity must be won over by logic, by right; patiently and above all graciously put forward. "*Ohine voo-chessed*", grace and mercy, should be your sword, and not scorn or ridicule. The former makes the strong man, the latter is of the ass. That I am not far from the truth in this you may well see for yourselves by rereading the books I quoted above (Seneca and Epictetus).

I do not hesitate to say that I have in my career oft times acted the part of the unintelligent, but the older I get, the clearer I see that the unintelligent mode is extravagant even to destruction. If you can get hold of the defect for good, put it into a pocket-handkerchief and throw it into the sea, you will have accomplished very much to be thankful for.

His vision led him far ahead of his environment; where he saw a first step toward evolving rational order out of chaotic, anarchic fortuity in international relations, his very colleagues and supporters saw at most a well-organized statistical bureau, while to many of those prominent in the work, the foundation of the Institute was the rather rash act of a young and inexperienced monarch which must be safely guided into the harbor of somnolent obsolescence. The beautiful building erected by the King of Italy amid the grove of stone pines on an eminence in the grounds of Villa Borghese would make a charming international club where kid-gloved diplomats could sip tea, find sinecures for satellites, and talk polite platitudes about the "backbone of the nation" and "Nature's nobleman." This, Lubin was determined, should not be.

And while some looked on him as an uncouth dreamer of dreams, others, and among them prominent members of Congress, did not hesitate to express harsher judgments: "This Institute is a pure fake . . . a private snap over in Rome. . . . It is not in the interests of agriculture; . . . it is for a particular individual, the man who represents the Government over there, drawing the salary." These were words pronounced in the House of Representatives when the appropriations for the Institute were under discussion in February, 1909.

But David Lubin neither quarreled with the environment nor submitted to it. The life of the still puny infant, born of his brain, nurtured with his life-blood, was at stake, and unselfish devotion to an ideal gave him strength to resist.

Conciliatory or aggressive as the needs of the case demanded, he had the cause too much at heart to be touchy or

to resent the supercilious airs of superiority of the official jack-in-office, or the many petty annoyances to which he was subjected. So concentrated was he on the work before him that he became oblivious to all else. By nature passionate and impatient, he became in this work long-suffering as a teacher amid presumptuous boys. But he aged much under the strain, and the reaction in the home would be sleepless nights, a racking cough, and nervous irascibility which would flare up, fierce and sudden, but easily placated.

We see, he wrote to his old California friend, William H. Mills of the Central Pacific Railroad (March 10, 1906), that very many people prefer a Dime Museum to the British Museum; that men marvel at a sleight-of-hand trick more than they do at a snowflake or the leaf of a tree; and so they find it easier to invent some plan of Socialism or of Anarchism rather than to follow the easier and more practicable plan of trying to straighten out the kinks in our present system. A Persian setting up a factory with American machinery tries to operate it. All goes well for a few days, but after that things go contrary, and in the end all stops. An American mechanic is sent for and soon puts things to rights by having the journals at the bearings supplied with the lubricating oil that was wanted before. And so with the social structure: its basis for stability is in equitable exchange, but when its very "staples" are permitted to become the most "speculative" of commodities, what wonder then that the "bearings" run hard?

Lubin secured appointment as a delegate well ahead of the inauguration of the Institute so as to work with the several governments to secure ratification and to prepare, in collaboration with technical experts, a tentative plan of action. On his return to Europe he took up this work in dead earnest.

Towards the end of November, 1906, he paid a flying visit to Rome, thence to Budapest, Vienna and Berlin. From Budapest he wrote me: "Work here is quite important. There seems to be a deadlock between Hungary, Austria and Germany. If one will ratify, all will. So I am trying to break the deadlock."

In Berlin he had one of his characteristic experiences. Under the impression that it was a Federal department, he called on the Minister of Agriculture for Prussia. He found himself in the presence of a pompous, arrogant bureaucrat whose manner clearly showed that he considered the American an intruder. In response to a curt inquiry Lubin began to explain his mission.

"Oh, we know all about that; we know your American crop reports and the scandals and swindles to which they give rise," the Prussian Excellency interrupted, referring to the cotton report scandals of the previous summer (1905) when it was claimed that a speculator, by paying seventy-five thousand dollars, had obtained from a dishonest employee an advance copy of the cotton report which enabled him to corner the market.

Lubin listened for a time, and when he had heard enough of this talk, he brought his fist down on the table and astounded the Minister by saying, "Have n't you sense enough to see that you are making out the strongest possible case for the United States Department of Agriculture? If it can give figures which a thief will pay seventy-five thousand dollars to get hold of, what better proof do you need of the value of its work? That's all the difference between its figures and yours; *you* need n't worry about thieves. Why, you'd have to hire a thief to steal any of your German statistics; they're only piling up paper for the junk-shop."

And he walked out, leaving the Minister entirely non-plused, and took himself off to the Ministry of the Interior, where Count Pasadowsky gave him a thoughtful and favorable reception, assuring him that he would appoint a delegate who would coöperate effectively in the work.

Lubin had an exalted idea of the duties of the press. He believed that its rôle in a democracy comes next to that of the Church as an educator of the people, and he looked upon the London *Times* with that respect which most foreigners feel for what they firmly believe to be the official organ of British public opinion. Why should not *The Times*

champion the cause in its broadest aspect as a fight for economic equity?

He called on the then editor, the late Mr. Moberly Bell. The impetuosity of his effort may be gathered from the following:

The Times, London, June 14th, 1907.

Dear Mr. Lubin,

I was much interested in the subject of our conversation this afternoon, but I want to show you why it was impossible for me to do more than show an interest in it.

You have no doubt made a study of the subject for some years. You have come to some definite opinions on the subject which you hold very strongly.

You come to England for a day or two, you see me, and you want me, after a conversation of half an hour, to commit myself and *The Times* to all the conclusions at which you have arrived after years of study.

Is this reasonable? Would it have been reasonable if I could have given you two hours or even two days?

Either the matter is important or it is not — and the more important it is the more necessary it is that time should be taken to study it. You must not expect the Walls of Jericho to fall at the first blast.

Yours truly,
C. F. Moberly Bell.

Lubin replied, and a voluminous correspondence ensued which was mimeographed and circulated as part of the ammunition in the fight. By now he could state his case clearly, forcibly, concisely. He had seized on that portion of the work prescribed in the protocol susceptible of powerful, dynamic developments, and on it he concentrated all his efforts. The uncertainties and vagueness of the earlier pioneer stage had gone. There is nothing diffuse or rhetorical about such a statement as this, which I quote from a letter addressed to Walter James Brown, then Editor of the *Toronto Globe*:

The prices of the staples compose, as it were, the primary wages of the nation. "Times good with farmers, good all round." But this does not necessarily mean high prices, nor do low prices bring this about. Bad times come from disturbance in the ratio of exchange. When dollar shirts remain at a dollar and dollar wheat remains at a dollar, all is well, there is equity in exchange. But when dollar shirts remain at a dollar but dollar wheat falls to fifty cents, it is then that the inequity has come in the exchange.

And what causes the rise and the fall in the prices of the staples? Is it the relation between Supply and Demand? And what determines this relation? Is it the quantity of the supply? And who determines this quantity? Can it be Mr. Broomhall of the Corn Exchange of Liverpool, or Mr. Stone of the Chicago Board of Trade? . . . But the bulk of the producing nations at the present time keep no tally of their production. How can there then be an authoritative world's summary? But even if there were, it would be no good, so long as such a summary is not given out by some international and authoritative body. And not even then, for the present mode of quotations omits to state an essential and fluctuating factor, and that is the cost of transportation from the place where quoted to the world's market center. All this is not done at the present time; hence it follows that the disposition of the staples of agriculture is a matter of speculation.

We have devoted hundreds of years and thousands of well-balanced minds to the development of clocks and watches, but we have had no time to devote to the much more important matter of the equities in exchange.

This clear-cut logic made headway. Lubin had but to get a quiet, impartial hearing, and he was practically sure to carry his point.

From his lodgings in Brighton where he stayed with his family, when in England, from 1907 until the opening session of the Institute in 1908, Lubin soon found himself conducting a large international correspondence. He had urged time and again on the Italian Royal Commission that it should take up this preliminary work in real earnest, organize a

publicity campaign, keep in close touch with the several governments, educate them on the purpose of the work, and prepare with the assistance of experts preliminary plans to be submitted at the opening session of the Permanent Committee, but no such action was taken. He realized that in the absence of all publicity, of all such preliminary effort, a body of men would meet with very vague notions as to what they were expected to do; that there would be as many ideas as there were heads, with consequent confusion, dispersion of energy, and waste of much precious time. To realize his feelings we must remember that he brought to this work a spirit of religious fervor; he never tired of saying that it was no secular but a truly sacred task; to him every opportunity lost seemed well-nigh sacrilege. As the months went round and the day of inauguration approached, inaction on the part of Rome forced him into the alternative of doing the work himself or leaving it undone. He wrote to me from Brighton:

As you can fully realize, my hardest work is to sit idle, and here I am at a loss just what ought to be done. I am sure that there is any amount of work that can be done at this time, that ought to be done, but the trouble is in the peculiar phase of the situation as I understand it.

In the past I have occupied much of my time in sending out various articles, much of which were copies of correspondence. But I seem to feel that it may be counter to the wishes of the Royal Commission for me to exert myself in that direction, or, indeed, in any direction tending toward publicity.

There have been calls for "literature", and it seemed to me that there should have been at least some pamphlet to supply that demand, but the question is — under what auspices should that be published? If I were to understand that it should be done by me, I would have had the same published. I could probably have been in the position to have done some service in foreign countries, but it may be that the Commission may be opposed to any effort in this direction. . . .

I realize fully that just so long as there is the Royal Commission it becomes my duty to do nothing contrary to the spirit of their intent, but just so long as I am unable to determine what that spirit conveys, I am, of course, at a loss to know what is best to be done.

All this so perplexed me that about a week ago I wrote to California asking for information as to renting of a house so that I could go there pending the call. But I would not care to go there pending that time if I could devote my time here to the Institute for some purpose, and would know just what I should do and what I should not do.

Inquiries of the Royal Commission elicited only expressions of polite approval; direct requests would be answered in the affirmative, but vice versa, action would be so long delayed as to negative the intent.

Driven by the Call to Service, which grew ever more urgent within him, Lubin forged ahead with the work; he soon found himself corresponding with a very large number of governments.

Replies came in from all over the world, from France to China, from Peru to Denmark; rarely indeed can a private man have conducted such a correspondence.

To the Russian Ambassador at Vienna, Prince Leo Ourousoff, he wrote:

. . . As you have been informed, the Institute opens its sessions on the 23rd May, and I trust that Russia will, in addition to its Delegates, be represented by an efficient Board of expert and practical advisers; for it is at that session that the plan for the working of the Institute will be devised, and that, of course, is a very important step. When you come to consider that at the present moment Russia, as well as the remainder of the producing nations, have substantially no voice in the distribution of their products, so far as the staples of agriculture are concerned, but that under the Institute this static condition will be changed into a mobile and dynamic one, then you can, as a Statesman, see that it is in the best interests of Russia that her Statesmen, worthy of that name, should not wait until some lucky

chance mould the Institute properly and set it upon its feet, but that the best gifted men in all Russia should be sent to Rome for the first meeting, and by their presence, ability, and wisdom help shape it so that it become a living instrument toward permanent economic betterment.

Thus his energy and zeal supplemented the apathy of officialdom, but just when these efforts were arousing widespread interest likely to materialize in constructive preliminary action, Lubin was to learn that one can be too zealous, too successful; that this very zeal and success will so irk the incompetent, the cynical, the self-satisfied, the indolent, as to arouse their hostility: dwarfs forever undermining the work of giants, as Victor Hugo phrases it.

Lubin came to Rome in the latter half of March, 1908. The Institute was to open its doors on the twenty-third of May. He hoped to utilize the intervening weeks in working out with the Royal Commission and with the delegates of adhering governments a tentative preliminary program to be placed before the Permanent Committee for action. He called on the President of the Royal Commission, Count Faina, and at the American Embassy, and found apparent approval of and consent to his action. For one week all doors seemed to be opening before him. He visited the several Embassies and was given a most attentive hearing.

One of the places he went to, with me as interpreter, was the Chinese Embassy, where we were solemnly received by the old Ambassador, his young son, and a Secretary who stood respectfully by, dressed in his black silk robes (in those days costume and pigtail still made the Chinese picturesque exceptions to the uniformity of modern costume), tablets in hand, noting down the conversation. Mr. Lubin, with the help of rough diagrams, speaking slowly and loudly, set to work to explain the purposes of the Institute, giving, as he would phrase it, a "kindergarten lesson in economics", setting forth the mysteries of price-formation and price-manipulation of the staples to these representatives of the Far East. He showed that China, even though neither

a large exporter nor importer of the staples, came nevertheless within the sphere of influence of the world's price, for prices, like water, find their own level and the home price is affected by the world price, however much a country may hedge itself in with tariff restrictions or special legislation.

The Turkish Embassy was another visited, and there again a simple and direct statement of the issues involved in the little understood initiative of the King of Italy aroused a prompt and sympathetic response.

Nor was his action less effective with the representatives of the Great Powers. The Austrian Ambassador wrote:

Austro-Hungarian Embassy,
Palazzo Chigi, Rome, 20th March, 1908.

Dear Mr. Lubin:

I wish to thank you most particularly for the most interesting information which you were kind enough to give me, both verbally and in writing. Your definition of the Agricultural Institute as the Clearing House of the world for all agricultural produce brings the matter home even to the mind least acquainted with the technical side of the question. I have already written to my Government on the subject of moving up into the first class. I hope they will not fail to see it. . . .

Believe me, very sincerely,

H. Lutzow.

Great Britain and France were sending out special representatives to attend the preliminary meetings Lubin had arranged, which were already attended by the representatives of Germany, Spain, Switzerland, Denmark, Rumania, China. Once more, as in those early days before the issue of the King's proclamation, it looked as if the deep importance of the work in its broader aspects, as a step toward international organization, were about to get effective recognition from the governments of the world.

We were driving back from a long conference Lubin had had with the Russian *chargé d'affaires*, and all looked as if it would now be fair sailing. Lubin was for once feeling

really happy. "It seems too good to be true," he said to me. On reaching the Bristol Hotel a letter was handed him from the United States Embassy; he opened it and he read as follows:

Dear Sir:

I have to inform you that on the afternoon of Saturday last, the 21st inst., I received the following cable from the Secretary of State at Washington: "The President has appointed you member permanent Committee Agricultural Institute in the place of David Lubin. Inform Italian Government and Mr. Lubin, if you can ascertain his whereabouts. Root."

I am, dear Sir, your obedient Servant,
Lloyd C. Griscom.

It was a staggering blow, for not only was the form of the dismissal humiliating, the reason unexplained, but it undid at one stroke the work of months, casting discredit not only on the man but on the cause he stood for.

But Lubin had not been a frontiersman for nothing; he could put up a fight with the best. Nor had he for years championed the cause of the American farmers to be forgotten and cast aside; nor was he one of the most respected personalities in the business world of California for such a slight to be put upon him without arousing indignation and resentment. The California Senators and Congressional delegation took the matter up; the press gave more attention to this dismissal than they had to the Institute. Nor was Lubin without powerful friends in Rome of whom Luzzatti was the most prominent. The King let it be known how deeply he regretted the action of the State Department; Mr. Griscom himself and Mr. Henry White, the Ambassador in Paris, voiced the feelings of many prominent Americans in Europe in disapproving of the action and more especially of the mode of notification. In America the farmers and the press began to talk freely of "special interests", and the pull they had in high quarters, for it was known that Lubin's

fight was a fight against the trust and the manipulator. Within a month he was reinstated, his position in a sense securer than it had ever been, in spite of the rather slurring official reference to "indiscretion arising from an amiable enthusiasm for the object in which you are so much engaged." "Amiable enthusiasm" was indeed a euphemism for the fierce zeal of David Lubin in the service of righteousness.

But, for all that, unintelligent officialism and petty jealousy on both sides of the ocean had inflicted a real injury to the cause. They had succeeded in putting a stop to all effort to make the purposes of the Institute clear to those who were shortly to meet to bring it into effect, and when at last it was solemnly inaugurated on May 23, 1908, in the presence of the King and Queen of Italy and the whole diplomatic corps, official eloquence barely concealed the lack of a real grasp of the purpose aimed at.

David Lubin again set patiently to work to "take a hole and put iron round it."

The lesson taught by his dismissal was not wasted on him. In his own words he took the environment as a *status quo* to be won over, partly by accommodation and partly by effort. He realized that the originator of an idea is always looked at askance by its official commentators, or interpreters; that his presence among them is, consciously or subconsciously, resented. He did not quarrel with the situation, but accepted it as inevitable. He often felt tempted to retire, to enjoy the pleasures of family life to which he was keenly sensitive, but he realized that his work was necessary to the cause, that withdrawal would have been desertion; and he remained at his post, working early and late with untiring energy.

Two names were frequently on his lips in those months, those of United States Senator Bailey, and of Sir Edward Buck, the delegate for British India. He used to tell me that Senator Bailey had wielded more influence in the Senate than almost any other single member, yet he seldom spoke,

generally sitting with half-closed eyes, seemingly dozing and taking little part in the proceedings. His power consisted in unobtrusively winning others over to his views in such wise that they came honestly to believe that those views originated with themselves and would give expression to them as such, when the Senator would look up to indorse them and express approval. He would thus win his point without apparent advocacy.

Rather to the surprise of his colleagues, who had feared undue loquaciousness, Lubin seldom spoke in the committee meetings and then but briefly. But however much he might wish to keep his personality in the background, it was too forceful, too original not to emerge. If he were slow and hesitating with the pen, he was a born orator; a powerful voice and impressive delivery seconded the gift of ready, quaint and striking image relieved by homely wit, and his innate religious fervor imparted solemnity and nobility to his utterances. They could not but command attention.

For Sir Edward Buck, who had held high administrative office in British India, Lubin had a deep, almost affectionate regard. In manner Sir Edward was the very antithesis of the Californian; a gentle-mannered, wary official, well versed in diplomatic caution. Lubin relied greatly on his judgment, and whenever he had a chance he would show Sir Edward his reports and writings and ask for criticism. And Sir Edward would alter assertion into suggestion, and would tone down superlatives, substituting "I am rather inclined to believe", or "it seems not improbable", for Lubin's bold affirmatives. "We must Buckicise this" became a familiar expression with him. But in spite of all good intentions the "old Adam" would flare up occasionally, as in the following letter (May, 1909) to his staunch friend, Congressman Kahn:—

. . . The surprising thing is the dense ignorance of the average Congressman on the subject of the factor which largely determines the price of the staples of agriculture,

of which the United States alone produce about eight billion dollars annually (see Secretary Wilson's Report in the "Year Book").

Is there a question greater than that? Is the question of our Army, of our Navy, of greater importance? And yet read the enclosure, and note from the Congressional Record of February 20th the debate in the House, and the action taken by the House as a result of that debate, and you cannot fail to come to the conclusion, either that the Senate of the United States deliberately ratified a Treaty for carrying on "nonsensical work", or that there must be a large number of "nonsensical" members in the House of Representatives, all lying about loose.

Is it essential that the members of the House, before being in a position to act sensibly on so vital a question be first educated by the delegate in Rome of this Institute? Is it not natural to suppose that the members of the House understand this question as it should be understood? What are the members for if they do not understand a question as important as this, a question of such vital interest to every man, woman, and child of the United States?

Can you point to a vantage-ground more susceptible to manipulation, to trust formations, to dislocation of values, to the disturbance of commercial and industrial interests, than the furnishing of the summary of the world's supply of the staples of agriculture as it is now furnished? Is this a small matter? Is it "nonsensical"?

Well, let us be thankful at least that the Senate of the United States is better informed. It was the Senate that ratified the Treaty adhering to the Institute; it was the Senate that voted the necessary appropriation for lawfully carrying out that Treaty; but it was the House (see *Congressional Record*, Feb. 20th) that called this appropriation a "private snap", a "fake."

Now, what does the House mean? Does it mean that the Delegate of the United States at this Institute intended unlawfully and cunningly to absorb Government money from the funds of the United States for his own personal use? These Solons could have easily learned that while I was permitted to draw during the past two years \$3,500 a year

salary (and the position is worth that, and double that, and treble that, and other nations are paying their delegates, and the delegates are accepting the salary) that I accepted but one hundred dollars salary for the past two years, eighty dollars of which were paid by Mr. Morrison, clerk of the State Department, for the Portraits of Washington and Lincoln, now in the American Room in the Institute, and the twenty dollars remaining of the one hundred dollars are still in the Treasury of the United States, or in the safe of the clerk of the State Department, subject to my order.

But supposing I had accepted a salary for my service as a delegate of the United States at this Institute? Would that have been wrong? Would it have been any more blameworthy than for the members of the House to accept a salary?

But is this a question of salary at all? Is it not a question that transcends in importance, in practical importance, every other question before the people of the United States? The defence of the Flag is a vital question; it is the defence of Liberty. But, after all, the Flag is but a symbol of ideal Liberty. Take a dollar and cunningly and unjustly abstract from its value twenty-five cents, and you have thereby diminished the purchasing power of that dollar by one quarter of its value; you have practically deprived its owner of the liberty to procure what ought to have been his. You have deprived him of liberty. If it is essential to maintain the symbol, the Flag, in its integrity, is it not equally essential to maintain the evidence of practical liberty, the purchasing power of the dollar, in its integrity? And yet the world's supply, the summary of the supply of the staples of agriculture determines the purchasing power and the selling power of every dollar's worth of those staples in the United States as well as in the world.

And how is the summary, the necessary world's summary of the staples of Agriculture arrived at to-day? Is it not almost altogether furnished by private self-interested parties? Please answer!

If it is not arrived at in that way, if all the nations of the world have the method which prevails in the United States for obtaining an authoritative summary, and if the various

national summaries are united into one authoritative world's summary, then, of course, there is no use for the International Institute of Agriculture. Then it would be "nonsensical."

But the Senate of the United States has decided otherwise. In ratifying the Treaty for the Institute, it has decided that it is essential to have a disinterested and authoritative world's summary of the staples, and how else can that be done other than by a world's Department of Agriculture, the International Institute of Agriculture?

And what the Senate of the United States so clearly saw was likewise seen by the governments of the forty-eight adhering nations which ratified this same Treaty. So, then, it is a question between the debaters in the House on this measure on the one hand, and the Senate of the United States and the Governments of all the other nations that have adhered to the Institute on the other.

I think I am right in believing that had you been in the House while this discussion was up, you would have taken the floor and shed some light on this question. However, the opportunity may be again afforded at some future time.

If this letter is forcible, it is certainly not egotistic; there is an absence of "I" in treating a case in which he had been personally and most unjustly attacked which is a refreshing and characteristic feature of all Lubin's correspondence.

The great "I am" never obsessed him. He had far too exalted a conception of the work he was engaged on; the motive which actuated him was too lofty, too abstract, for petty vanity to intrude. Crop reporting and the world summary of the staples might be the burden of his cry, but the "Kingdom on earth" was the goal.

This is clearly expressed in a letter written to Doctor Stephen Bernat, Secretary of the Hungarian Agrarian League, who asked him for an account of his life work. As usual with such statements from Lubin, his individuality becomes merged in the theme, and after giving a brief outline of his work in the field of agricultural economics, he concludes:

The nations will presently begin to understand that the theory of Macchiavelli is not nearly as profitable as the teachings of the prophets of old; they are beginning to understand that "righteousness exalteth a nation"; and that pure egotism, whether of an individual or of a nation, works toward ultimate ruin. They will begin to learn that disaster for one country means disaster for other countries; that prosperity for one means prosperity for many. It has taken the world centuries to learn this; it may take centuries more to learn it; but it is learning, and presently it will know.

The building of this Institute may go into decay but the lesson which it tries to teach will live. And so the work in this field in which you and I and other pioneers have given of our time and energy will not be lost. It is now in the world and it is here to stay; and you and I and the workers for the idea for which the Institute stands may feel satisfied that we have not worked in vain.

CHAPTER XV

RUSSIA — THE BALKANS — PEACE

WHEN David Lubin returned to Rome in October, 1908, from a visit to Washington, accompanied by the United States' delegates to the first General Assembly of the Institute, he could fairly claim that he had won a fiercely contested victory. The "first international parliament", as William T. Stead had called it in the *Review of Reviews*, was safely launched on its course. Many were the rocks and shoals ahead, but it was no longer necessary to speak of the Institute in the future tense. Forty-six nations had ratified the Treaty, the Governments had voted the requisite funds, the munificence of the King of Italy had provided handsome headquarters. The United States had been won over to the idea, and henceforth the Department of Agriculture was to coöperate closely and cordially with the International Institute of Agriculture.

Lubin watched over the infancy of this creature of his brain with all the solicitude of a parent who already sees in the feeble babe the stalwart man. Many were the problems which arose in those early days.

The great war has created such a break between the present and the past of ten or fifteen years ago, and we have all heard so much during the last three or four years of international action, Leagues of Nations, international bureaus for this and that, it is difficult to realize that so recently as 1908 permanent international coöperation in any field but that of abstract science was almost without precedent, and that the Committee in outlining the organization and program to be carried out by its international staff, was treading on untried ground.

Under such circumstances, the tendency is always to follow the line of least resistance, which, in this case, meant the static and the academic. But David Lubin was ever on the watch to steer the ship clear of the shoals of innocuous desuetude. He worked quietly but persistently to get the organization of the crop-reporting section intrusted to an American from the Department of Agriculture, so that it might profit by the traditions of the one statistical bureau then giving out reports of commercial value. After a hard-fought fight the appointment was secured for Doctor C. C. Clark, then Assistant Chief of the Crop-Reporting Bureau at Washington.

In the spring of 1909 the Patten corner in wheat had convulsed the Chicago exchange and involved in its violent vibrations the wheat markets of the world. The Institute, still in the organizing stage, had not yet begun its world service, but Lubin felt that it should, without further delay, seek and publish information on world crop-conditions. The bureaucratic element in the Institute, with its dread of action, urged prudence. "Let us study; let us appoint commissions," was its advice. "While you are studying, the Governments will get tired of paying, and the Institute will die of inanition," was Lubin's cry of alarm.

His proposal was the subject of eager debate in the Permanent Committee. One of the most powerful manipulators on the European wheat market, Mr. Louis Dreyfus, thought it worth while to run down to Rome and see what the talk of an international crop-reporting bureau amounted to. When consulted, he was eloquent in advocating prudence. "Remember, the eyes of the world are on the Institute, and you must do nothing, give out no statements, no information, until you can be sure that it is absolutely reliable," was the burden of a conversation he had with Lubin. He talked of ten years' study as a necessary preliminary to the work.

"Yes, we must remember that the eyes of the world are upon us, and it is for that very reason that we should begin the work without any delay; if we sit with folded arms, the

‘eyes of the world’ will see in us consumers of funds and nothing more,” was Lubin’s answer. Mr. Dreyfus quoted Russia as an instance of the impossibility of securing the kind of information required :

“The Russian individually is a clever man, but as a nation they are terribly backward. There is practically no organization in that country. Why, the Government does not even know what the population is, whether it be one hundred and forty or one hundred and eighty millions. The only branch of their agricultural service which is well-organized is the statistics on exports. They could supply you with those figures, all right, but as for the condition of growing crops — well, you might try, but it is very doubtful what you would get. Go to St. Petersburg, and you will see how matters stand there. It is Oriental.”

At the close of this conversation Lubin returned to the American room in the Institute and wrote the following letter to Mr. A. Yermoloff, a former minister of Agriculture, who had attended the General Assembly as Delegate of Russia :

) Rome, May 28th, 1909.

Excellency :

The delegate of France, Mr. Louis Dop, intimated to me some little time ago that an important visitor from France would be calling at the Institute with whom he would like me to have some conversation. This morning this gentleman came. He is the Hon. Louis Dreyfus, member of the French Chamber of Deputies, one of the principal grain merchants of Europe, and in the course of our talk the position of Russia in relation to the Institute was taken up, and I deem the matter worthy of being brought to your attention. Enclosure Number 1 is a report of this morning’s conversation. . . .

Were I under the impression that the economic condition of your country is a matter of indifference to you, you can rest assured that I would not trench upon your time or waste my energies in addressing you. I am under the impression that you are a serious man, and in a position to reach others

in your country equally serious for the consideration of the question before us. It is true we have an Institute, that each nation has its permanent delegate, and what more do we want? A great deal more, as you will presently see.

If the Institute is to make Russia an important factor in determining the world's price of the staples of agriculture, then Russia will have to do more than the perfunctory work of leaving a Permanent Committee man here and putting the results on his shoulders. Little effort accomplishes little, and this is a big work; and Russia cannot accomplish what she should accomplish by present methods. And what applies to Russia applies to other countries as well. Russia should take off her coat and roll up her sleeves, and see that the Institute performs the work for which it was organized.

More than that; Russia has the reputation of being the rarest diplomat among the nations of the world. And it is a comparatively easy thing, if Russia is in earnest about this work, for her to shape matters through her diplomatic channels so as to ensure effective development. The very report of this morning's conversation which I enclose, shows, in the words of one of the biggest operators of the grain markets of the world, how defenceless Russia is at the present moment, and what a field she offers for the work of the manipulator.

Some of your Statesmen would be inclined to answer the question "What is Russia's greatest need?" by the reply "Her Army and Navy." But is there not a probability that it would be more correct to say: "to become a world factor in determining the price of the staples of agriculture?" Now, surely the Army and Navy are not left in the hands of one man like the Permanent Committee man.

Please let me hear from you, when I will have something else to say on this matter.

With high esteem, I remain,

Yours very truly,

David Lubin.

From the very start, the importance of Russia as a factor in any movement which had for its purpose the steadying

of the price of agricultural staples was keenly appreciated by Lubin, appreciated not only as an economic fact, but also in connection with the inner motive, the actuating power which moved him. The desire to return "for every blow a benefit, for every curse a blessing", made him work with special zeal in an effort to free the Russian producer, the moujik, from exploitation by the cosmopolitan price-manipulator. He spared no efforts to bring the matter to the attention of their statesmen, as the following note he made shows:

"At the time of the initial advocacy of the Institute, it made but feeble headway with Russians. They seemed to be as impenetrable to the significance of this work as the hide of a rhinoceros. The first progressive step was the result of an afternoon's chat in Rome with two Russian ladies, the Princess Bariatinsky and the Princess Narischkin, who seemed more than usually intelligent for women on matters of political economy. At the conclusion of our conversation both ladies were so favorably impressed with the idea embodied in the Institute that they promised to send a courier to Russia to arrange for a representative Russian to meet me. This meeting was held in Paris a few months later, when I met the late Nicholas Mourawieff, afterwards Ambassador in Rome."

As a result of much effort Russia joined the Institute, appointed a delegate to the Permanent Committee, was duly represented by a strong delegation at the General Assemblies, but still failed to supply reports other than purely static figures published long after her crops had been marketed. At the General Assembly in May, 1911, strong representations were made to convince Russia that if the work was to be dynamic she must, in compliance with her treaty obligations, send in her figures in due time. A world summary of the supply could have no serious value if it failed to give the data for Russia. But all representations to this effect fell on deaf ears. The Russian delegates smiled and wisely remarked that Russia was a very big country and that the

requisite organization would entail heavy expense, neither of which items of information were exactly news. Lubin packed up his valise and left for Petersburg.

His intention was to place the matter before the Imperial Chancellor, Stolypin; but Stolypin was cruising in the North Sea and could not be reached. Inquiry showed that the next best man was his substitute, Kokovtsof, Minister of Finance. Lubin wrote asking for an audience, and requesting that it might be in some place where they could confer without interruption. He received an invitation to call on the Minister at his home in Eleguina Island in the Gulf of Finland.

The American Ambassador, Mr. Curtis Guild, was just leaving his post at Petersburg, and so could not act. Lubin, anxious for official support, turned to the Italian Ambassador, for whom he had letters. Count Melegari willingly agreed to Lubin's request, and suggested that as he was better acquainted with the modes of approach in Russia, it might be as well if the case were stated by him. This was agreed to, and on June 22, at 6 P.M., the conference took place.

Kokovtsof listened politely to the statement of the Italian Ambassador, and after about a quarter of an hour glanced at the clock as though to signify that all had been said. Lubin could see that the opportunity so anxiously sought was slipping through his fingers. He had not gone all that way to be "skunked", as he phrased it. He broke through diplomatic reserve, and addressing the Minister said:

"Our friend the Italian Ambassador advised me, when we came here, to be very diplomatic; I have been so diplomatic that I have said nothing, and I think that you have understood nothing. Now, I am not accustomed to diplomacy, but if you will allow me to speak plainly I think I can make this matter quite clear to you. You must however promise that no offence will be taken where none is meant."

The Ambassador and Kokovtsof glanced at each other and smiled and the Russian gave Lubin the required assurance.

They were seated round a table and Lubin, after a moment's pause, said :

"I see a group of men seated round this table, playing a game of chess. They are deeply absorbed in the game; and one will scrutinize the board and make a move, and then another will pause in thought before moving his piece. So intent are they on the game that they appear oblivious to all else. But every now and then it seems as though some one under the table were making a feeble effort to claim their attention, pulling them by the leg; and the players give an impatient kick under the table, and sometimes they spit under the table, and then go on with their game. Now," said Lubin, raising a corner of the tablecloth, "I am going to see who is under the table," and he peered underneath. "I see your Czar under the table," he exclaimed dramatically. "He's getting all the kicks and the spits; and the men seated round the table playing the game, they are the price-manipulators, the manipulators of Chicago, and Liverpool, and Antwerp; and the pawn on the board, that's Russia, that's your product, — the economic strength of your country. You think yourselves very great and very powerful, with your army, and your navy, and your Czar, and Siberia, and all the rest; and you don't know that you're just a pawn in the hind pants' pocket of the speculator. Now what I want to do is to take your Czar out from under the table, give him a seat at the table, and let him share in playing the game. Let Russia play her part in the Institute, and let it be Russia, and not private crop-reporting agencies, who gives out to the world the figures for Russia's crops."

"Oh, that's what you want, is it?" exclaimed Kokovtsov, whose attention had been riveted by the unusual mode of presentation. "That's quite interesting."

"Yes; that's it," said Lubin; "and I came here to ask you to see that Russia plays the game squarely. You think you are very clever when you boost up your bonds in Paris or London by giving out figures for a big crop; but you don't realize that by so doing you are ruining your own producers,

depressing the price for the Russian farmer, and incidentally depressing it for the American farmer and for the farmers all over." And he went on to show that the claim made that Russia was too poorly organized to supply information on her crop conditions and supply was untenable.

"You are Minister of Finance," he said, addressing Kokovtsof. "Now, I have never been a minister, but I have been at the head of a business house, and I know that I could not conduct my store for one week if I couldn't ascertain at any moment the state of the business. And how could you maintain your budget or draw up your estimates if you didn't know the state of the crops which are the wealth of Russia? It would be an impossibility. Why, such a fact is known to a certain extent even in so feebly organized a country as Morocco."

He left with a promise that Kokovtsof would take the matter up in the Council of the Empire. And sure enough, a month or two later an *ukase* was issued, reforming the agricultural statistical services in Russia, and from September of that year, until the revolutionary collapse, the figures for the Russian supply appeared regularly in the Institute's reports.

We have heard much talk of late years of the need of applying business methods to government; David Lubin's work affords a notable instance of what can be achieved by applying the simple and direct methods of the intelligent business man to international affairs. He used often to say that altogether too much mystery and respect surrounds governments. His experience was that when you get through all the pomp and circumstance you find just ordinary men, who frequently have but a very vague notion of the matters over which they are supposed to preside. To presume that they know all about them and to talk as if they did is to court failure. Lubin would preface his remarks by "of course, you know better than I", but for all that he would never be so careful to give a clear and complete — though concise — statement of the case as when he was talking to men in high position.

While such direct, dynamic action won victory it also frequently aroused opposition. Lubin spent the summer of 1909 in Germany with his family and from there conducted a lively campaign to secure a United States delegation to the second General Assembly which was to convene in November of that year. Congress had failed to make the requisite appropriation, and Lubin was informed by the State Department that there could be no delegation unless, indeed, people could be found willing to go to Rome at their own expense. Officialdom evidently thought that the last word had been said in the matter. But Lubin did not understand it that way. He took this information as equivalent to authorization to seek for such persons. He requisitioned the aid of his wife and daughters in the actual task of penmanship and addressed a personal letter to every Governor, to every Mayor, to every club of any importance in the United States, requesting that they should forward to the State Department the names of suitable persons willing to serve as delegates. The result was an indignant letter from the State Department stating that "this Department has been simply flooded with letters" from representative men offering themselves for appointment. The over-zealous delegate was curtly warned not to take upon himself the "duties of Secretary of State." Anyhow, Lubin won his point; to avoid invidious discrimination among the many volunteers, the Department decided to send its own men, and the United States was represented at the General Assembly.

Lubin felt that the Balkan States could afford evidence of the value of his contention that even primitive countries could supply information on their crop conditions if the reason of the inquiry were made plain to them and the questions submitted in simple form. Moreover, he would test out his contention with the Secretary General of the Institute, Commendatore Koch, who considered that when an inquiry had been duly sent out all that was needed had been done. Inquiries on crop conditions had been sent to Serbia, Bulgaria and Rumania; no replies had been received; and there the

matter ended so far as Commendatore Koch was concerned; whereas Lubin, applying to this case the same policy he would have followed in hunting up a customer who owed a large bill for goods delivered, was a strong advocate of a policy of "follow-ups." The dignified Foreign Office officials who at that time were at the helm, were always reminding Lubin that the Institute was not a "business house": Lubin, who looked for results and cared little or nothing for etiquette, thought he would take this opportunity to test the soundness of their relative positions. The Balkan countries were all in arrears with their dues; and here also Lubin believed that the right means had not been used to achieve the end in view, that more was needed than a mere official notice to pay. Demonstrate to those governments that it was in their interest to pay, and the money would be forthcoming, was his claim.

Accompanied on his mission by the delegate of the Argentine Republic, Mr. Julio Llanos, by myself as interpreter, and with his daughter Eva to make up a quartette, this unusual diplomatic mission left Rome for Belgrade as its first goal.

In those days the capital of Serbia was a small, straggling town with much of the overgrown village about it, but it boasted a handsome, modern hotel, the Mosca, where we put up. Lubin drove up and down its rough-paved streets in ramshackle cabs which were regular bone-shakers, and between his official calls on Ministers enjoyed sampling Serbian cookery, which was much to his taste, in the local restaurants; watching the picturesquely dressed crowds; and listening to the remarkable playing of gypsy fiddlers who are a feature of those parts. He also took in the sights, among which was the citadel commanding a view of the neighboring Hungarian Zemlin. I remember the Serbian officer, who accompanied us, shaking his fist at it and declaring that all Serbia — men, women, and boys — would have risen that summer as one man to fight the hated Austrians had they not been betrayed by the Russians. (It was

the year of the arbitrary annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, when Franz Joseph started the fatal fashion of treating solemn treaties as scraps of paper.) We were also shown as the most notable historical sights the town could boast the spot where the Turks used to impale their prisoners, and the paving stone, outside the cathedral, under which lie the remains of the murdered King Alexander and his Queen Draga.

But Lubin had come to demonstrate that the age of the kid-glove diplomat was making way for that of the economist, and his time was busily occupied in a round of official conferences. Presenting themselves in their official capacity as delegates of the United States and the Argentine Republic, Lubin and his colleague readily gained access to the President of the Council. Lubin took up the question of arrears, showed that by the payment of a small sum Serbia placed herself on a footing of equality in the matter of securing world information on the supply of the staples with countries such as the United States which spend millions of dollars annually on organizing crop-reporting systems, and obtained a promise, duly kept, that the money would be paid up. With the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Yacha Predanovitch, Lubin drove his lesson home, illustrating his meaning by the example of a "surprise party." Each guest is supposed to bring a contribution. One comes with the chickens, another brings the pie, others the bread, the whiskey, the fiddle, and so forth. "But," he said, "it sometimes happens that some one says to himself, 'Who'll notice whether *I* bring a contribution or not? I'll sneak in and get my share of the good things and no one will be any the wiser.' Well, this is what Serbia is doing in the Institute. You're there, all right, to get any advantage you can out of the reports, but where is your contribution? Where are Serbia's replies to the Institute's inquiries?"

This plain speaking produced the desired effect; there was a considerable flutter in the Ministerial dovecotes, but inquiries showed that the Institute's communications had gone astray. Here was evidence of the need of Lubin's follow-up plan.

Bulgaria and Rumania were visited with similar results, and Lubin was able to report to the President of the Institute that delegates would be sent to the General Assembly, that the contributions would be promptly paid, and that the Balkan States would have effective representation on the Permanent Committee.

As to this last matter, I remember the consternation — the word is none too strong — Lubin produced when he drew the attention of the Rumanian Ministers to the fact that the representation of their country had been intrusted to the delegate of Abyssinia! They doubtless pictured a swarthy Ethiopian representing the France of the Balkans in an international assembly. As a matter of fact, the Abyssinian delegate was a learned Italian phytopathologist, but Lubin left them to find that out for themselves. The matter was immediately remedied, and on our return to Rome we found a Rumanian on the Permanent Committee.

Bukarest in those days was indeed a gay city. Unlike the other Balkan States, where all seemed poor and none poverty-stricken, Rumania was a land of great contrasts of wealth and destitution. In the good restaurants nobody seemed to drink anything less costly than champagne; the women were as elegantly dressed as in Paris, the music played by gypsy orchestras was as good as it was characteristic. The Government Departments were marble palaces on a scale of magnificence which seemed quite beyond what the wealth and importance of the country justified. In Serbia and Bulgaria you had the sensation of a democracy, — primitive, but genuine. I remember Lubin being much impressed by seeing that a large percentage of the members of the Skupshtina wore peasant costume and were the genuine "horny-handed" sons of toil. In Rumania you felt the vicinity of Russia; wealth and luxury superimposed on ignorance, and ruthless exploitation of the many by the few.

While in Bukarest a conference was arranged between Lubin and Take Ionescu, then out of office, but no less a power in the land for that. To this man, in whom Lubin

recognized at sight a statesman with whom it was not necessary to confine himself to the "pork and cabbage" aspects of the case, he spoke with all the fervor of a prophet, producing a profound and lasting impression. He also had an audience with the Queen, Carmen Sylva.

Lubin gave up the idea of going to St. Petersburg, but before leaving the Balkans he ran down to Constantinople, managed through the good offices of the Italian Ambassador, Marchese Imperiali, to get an audience with the Grand Vizier, and secured from His Highness, Hilmi Pasha, ratification of the Treaty, a permanent delegate, and payment of Turkey's dues as a first-class power. Such an impression did Lubin make on the Grand Vizier that on reaching Rome he was informed by the President of the Institute that the Turkish Government had remitted the two years' contribution for which it was in arrears, by telegraphic draft!

Of this reception by the Grand Vizier Lubin, on his return to Rome, wrote to the Marchese Imperiali (December 1, 1909):

You will not have failed to notice the significance, from a diplomatic point of view, of the favorable reception accorded to the presentation you made . . . there was a genuine ring of sincerity when the Grand Vizier arose towards the close of your presentation and, grasping both your hands, poured forth his heartfelt thanks. As an onlooker and an observer, I could not fail to note the significance of this result of your effort, due to the fact that it was an effort prompted entirely by disinterested motives. I remember drawing your attention to this, pointing out that no more powerful instrument for *cordial entente* between the nations exists than that which can be exercised by the diplomats of Italy everywhere, who in promoting the interests of the Institute disinterestedly promote the best interests of the countries to which they are accredited.

But while Lubin's every faculty was concentrated on the effort of convincing all whom he approached of the vital importance of a world summary of the staple crops "ex-

pressed as a single numerical statement", the fiery energy, the enthusiasm, which he brought to his task are accounted for by the fact that he never forgot that this prosaic work was a link in a chain, a step toward insuring world conditions favorable to a lasting peace, peace which would allow of the gradual evolution of that ultimate Commonwealth of Nations which he believed it was the mission of Israel to bring about. This faith that was in him was the saving grace which preserved him from becoming a bore, just as his business training turned his energies toward concrete action and saved him from becoming an idle dreamer. A whole vast plan of world organization was maturing in his mind; the provincialism of Sacramento, the particularism of America, were left far behind: he thought internationally. Into this, the real inner man, we get a glimpse in the following letter to the Queen of Rumania:

Rome, 14th November, 1909.

To Her Majesty

The Queen of Roumania.

Your Majesty:

You were good enough to express the wish that I should forward to Your Majesty some further literature on the subject of the International Institute of Agriculture. In compliance I have the honor to enclose herewith some documents, mainly correspondence, bearing on the subject. I also enclose a copy of the report of the journey that Señor Llanos and myself have just taken in the interests of the Institute.

What particularly impressed itself upon my mind was the interest Your Majesty took in the Institute in its aspect as promotor of Peace, Peace among the Nations. It was this phase of the question which mainly prompted His Majesty, the King of Italy, to take the initiative in the movement.

At the first glance it may seem that Disarmament is the road to Peace, but it is evident that Disarmament is one thing and Equity in Exchange is another. So long as disarmament would not remove the inequities in exchange which now exist, then so long would disarmament bring no Peace; it would, on the contrary, bring War.

Perhaps the most far-seeing political economists that the

world has ever produced were the prophets that speak to us through the Scriptures. They spoke to us of "swords being beaten into plowshares, spears into pruning hooks, when nation shall not lift up arm against nation, when wars shall be no more." But when? When "Knowledge shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." And toward this end it is absolutely necessary that there shall be an authoritative summary of the world's agricultural supply, and that this supply be known to all the world, and this is what the Institute stands for, and it therefore stands for the World's Peace. Whatever jealousies, diverse usages, or selfish interests there be that may tend to divide the nations, we have at last in this Institution a unifying factor upon which all can agree, all must agree. The reward of agreement is increased national life; the penalty for disagreement must ultimately be national decay; the decay hastened in proportion to the rapid growth of manipulation, which rapid growth is only too plainly evident in our day. And what is its keystone? What but the private knowledge of the world's supply of the staples of agriculture?

But it is not sufficient that the work has been begun. Your Majesty may remember the fears that I expressed; fears which have facts for foundation. These fears are that the powers of evil are at work, silently and oftentimes potently, to destroy the edifice which it is attempted to rear. This power is as crafty as Satan himself and almost as powerful. The pioneers of the Institute stretch forth their hands appealingly for help; help that will dispel the destroyers, help that shall aid us with the one hand to build and with the other to wield the sword. Upon the coins of England we see the effigy of St. George slaying the Dragon. Here in Rome is Guido Reni's Michael overcoming the Devil. Almost all the heroic nations have some such representation, the representation of Right overcoming Evil, and in the matter we are now discussing we have a vivid materialization of what was mainly meant by the Prophets of old in their cry "Righteousness."

I have the honor to remain,

Your Majesty's most humble servant,
David Lubin.

His views on this aspect of the work were further developed in a paper he wrote in 1911 for the International Races Congress, from which I quote the following: —

But a most important function of the Institute has yet to be stated, the International Institute of Agriculture is destined to become the World's Temple of Peace. . . .

There are any amount of fine speeches delivered on Peace and ever so many excellent articles on disarmament, but the real road towards peace between the nations is through an international parliament, a parliament on the lines of the International Institute of Agriculture, on lines of economic betterment.

Speeches are made, papers are written showing how increased armaments all work toward increased armaments (a vicious circle indeed); thus we arrive at the *reductio ad absurdum* of armaments. But we too often overlook the fact that there is also a *reductio ad absurdum* of disarmament. Shall the United States and England form a coalition stipulating for the disarmament of both? There are, no doubt, half a dozen other Great Powers that would be pleased with such an arrangement. But what guarantee would there be that under such limited disarmament they would not both presently be overwhelmed and swallowed up by inferior civilizations?

There is but one practical avenue toward ultimate and lasting peace, peace among the nations, and that avenue is through a permanent International Parliament, a parliament for economic betterment. . . .

That the time is close at hand when the permanent, continuous existence of such an economic parliament will be an imperative necessity is evidenced by the following: First, the increase of population; second, the spread of general intelligence; third, the general demand for a higher standard of living; fourth, the increase in the power of corporate bodies; fifth, the decrease in the economic avenues open to individual initiative; sixth, the decrease of time in transmission and transit; seventh, the gain through coöperative systems, and the need of applying these systems on international lines. . . .

The sages and prophets of our day find their task easier than of yore, for the time has come at last when it is beginning to be understood that robbery, covetous greed, or disorder is not nearly so profitable as Equity, Service and Order. It is now beginning to be understood that the economic gloom of one country casts its dark shadow of loss and suffering on all other countries, and that the sun of prosperity which shines in one country casts its beneficent rays abroad, blessing all other countries.

Through what seas of blood and tears the human family was to pass before that truth would be brought home to it with a tragic force which each month since the signing of the Peace of Versailles only emphasizes, Lubin then had no glimmering, but it is certain that the man who wrote this paper in May, 1911, is entitled to be considered a pioneer of the movement for a League of Nations. Writing a few months later (November, 1911), he says in a paper published in the *American Israelite* under the title "The Mission of Israel and a Commonwealth of Nations":—

The maximum measure of economic benefit may no longer be attained by confining economic activity within the boundaries of any one nation . . . the maximum measure of economic benefits demands the unhampered operation of economic laws throughout the whole world, and such unhampered operation can only be secured by a Confederation of the Nations.

Happily evidences are at hand indicating that the trend of events is towards the realization of such a Confederation. . . . Reviewing this phase in the historic life of mankind, it would seem as though the illuminated minds of the Prophets had seen far ahead, right through the intervening ages which have led up to the civilization of our time; and beyond our time to the realization of the evolutionary progress which is now working itself out, and which is yet to culminate in the great World Commonwealth.

The Government of a nation is, after all, but an organization carrying on its business by means of a number of departments, such as the Department of Foreign Affairs,

of Home Affairs, of Finance, of the Treasury, Commerce and Labor, Agriculture, Education, Justice, the Post-office, the Army and the Navy. It is the union of these departments under the direction of the presiding officer in the Cabinet which constitutes the executive branch of Government. Now, international bodies, organized to render similar services, would, when federated, constitute an international government.

The Institute, in Lubin's mind, was but the first of these International Departments.

CHAPTER XVI

TEN YEARS OF WORK FOR AMERICA

DAVID LUBIN used to compare the International Institute of Agriculture to an Eiffel Tower, an observatory whence you could secure a bird's-eye view of the surrounding agricultural landscape, note its features, make comparisons, draw deductions and generalizations. And he interpreted the duties of a delegate as twofold: when in the assembly halls and committee rooms he was an internationalist, viewing things from a general and not a particularist standpoint; when in his private office, under his national flag, he became American, Spaniard, Japanese, English, as the case might be, and worked to promote the interests of the farmers of his own country.

So for ten long years in that "American Room", hung with portraits of his pioneer co-workers in the early days of the struggle, with the characteristic stone pines of Rome peeping in at the windows, looking down on the lovely wooded grounds of the Borghese gardens, the majestic dome of St. Peter's in the distance, a constant reminder of the dream of Unity in University and of Catholicity, David Lubin worked unceasingly for the American farmers.

While he felt that they had much to teach — and he would point with pride to the splendid marketing organization of the fruit growers — he also knew they had much to learn, especially in the field of agricultural economics. In those years the great trusts in farm products — the meat trust, the dairy trust, the egg trust, the tobacco trust, the many combines organized to buy cheap and sell dear — were the subject of constant comment and criticism in the press, and proposals for restrictive legislation to curb their activities were brought forward both in and out of Congress.

Lubin felt that the evil complained of was essentially the result of the financial helplessness of the American farmer; that the remedy lay in strengthening him rather than in fighting the trust. The farmer should be not only the producer but also, to an extent, the merchant of the crops he raised; no less than the manufacturer he should have a voice in determining the price and mode of distribution of his product. But to make this possible he must possess an organization able to advise him where and how to sell, and a system of rural and land credits enabling him to finance his business on terms of equality with the merchant. His assets must be rendered liquid and available for reinvestment in his farm in the form of improvements. Surveying the situation from the elevation of the Institute, Lubin saw that this desideratum was no idle dream but well within the bounds of possibility, for the European farmers, and more especially the farmers of Central Europe, had, to a considerable extent, attained all this, in a large measure through coöperative organization.

It seemed to Lubin that in America the emphasis had so far been placed too exclusively on the need of increasing and improving production. "Raise two ears of corn where one used to grow" is a good cry, provided that the farmer who raises the ears is enabled to market them profitably; otherwise the increased yield may become a real injury to the producer without any compensatory benefit to the consuming public, for the ruinously low prices forced on the farmer are rarely if ever reflected in low prices to the ultimate buyer; while poverty on the farms reacts at once on the towns by reducing work in the factories.

These ideas were not new to David Lubin. As we have seen, he was trying, before he left America in 1904, to educate the Grange along these lines; but the experience he gained in Europe and the publications of the Institute on coöperative credit and organization, confirmed by the evidence of positive data beliefs which had previously been largely intuitional. As early as 1907, when in Washington

for the ratification of the Institute Treaty, he had tried to bring the question of rural credits to the attention of President Roosevelt, to whom he wrote on October 29 of that year: —

I am on my way to Rome and wish to consult you concerning the work of the International Institute of Agriculture, which private advices inform me will have its first meeting in April, 1908. . . . I wish also personally to thank you for the honor of making me the delegate to the Permanent Committee of the Institute.

My studies and observations in Europe make me feel that the Raiffeisen and Schultze-Delitsch systems of coöperative credit associations would lift the Southern producer of cotton and tobacco from the payment of ten to one hundred per cent. interest entailed by the crop lien credit system, and give him money at six per cent. Your assistance is needed to aid in causing associations to be started in each cotton and tobacco State.

His persistence in this matter with the members of the Administration, more especially with the Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Robert Bacon, during the months he spent in Washington in 1907, attracted some attention; but veiled hostility of "special interests" combined with the tendency to deal with such matters along sentimental rather than purely economic lines, so frequent in the American treatment of rural problems, got the upper hand. A twist was given to the movement, shunting it off the line of sound economic betterment through good farm finance on to the semi-rhetorical and dilettante track of the "rural life movement", tacked on to that for the conservation of natural resources; a question, this latter, of vast import, and one to which, as we have seen, Lubin had devoted no small amount of thought in the early nineties, when it was still a neglected issue.

Lubin's mental make-up rendered him impatient of all tinkering with effects while neglecting causes. He was convinced that all the American farmer needed was help and

guidance in securing for himself a sound system of farm finance and a really national — *i. e.*, nation-wide organization which would keep him informed on profitable channels for marketing his produce, just as the merchant is assisted in his business by the guidance afforded by Chambers of Commerce and similar organization. Give him these and all the rest — a better rural community life, pleasant and healthy surroundings, etc. — would be added unto him.

“There is no need to teach the farmer to blow his nose or his wife to dance a polka; make the business of farming profitable and there will be no need to worry about the rural exodus,” I have often heard him exclaim.

If his efforts had so far failed to arouse the interest which the subject deserved, Lubin was not discouraged. It only meant that he had not yet used the right means to ends. At one time he thought help might come from the cotton manufacturers, directly interested as they are in the prosperity of the cotton-growing industry. He wrote to his friend, Sir Charles Macara, who had sent him the report of the International Cotton Association :

Please bear in mind the following:— The Southern cotton grower is an exception; among all the farmers of the United States he alone can only buy at “six cents cash or twelve cents credit.” And who, in the end, must pay for this crooked, curious, hazardous, wasteful, and absurd system? The producer? Yes; but not he alone but the consumer, the poor consumer of cotton. And so we see that we are our brother’s keeper if only we mean to “keep” ourselves and to do it rationally.

. . . You will have to take a direct interest in the welfare of the Southern cotton grower. You will have to furnish him with many millions of dollars and at the lowest possible world’s rate of interest. You will have to introduce in the Southern States the Raiffeisen and the Schultze-De-litsch Credit systems, and you will have to see that there is no manner of exploitation in all this effort, and then you may not alone have what you want (cotton at a reasonable price) but you will have what you cannot otherwise have;

you will then have "steady" cotton. And in this way only may you provide the necessary supply of raw material and with a minimum of unnecessary fluctuations, and thus render your fifty million spindles steady interest earners, and redeem your Labor from the mood of radical agitation and its suggestive evils. And in doing all this you will be doing something besides; you will show that the theory of Machiavelli, the theory of the "rule of the fist", is profitless; that we may serve ourselves best by serving others. Perhaps I have not made myself sufficiently plain; perhaps your people are not yet prepared to act on this mode of procedure, but the time will surely be here when Reciprocal Service shall be the highway to means towards economic ends. It may take a month, a year, a century, or many centuries to realize this, but some day it will as surely be realized as the thousands of other developments upward, evolved from the impulse towards progress.

Persistent tenacity was the outstanding feature of Lubin's character, and though he got scant response, he never ceased urging the need for a sound system of farm finance. Other questions might, for the time being, have the right of way, but he always came back to this fundamental problem.

In 1911 the publications issued by the coöperative bureau of the Institute, then under the direction of Professor Lorenzoni, once more rivetted his attention on this phase of economic development. In the spring of that year he had taken up the question in Washington with the State Department and on his return to Rome he issued a leaflet: "The Raiffeisen System, what does it mean? The Peasant Farmers of Germany are sufficiently intelligent and capable to do a coöperative banking business of over One Billion Six Hundred Million Dollars a year. How about the American Farmer?" which brought him letters of inquiry from every section of the United States.

Most people, when they wish to spread an idea, use the medium of the press. They write a book or publish articles in the reviews, or get space in the columns of the daily papers. Such modes never seemed to suggest themselves

to Lubin's mind. True, he was anxious to interest the press in the causes he advocated. As we have seen, he wanted the *London Times* to take up the advocacy of the International Institute of Agriculture. But the delays incident on writing up a subject in essay form, sending it for acceptance to an editor, running the chance of refusal, and at best waiting your turn for publication in the crowded pages of an influential monthly, did not fit in with his love of rapid action. Lubin came from a business house and not from a University, and his experience had been with the preparation and distribution of catalogues rather than with the publication of books; even in the case of his one book, "Let There Be Light", he had brought it out at his own expense, and himself attended to its distribution. So it was along the lines of the business catalogue that he carried on the advocacy of his ideas during the next few years.

He equipped himself with the rosters of State and Subordinate Granges, Farmers' associations, business organizations, with press and congressional directories, and compiled a regular mailing list of some fifty thousand addresses. He employed a boy by the year copying these addresses on to envelopes. Then he would prepare a short but striking statement, frequently in the form of a letter to some correspondent whom he used as a peg on which to hang the "case", or else in dialogue form which lent itself to his love of concrete colloquial expression. With laborious effort he would get his matter into shape and send it to the printer, himself paying minute attention to such details as headlines, subtitles, display type, etc., just as he would have done in the case of an advertisement for his business house. Then, when all was ready, the "American Room" would become a regular work shop, with some ten or twelve boys working at long tables, filling envelopes, pasting on stamps, tying up parcels, and Lubin sitting in the midst like a foreman, keeping an eye on every detail, reading back addresses, counting out leaflets, and every now and again thrusting his hand into his pocket for two or three hundred lire notes to be expended on

stamps. In a few hours' time his fifty thousand edition would be out in the mails, and he would count the days which would elapse before the pamphlets would be in the hands of Worthy Master Jones, or Farmer Brown, who would wonder how their names and addresses came to be known in Rome, and would read over with interest the brief statement expressed in language which they could understand. The leaflet would be accompanied by a note suggesting that they take it down to the next meeting of their Subordinate Grange and read it over with the brothers, agree on a line of action, and write back comments and criticism to the Rome office. In this effort Lubin took the farmer into his confidence, as partner in the enterprise; the farmer was to take hold and become part and parcel of the work.

He persisted in this line of action for some eight years, during which time he repeatedly addressed this large circle of readers on rural credits, a national organization for the marketing of farm products, on ocean freight rates, on a system for direct dealing between producer and consumer through the parcel post, on a National Chamber of Agriculture, and as the war went its destructive way, on the need for a Confederation of Democracies under a Constitution as a basis for permanent Peace. Gathered together, these leaflets form a thick volume of closely printed pages, each representing days and weeks of anxious thought. Add to these the volumes of correspondence on these subjects, mostly letters of which he took a dozen or more carbon copies to circulate among a group interested in the particular subject dealt with, and we get a truly formidable body of work. One begins then to realize how it is that so many of the ideas which Lubin originated or elaborated have come to be, so to speak "in the air", have taken root and sprung up in many quarters, giving rise to movements of truly national importance in connection with which his name, however, is mentioned only by a small inner circle who know the powerful part he played as agitator, educator, organizer. He sowed ideas broadcast in thousands of directions, addressing

himself to the farmer "with mud on his boots" in the little townships and rural free delivery districts all over the United States.

He had already aroused in Grange and Farmer circles a very widespread interest in the rural credit problem when, in the autumn of 1911, a letter reached him from the Secretary of the Southern Commercial Congress, inviting him to take part in the Convention to be held that May in Nashville, Tennessee.

Lubin was a past master in the art of seizing a straw and converting it into a solid prop. He was at that time searching for a means of focussing the interest aroused in co-operative credit and directing it into channels of achievement, and he saw in this letter Providence supplying the means. He at once replied, suggesting that the Southern Commercial Congress should take the lead in this work. A correspondence ensued which resulted in his attending in May, 1912, the Nashville Convention where a special conference discussed under his leadership the question of farm finance. After a week's debate a resolution was adopted instructing the Southern Commercial Congress to assemble a Commission to inquire in Europe into the systems there in force.

A year of intense labor followed. Coöperating with Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, then president of the Southern Commercial Congress, and with its Managing Director, Doctor Clarence J. Owens, in their task of assembling delegates from as many States as possible, Lubin from the Institute sent out at his own expense edition after edition of leaflets, written by himself or prepared under his supervision by the Institute, to every nook and corner of the United States. On the other hand he took up the work of preparing the ground for the inquiry with the governments of Italy, Austria-Hungary, Germany, France and England. Sub-committees were to visit Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Spain and Russia. Through his colleagues on the Permanent Committee he got into touch with all these governments,

and worked to such good effect that when the Commission reached these several countries it was overwhelmed with honors and placed in the way of getting at the required information with the least possible loss of time.

Meantime, the American bankers, under the leadership of Myron C. Herrick, whom President Taft had just appointed Ambassador to France, were taking up the inquiry from their end, and much correspondence took place between them and David Lubin.

In all this what distinguished David Lubin's effort from that of others was the steadiness with which he kept the ultimate purpose in view. It was no class interest of farmers as farmers for which he strove; he strove to place Democracy on a firm and permanent foundation. Writing in December, 1912, to his son, Sie, he says :

As you will no doubt understand, this is not merely a question of cheapening the rate of interest, for many farmers would remain uninterested even if the interest were a quarter of the rate it now is. They have what they call a principle of "keeping out of debt", for they fear that debt, especially a mortgage, must ultimately lead to foreclosure. Hence they are satisfied to go along and do their banking with the storekeeper, let the storekeeper be their banker, and let it go at that; which is just the same as if a department store man rejected cheap money from a bank and bought on a year's credit from the jobber. The purpose of the rural credit system, when understood, is to place a farmer in a position to avail himself of "dynamic" dollars; but this is the least of its benefits, for under the coöperative method these "dynamic" dollars will free him from the "Trust." The farmer himself becomes the Trust; and this is the long-range benefit, for it is not merely an economic benefit conferred upon the farmer, but this system, in its general adoption, will mean much for the United States and very much for the world, for its chief significance consists in its political benefit. We are apt to think that liberal Government is established throughout the world because it has such firm roots in the United States. Stop and think for a moment,

and you will see that this is by no means the case. It is still an experiment, and the bubbling over of liberalism in the United States is largely due to economic opportunity of initiative, so rigorously limited in the Old World. It is this which has brought liberal tendencies to the surface. Nor is this the first time in the history of the world for such a state of affairs. And everywhere and at all times a deteriorating force has been at work, slowly undermining the structure of liberalism, and this force gradually absorbed and eliminated the independent, landowning farmer, brushed aside by lords of great estates. Thus the conservative of the land was converted into a renter and into a radical. And then the whole State toppled over. Remove this cause in the United States and you have removed the cause of the failure of former democracies. As liberal governments of the world at the present time take their cue from the United States, it must follow that the decline of the American conservative, the American farmer, the independent, landowning farmer, means the decline of the American Republic; and conversely the conservation of the American conservative, the American landowning farmer, must mean the conservation of the American Republic and of liberal government throughout the world.

I have not the figures before me as to the number of farm renters in the United States at the present time. I am told from various publications that they are increasing slowly but surely. From some loose proof sheets sent me by the Director of the Census Bureau from the coming census report, it would seem that about one third of the farmers are already renters, and this in face of the fact that in the older European countries every endeavor is now being made by the governments to break up the great estates and to convert the renter into a freehold farmer. In these older European countries every government is striving its utmost to conserve the landowning farmer, to conserve the conservative. Hence they give him a protective system which protects, and a co-operative credit system which gives him dynamic dollars, and this makes the European farmers the Trusts of Europe. Remove these advantages from the farmers of Germany and you render these present conservatives of the German sys-

tem German radicals who, joined with the urban socialists, would overturn the government at one fell sweep.

And now you have my reason for giving up days, weeks, months and years of my life and my energy and my means in this work. It is not because I want to be a Count or a Duke, or to receive a medal, or to receive applause, or to receive thanks; these are of no value, not at least to me. It is because your great-great-grandfathers and mine started out on this work centuries ago. It is the heredity of these ideals and ideas which urges me on in the work, in spite of the many efforts I have made to escape it. I wish to go to Tarshish; but there is an overwhelming spirit which says: "Go to Nineveh."

Lubin knew the value of a "cry", and he always liked "authority" and "precedent" for his work. He saw all this ready to hand in the German system of coöperative rural credits known by the name of its founder, Raiffeisen. So he talked in a general way of the Raiffeisen system, but the American adaptation from European systems which he was working for was really something very different from the small coöperative loan societies devised to meet the needs of peasant farmers. He wished to make liquid the vast volume of wealth represented by the land assets of the American farmer, and to set every dollar of this potential wealth at work creating actual wealth. To use his own words:

The question before us is not merely one of cheap money; it is a question of money in a dynamic form in the place of money in a static form. Let me make clear what I mean. Money in a dynamic form is in a position to multiply itself; whereas money in the static form is immobile, dead. . . . If money is to be employed to advantage, every dollar should find a constant dynamic use. If only the minor portion of these dollars is thus employed, while the major portion remains idle, the major portion will soon eat up any profit earned on the minor portion. With the ordinary commercial account every dollar may be placed on the active line of engagement, and the dollar not so engaged may be immediately returned to the bank and ceases to pay interest

for the time it is not wanted. A mortgage, on the other hand, gives a fixed amount for a fixed period and this is contrary to the commercial usage which permits the free engagement of every dollar in current business. . . . Dynamic dollars can be compared to the gilded balls manipulated by a juggler who keeps each ball in motion and as many at a time as he desires, each ball moving according to the character of the unit of impelling power. The static use of money may be compared to the same juggler's balls in the hands of a novice; if he attempts to throw them in the air he may only engage one at a time; the others fall to the ground.

The difficulties to be overcome in getting together the proposed American Commission were formidable, first and foremost the difficulty of getting the requisite funds to enable two farmers from each State to travel for three months in Europe. Lubin wrote endless letters suggesting ways and means, urging the farmers not to have the work done for them vicariously but to do it themselves. Writing to Mr. L. S. Herron, Editor of the *Nebraska Farmer* (September 26, 1912), he says:

It takes no prophet to foretell that if the farmers remain home, singing pessimistic songs and doing nothing else, they will presently have cause to accentuate their minor key, to exchange their singing for howling. If the farmer is a man, if he is a fighter, let him show it. Here the fight has scarcely begun when the sensitive ear of the banker has caught the drift, and sent advance committees abroad in order to get hold of the lines. Where has the farmer been all this time? At home, droning that he doesn't know where to get the twelve hundred dollars for a delegate on the Commission, and he wants Congress to give it to him, and he wants some one else to give it to him, and then he grumbles that he may not be put on the Commission, that he will be left unrepresented. All this while he takes another chew of tobacco, and gives another skilful big spit, and drones and groans at the "exploiting financier" and the "exploiting trust man."

But his efforts, seconding those of Senator Fletcher and Doctor Owens, had their effect. Lubin reached every section of the United States, and soon the press began fairly to bristle with articles on rural credits and farm finance. It was the presidential campaign year, and Lubin realized his ambition of seeing the question made a plank in the platforms of the Republican, Democratic and Progressive parties. The Wilson Administration took the question up and appointed a Committee of seven United States delegates to join the American Commission in its European inquiry.

In May, 1913, Lubin welcomed in Rome some one hundred and twenty Americans who, under the auspices of the Southern Commercial Congress, and with the coöperation of the Institute, came to hold juries of inquiry in half a dozen European countries on the subject at issue.

The almost triumphal progress of this Commission through the European capitals bore eloquent evidence to the remarkable work Lubin had done and to the unique position which he had won for himself in the estimation of foreign governments.

Little did the company then realize, as it traveled from country to country with the ease, rapidity, and economy of pre-war days, that the prosperous lands whose agriculture could then make such a splendid showing would, within a year, be devastated by war and many of them be on the highway to permanent ruin and bankruptcy. But thus it was, and the American farmer has to thank David Lubin if he secured a picture of the European credit and coöperative systems before the curtain fell on a phase in the world's history. The special piece of work then accomplished could never be performed again.

A book could be written on Lubin's views on this whole subject of farm finance; but in this biography the question can only be dealt with briefly in its relation to the man. As with so much else of his work, his efforts fructified in action which only partially realized the purposes he had in view. True, the Federal Farm Loan Act, which became law

in 1916, makes liquid for purposes of land purchase and improvements some forty billion dollars' worth of wealth represented by agricultural lands in the United States; but the farmer has not yet got the "commercial rating" or the current accounts at business rates of interest which Lubin claimed were needed to place the farm on a sound commercial basis.

Side by side with his campaign for rural credits, and supplementary to it, Lubin urged the need for nation-wide organization of the farmers, through a system of chambers of agriculture beginning with the unit, the township, and ending with the nation.

Let the townships elect this local chamber, the local chambers the county, the counties the State, the States the National Chamber of Agriculture, all equipped with card index, long-distance telephone, night-letter telegrams; all in touch, from the base to the apex and from the apex to the base; let the main purpose of the organization be to direct the produce of the farm to the markets where it is in demand, avoiding gluts and scarcity, detecting right away obstacles due to defective transport facilities, defective credit facilities; let it have power through the National Chamber to call attention to such defects and secure their removal, and soon not a single product would be grown for which there would not be an eager purchaser at a fair price. The paths of exchange would be smoothed, the machinery oiled, and Democracy, through wise economic organization would become a fact, — a real government of the people, by the people, for the people and not a government of special interests, by special interests, for special interests.

In the last years of his life, Lubin spent time, energy and means on the advocacy of these chambers of agriculture sending out literature, traveling from place to place in the United States, urging and explaining the idea. He had it up in hearings before congressional committees, in conferences with officials of the State Department and the departments of Commerce and of Agriculture. He agitated

it with Congressmen and Senators, in the Grange, in the Farmers' Educational and Coöperative Association, with the agricultural colleges, through the Southern Commercial Congress. He succeeded in having bills drafted and introduced into the House and Senate for the creation of such a system.

The European war came and the overwhelming events diverted people's minds from such problems, but months before impending famine made food supply and food control second in importance only to armaments, not only for belligerents but for neutrals, Lubin had sensed the situation.

He realized to the full the importance of the American farmer as a factor in winning the war. Food was a basic need, almost taking precedence of munitions even during the conflict, and would be the one main essential during the period of reconstruction. With the granaries of Europe, Russia, Hungary, Rumania devastated, the world would have to rely first and foremost for its food supplies on the American farmer. But if that farmer were to do his best he must have his task facilitated by easy credit; not only long-time land credit but commercial credit in the form of open accounts with commercial banks wherewith to finance his current business expenditure.

And again, organization must obviate the destructive waste which allows food to rot on the farms for lack of a market, while city workers are driven to revolutionary councils by the high cost of living, and whole countries starve for lack of that of which there is a glut elsewhere. He could see that the importance of measures which would allow of mobilizing the agricultural resources of the country was only enhanced by the war, and he urged their passage as war measures.

Though he did not succeed in this effort his work was not in vain. Action has been taken on lines somewhat different from those he then laid down, and has come about as the product of such widespread agitation that it appears the natural outcome of a condition rather than of any one man's

work. Lubin did not live to see the almost miraculous growth of the Farm Bureau movement, yet from letters he received in the autumn of 1918 he concluded that the movement he had so insistently urged was taking root and developing under another name, and that a force was at last at work which would soon make the American farmers an organized power to be counted with politically no less than economically.

In the summer of 1915 Lubin returned with his family to the United States to work in connection with these various movements. He remained on, at the request of the State Department, until the autumn of 1916, when he returned to Rome. One of the matters which claimed his attention during these months was an effort along the lines to which he had devoted so much time nearly thirty years before. The parcel post had been working for some ten years, but the laborious process of getting into touch through letters, money orders, and so forth had prevented it from becoming a real factor in promoting direct dealing between the farmer and the housewife. Now, Lubin's long training and experience in building up a mail-order business had given him an insight into all these difficulties, and he devised a plan for reducing the routine involved to its simplest expression. The briefest way of describing it is by quoting the statement he made (December, 1915) to a little committee of members of Sears, Roebuck and Company of Chicago, representatives of the American Express and the Wells-Fargo Express Companies, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, and others whom he invited to look into the practicability of his proposal:

Briefly, the postmasters in the larger cities are to provide a separate room, a sub-post office for the transaction of this particular business. The post-office clerk in that room is to be provided with racks of different colors, each color representing a certain kind of farm product: white, for instance, to represent eggs; pink, chickens; yellow, butter; etc. In beginning this system the farmer registers his name and address at the post office and is given a number.

This farmer is, say, "No. 40." "No. 40" buys a quantity of cards or tags, each representing a certain quantity of a given product; each egg card would stand, say, for a dozen eggs; each butter card for a pound of butter; each chicken card for one chicken. He also provides himself with containers or carriers, some of which would be collapsible or "knocked down." Now, farmer "No. 40" has for sale, say, ten dozen eggs, five chickens and sixteen pounds of butter. He writes the price of each dozen eggs on ten cards, one dozen for each card, and inserts the cards in a printed envelope to be mailed to the sub-post office. He writes the price of each chicken on five cards for the five chickens, and inserts the cards in the same envelope. He writes the price of a pound of butter on the fifteen cards for the fifteen pounds of butter, putting them in the same envelope, which he seals and delivers to the rural mail carrier.

The envelope containing the cards from "No. 40" arrives at the sub-post office. The clerk slips them alongside their corresponding numbers on the space in the rack, the white cards in the egg rack, pink in the chicken rack, yellow in the butter rack.

In the meantime the housewife has provided herself with a post-office "purchasing book", similar in form to the mileage books used by the Pennsylvania Railway Company, consisting of perforated coupons for stated amounts. And now we are ready to proceed with the transaction.

The housewife, taking her purchasing book with her, proceeds to the sub-post office. Having heard favorable reports of farmer "No. 40", she asks the clerk whether this farmer has any butter, eggs or chickens for sale that day, and what the prices are. The clerk, pointing to the racks says: "There are the racks; you may see for yourself. Select what you wish and hand me your purchasing book." The housewife selects a dozen eggs, a chicken, and a pound of butter, and writes her address on the back of the cards or tags, handing them to the clerk, who tears out from the purchasing book the coupons corresponding to the amount of the purchase and hands the book back to the housekeeper.

The clerk now proceeds a step further; he incloses in an envelope printed with the name and address of "No. 40"

the cards taken from the racks, together with the coupons torn out of the purchasing book. He will insert in the same envelope the cards and coupons for any additional sale from the same farmer, and at the time of closing he seals the envelope and mails it.

During this interval farmer "No. 40" has placed his products in the containers. On receipt of the envelope from the post office he will deposit the coupon slips, which are his money orders on the post office, in a box or in his bureau, and proceed to fasten the returned cards to the several containers, when they are ready for the rural mail carrier. The next step delivers the package in the home of the housewife.

The final step is the farmer's listing of the week's coupons by number and amount of purchase on a listing slip in original and duplicate which he hands with the coupons to the rural mail carrier who will sign and detach the duplicate, handing it to the farmer. He will then send the original together with the coupons to the postmaster, who will send the money for the week's transactions to the farmer through the rural mail carrier, who, in handing it to the farmer, will receive the duplicate just spoken of. On receipt of this duplicate, the auditing clerk at the post office cancels the transactions for the week.

This plan was tried out experimentally in the spring of 1916 in California with great success, and, through the efforts of Senator Fletcher, Congress was induced to make a small appropriation for the purpose of an official trial through the mails. But this was a case of "Congress proposes and the profiteer disposes." So great was the outcry raised by the latter, so assiduous the propagation of totally inaccurate statements and gross misrepresentations and even of personal attacks on Mr. Lubin and the leading supporters of the plan, that the proposed experiment was silently dropped and the appropriation allowed to revert to the Treasury. And here again it behooves the American farmer not to allow himself to be deprived of the advantages he could derive from the general adoption of this plan. As Lubin used to say, the parcel-post service is now almost

exclusively of advantage to the city merchant; this adaptation would make it of equal value to the farmer.

As the devastation of war proceeded, Mr. Lubin clearly saw that alone of the belligerent nations America would issue from the struggle stronger than ever, a world-power in the fullest sense of the word. It was his hope and belief that she would avail herself of this great opportunity to play her part in the work of reconstruction in no mean spirit of narrow nationalism; that first among the nations she would realize that she could best serve her own interests by serving those of others. He foresaw a break-down in the credit and currency systems of the world, and he knew that such a break-down would weigh heaviest of all on the growers of staple crops, the American farmers, who produce for an international market. In June, 1918, he sent out from the Institute a little leaflet calling attention to this matter:

At the close of the war international commerce, freed from artificial barriers, will begin once more to flow in its usual channels; there will be a resumption of the ordinary import trade. These imports and the duty on them will have to be paid for in gold, perhaps at a high premium, hence a corresponding depreciation of paper money. Such a state of affairs, unless efficiently controlled, will be sure to perturb the stability of the financial and commercial world, for not only will the paper money be depreciated but it will be subject to constant fluctuations, hence it will be sure to bring on widespread panics and crises.

. . . The modern international sweep of the dollar, its interlocked status, and the magnitude of the interests involved would render the Federal Reserve Board inadequate to cope with the new conditions; these new conditions demand an institution on wider and broader lines; they demand an international Reserve Board.

And here again is an idea which conditions have more than justified, although the world has not yet attained the pioneer's clear vision of its true interests.

"A 'Sally in her Alley' outlook on things, surviving in a

world which has grown into the international stage of development, is responsible for most of the evils of our day," Lubin used to say. The several interests, thinking themselves so smart in gaining advantage, fail to see that in a very real sense all are "members of one body", that for good or for evil solidarity is a fact which we can no more afford to disregard than we can afford to disregard the law of gravitation. This was the truth which Lubin deduced from the high generalizations of the Prophets, the truth involved in the fundamental doctrine of monotheism, a truth which had so permeated his mind that he had grown incapable of thinking in terms of the particular. An appreciation of the inter-relation of events, of the reaction of cause and effect, had become instinctive with him and enabled him to see far ahead, divining situations and the needs to which they would give rise. He could never conceive of farmers' interests as distinct from those of labor, commerce, industry; the prosperity of each was essential to that of all. Looking forward to America's rôle in the economic era which would follow the war, he conceived that she would best serve her interests not by engaging in a fierce competitive fight for existing markets, but by pursuing a policy which would indefinitely enlarge those markets.

America's part should be to build up industrial development in the more backward countries. To those who objected that such a policy would be equivalent to building up competitors, he replied that while it might raise up competitors it would also, and to a much greater extent, raise up customers.

"No one in the United States is lying awake nights worrying about the competition of Morocco, but then Morocco is of precious little good to the United States," he would say; and he would point out that if Great Britain were America's most powerful competitor, Great Britain was also her best customer.

More particularly did he advocate this policy in the case of trade relations with Italy. He could see that with the conclusion of the war a new condition would prevail in the

Mediterranean Basin, the dead hand of the Turk would be removed from large tracts of populous territory which had for centuries been kept outside the pale of modern progress; and Italy with her large population of intelligent and industrious men and women would be in a most favored geographical position for developing up that trade.

But Italy, in the words of one of her statesmen with whom Lubin consulted, "is too young a country and too short of capital to exploit by herself all her resources and to develop industries and commerce along rational and organic lines." She needs a business partner, and David Lubin believed that such partnership between the United States and Italy would be to the very real advantage of both countries. A prosperous Italy would be a large consumer of American staple products, machinery, semi-manufactured goods; Italy could be an industrial base for American trade expansion in the Mediterranean Basin. Nor would he have limited action along these lines to Italy. In Russia, in Siberia, in South America, dormant potential wealth could be fertilized and stimulated to activity by American capital and knowledge; backward countries and peoples could be helped to development, and America, prospering with the prosperity of others, would stand forth, the cornucopia of the Nations, blessing and blessed.

Lubin saw here a whole field for constructive work along the line of "euconomics", a word coined at his instigation by his friend Professor Giglioli, to express the union of ethics with economics. It was for this union that he had worked from the days when he had hung out his sign in Sacramento "D. Lubin, One Price", to the days when as an old man he spent his last summer in Sorrento (July-September, 1918), urging economic solidarity among the nations as the most effective way for repairing the devastations of the great struggle then slowly drawing to an end.

"If the economists of to-day are at all derelict in duty, it is because they fail to insist on the need of following out economics on ethical lines;" he wrote in December, 1912,

to Felix Adler. "In this department they have permitted the Prophets of the Bible, those heroic pioneers in the propaganda of economics on ethical lines, to stand in isolation on a plane high and exalted, the most unique, the most worthy of veneration in the social history of man."

This was the esoteric doctrine, if I may so express it, which he would talk over with those who "having ears hear."

When in London in July, 1913, with the American Commission on Rural Credits, Lubin had driven off one morning with me to call on one such, a man personally unknown to him but for whose works he felt great admiration, the Scotch-Canadian philosopher Doctor John Beatie Crozier. Though the visit was entirely unannounced and unexpected, there was no need of introductions or preliminaries between the two men; each recognized the other's worth. Crozier was no "grocery man", but one who could appreciate the motive and see the vision. Poor, old, and nearly blind, he sat for some two hours while this strange latter-day prophet, with worn face and flashing eye, preached the gospel of righteousness to be attained for the everyday man in an everyday world of wheat pits and stock exchanges, banks and farms and labor unions; spoke of the "just weight" and the "just measure" to be secured by applying the measuring rod of equity not only to men in their individual relations, which Lubin maintained was the Christian branch of forward endeavor, but also to the nations in their collective relations, which he believed to be the Mission of Israel. And then he spoke of Israel, summer-fallowed two thousand years that he might at last arise the stronger for his final task, the task of bringing the nations collectively under the yoke of law that the foundations for the ultimate Commonwealth of Nations might be laid. As he spoke, stopping every now and then for an instant as a spasm of pain due to his heart trouble gave him pause, the shabby little room with its ugly furnishings and all the dingy prose of life became unreal, and the passion for righteousness, expressing itself through his impassioned

eloquence seemed the one reality. And Lubin spoke on, describing his work toward this end of economic equity, illuminating with the flashlight of idealism the dry details of crop statistics, rural credits, marketing organization and so forth. When he rose to go, Doctor Crozier, visibly moved, accompanied him to the door. "Keep up the flag and go down with the ship," were his parting words to his strange visitor. They never met again.

CHAPTER XVII

DAVID LUBIN THE INTERNATIONALIST

As we have seen, David Lubin did not conceive of the Institute as an ultimate, but as a link in a chain, the first International Department of a World Administration. Economic activities have outgrown the national isolation within which they first developed; they know nothing of frontiers; but while private business has adapted itself to this new condition, the nations in their public administrations have failed to keep abreast of the times, each still behaving as though it were a self-contained unit. Now, Lubin was no believer in an international government at the present stage of human evolution; he believed that the nations are not yet prepared to renounce any substantial portion of their sovereignty rights; but he thought the age was ripe for international administrative organization. In fact, he believed it was the most urgent need of the day, if collective interests were not to be sacrificed to the predatory instincts of cosmopolitan trusts and combines.

A clear insight into this need guided his action in the Institute, where he devoted his efforts to several correlated lines of work, all steps towards the ultimate — an organized world.

For instance, he noted the new conditions which lead large bodies of labor to migrate from country to country, not to seek permanent homes, as did the early settlers of the era of national formation, but to meet the economic needs of the present international phase of development; and here again he saw waste and suffering caused by leaving the movement to fortuity instead of bringing to its guidance knowledge and organization. Driven by conditions, the

migratory currents crossed the oceans in spite of all artificial obstacles placed in their path, but results, in themselves beneficial, were attained at the cost of heavy loss to all concerned, loss which rational planning could greatly reduce if not eliminate. The Institute, at the dictation of the Central Powers, had practically ruled out the question of emigration from its program, but Lubin felt that their word could not be final. Writing on this subject in April, 1909, to the then delegate of Argentina, Doctor Roque Saenz Pena, who afterwards became President of that Republic, Lubin says:

As to your proposal for the regulation, by means of information published by the International Institute of Agriculture, of the migratory currents of labor, I wish to say that I am at a loss to find logical arguments against it. We see here in Europe that these migrations have taken place during many centuries, and are taking place now; and that within the past thirty or forty years well-defined streams of migratory farm-labor have included within their sphere of migration the South American countries. It is safe to say that this migration will continue, and with the development of countries it will increase in volume. The question remains, shall it be permitted to continue fortuitously, without design, without direction, or shall it come under the guidance of that intelligent and authoritative information which it would be possible for the International Institute of Agriculture to evolve and disseminate?

Clearly fortuity in this instance would be a lamentable economic error, an error which would make the blundering of one section the seed-germ of loss and suffering in many sections. . . . The intelligent guidance and direction of migratory field labor would be to the world in the sphere of economics what a "governor" is to a boiler and engine.

Not alone are the South American Republics interested in the question of migratory farm-labor, but the United States is equally interested in the question. At stated periods the great Western and Southern sections of the United States require large bodies of field labor; these are required

at one time to prepare the soil and put in the crop, and at another to harvest the same. This labor must be performed, it must be performed if the purchasing fund is to be provided for acquiring the products of the skilled labor of the factories. The less friction in the provision of necessary farm-labor, the more work there will be for the skilled labor of the factories. And where is this big body of farm-labor to come from for the short periods when it must perform its labor in the fields? Where should it go after it has performed these several short periods of labor? Would it not be of the highest economic benefit to have it come from the surplus labor countries of the world, perform its task, and leave, rather than to have it remain to swell abnormally the supply of labor in the factories? "But," say some, "would it be an economic advantage to have these laborers deplete the wealth of a country by taking away, in the form of wages, the great amount of wealth that they do?" The answer is that the carrying away of their wages by migratory farm-labor is not to be considered an economic loss, not any more than the payments made for the imports of raw material.

It may be that the United States at this writing has certain geographical disadvantages which prevent the systematic employment of migratory farm-labor; but with the completion of the Panama Canal this disadvantage will be removed. It will then be found possible and advantageous to regulate by law the incoming and outgoing of this migratory field-labor for the uses of the Western and Southern sections of the United States.

And here are his comments on this subject to the President of the American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers (April 27, 1909):

At the first glance the proposal may seem antagonistic to the interests of organized labor. Some reflection may show that it is, in reality, a protective measure in the interests of organized labor, much more efficacious than protection by a tariff on imports. This mass of labor comes and then leaves, and the avenues perforating upward in the scale towards skilled labor maintain their equilibrium. Omit that labor, and the primary purchasing fund for the products

of skilled labor is diminished. Admit it and let it remain, and it disturbs the equilibrium of all labor. Therefore, to have it come and go meets the requirements and is of economic advantage to organized labor. The question, however, occurs, will not this labor once in the country remain there? At the present time and in the United States, it does; but under the Argentinian system it comes and goes on a round-trip contract for travel, and this takes it home again. In course of time bands of these migratory laborers may start from Southern Europe, land at the Atlantic side of South America, and work their way by certain fixed stations up toward the Pacific, and then up to the Pacific Coast States, and through them into British Columbia, consuming in all half a year, and then return to Europe.

In the autumn of 1909 Mr. Gompers, returning from the International Trade Union Congress, made a stay in Rome as Mr. Lubin's guest. As we have had occasion to see, Lubin's attitude was always sympathetic towards organized labor. He was a great believer in the "balance of power" as the most effective means of fighting injustice and oppression. Labor, agriculture, commerce, finance, all alike organized nationally and internationally, would hold each other in check, securing equity in economic relations. He never hesitated to appeal to labor for support in his efforts on behalf of agriculture, as he considered their interests complementary to each other, each affording the other its main market. So now he willingly did all in his power to make Mr. Gompers' stay in Italy valuable both to himself and to Italy, which, as a country with a large current emigration towards the United States, was interested in an exchange of views with the leader of the trade-union movement in America.

Commenting on this visit to Europe, Lubin wrote to Gompers (November 22, 1909):

You and I are perhaps a little in advance of the great army composing the human family. But it is a good thing to be in the van; it gives a satisfaction to life, and a more

rational one, than the many ciphers, with their significant commas, following a unit designating dollars. And this is the reason, my dear friend, that I pray to the Almighty that Samuel Gompers shall die a poor man, for wealth and labor-leadership are as far apart as Satan and the Lord; and when you have ended your career here on earth, that career of the poor man will outshine all the Vanderbilts and the Astors and the Rockefellers and the Stewarts, all of them; and when their millions shall have vanished from remembrance the work which you have done, which you are doing, shall remain, a mighty landmark for the human family.

And again he writes on December 28, 1909 :

With reference to the proposed publication of your letters on your European trip, I like the idea; I think the publication of same will be likely to give life to a dormant idea; to the idea that the real "Labor Leader" is not merely a grub-worm for higher wages and short hours, but that he is, first of all, a man in the full sense of the term and not merely a plug to stop up a hole for sundry and particular shoemakers, tinsmiths, or butchers.

When the day will be here when the Labor Leader will speak wisely on the relations of Labor as a vital entity in the body politic, it will then begin to be understood that the struggles of Labor are as essential to the welfare of Mankind as is the struggle for the maintenance of Liberty.

You and your colleagues owe it as a duty to the cause you represent vitally to influence the mass of your constituency to learn the value of generalizations derived from wide travel. Will you and your friends give a monopoly of this powerful knowledge to the Banker, the Merchant, and the Manufacturer, and yourselves pass it by? As sure as you do you give them a monopoly — the monopoly of knowledge!

In October, 1912, Mr. J. B. Howard, Chief of the Microchemical Laboratory of the United States Department of Agriculture, was passing through Rome, studying Italian pure food legislation, and met Mr. Lubin who gave him some assistance in approaching the Italian authorities. Here again Lubin saw a field where international action would be

valuable; here again the facts of world trade had outgrown the theories of national particularism, and the failure to recognize this new condition was creating waste and confusion, leaving open loopholes for unfair competition, sowing the seeds of those economic conflicts which slowly but surely mature ill-will in the political sphere. The Institute had been founded to deal with just such problems, and Lubin, with the eloquent assistance of Luigi Luzzatti, brought the matter before the Permanent Committee. As usual, he was miles ahead of his colleagues; the food was too rich for their stomachs, and nothing came of the effort, at that time; but as Lubin then said, that has not ended the matter.

He did not suffer from the fond delusion that a few government delegates in the Institute could bring about the era of an organized world. The Institute was but a point on which to focus the concerted effort of all concerned. From the early days of his advocacy he had urged the need of making the common man, the farmer with mud on his boots, the trade-union workman, the people at large, feel themselves part and parcel of the effort, realize that it was essentially their fight. When he talked of a "Lower House" as part of the proposed organization, he meant this and no less. The diplomats in their wisdom had ruled out this feature of the work, but he did not recognize their decision as final: it was simply the short-sighted view of men who would gain breadth of vision, he believed, as the work itself evolved and taught them its lesson.

In a series of letters addressed in the spring of 1911 to the Ministers of Agriculture of Spain, Rumania, Peru and Chili, Lubin urged the formation in each adhering country of a committee of representative merchants, financiers, economists and farmers to study the reports of the Institute and interpret their meaning into terms of action for the farmer.

"If such organization is to be effective," he wrote to the Minister of Agriculture of Peru, "it should not merely be by individual nations, but the nations adopting it should

form into groups and the various groups should have a more or less defined unity of action. . . . Such unions could be made fruitful in economic benefits. As you know, at the present time much of the product of South America is controlled by individuals and trusts in the United States and England, and some on the Continent of Europe. That is largely owing to the greater ease of coalescing capital with its concomitant energy, than of coalescing the products of agriculture so long as they are in the hands of the producers. The plan proposed here is calculated to balance the power of concentrated capital on the one hand, by the products in the hands of the producers on the other.

“You are, of course, aware of the power of conserved capital and of the rapid increase in the number and volume of such concentrations, aided largely by the modern facilities of communication and carriage. The meat trusts of the United States, for instance, have not alone obtained control of the meats of the United States, but they have extended their operations to the control of that product in South America, and lately I saw in the *London Times* that these meat trusts were endeavoring also to control the meat product of Australia, to prevent which the Commonwealth of Australia is attempting legislation. But, in my opinion, legislation can hardly afford a remedy ; there must be created a balance of power between conserved capital on the one hand, and the products in the hands of the producers on the other, and this is the purpose of the organization proposed in this communication.”

The esoteric doctrine all this held for the initiated can be gathered from the following letter addressed from Washington in May, 1910, to the late William T. Stead :

. . . Nations are dynamically active on one of two lines ; in seeking advantage and in avoiding disadvantage. Mere abstract equity is, to them, of no importance. Thus it follows that effective direction may only be exercised within the limitations of this boundary. If this be assented to, what must follow? This: that we must approach the Peace question on that line, and when we do . . . what follows? What but Equity? For an advantage to all is a

special advantage to none; it is simply Equity. And the same is the case with the removal of disadvantage. . . .

How may this be attained? Why not through some such way as the International Institute of Agriculture? Not, of course, as it is to-day, but as it can become by the direction of science and genius. And even then that would be but the beginning . . . there can be an international chamber of commerce, an international department of land and sea transportation, an international bureau of labor, an international commerce commission, an international initiative and an international referendum.

Here, then, we have a possible way of realizing the much desired United States of the World, the world where swords and spears will be beaten into plowshares and pruning hooks; where every man shall sit under his own vine and figtree with no man to make him afraid.

From the first Lubin had clearly seen that the activities of the International Institute of Agriculture would need to be completed by those of an International Commerce Commission. Years of work on the transportation phase of the agricultural problem in California had taught him that rates of carriage exercise a controlling influence over the price which the farmer can get for his crop. And here again he saw a field in which anarchic fortuity must give way to design if equity in exchange is to prevail. Even before the Institute opened he had taken up this question in Washington with some of the Department men and with Secretary Wilson, but had been misunderstood. He soon learned that to get a reputation for having "too many ideas" is to be looked upon with suspicion. He had taken it up in London in 1908, just before the Institute convened, in a conference with Major Webb, the President of the Baltic Shipping Exchange. Again when in Washington in 1910, he had reviewed the commercial aspects of the case with Secretary of Commerce Nagel, and the then Director of the Census, Doctor Dana Durand. In the Permanent Committee he had frequently called attention to the need for data on ocean freight rates,

but the subject had been brushed aside as irrelevant to an institution which dealt with agriculture.

Yet those very same years were witnessing the application to the merchant marines of the world of those principles of concentration of capital and energy which had made the great industrial trusts so formidable. In 1913 these phenomena were the objects of exhaustive study by government commissions both in the United States and in Great Britain. Their findings showed the existence of great Anglo-German shipping rings and agreements, practically controlling the freight markets of the world and driving competition out of existence. Now, Lubin could see that in many directions these combines marked a progress; they made for efficiency and regularity of service, they stood for organization against anarchy; but he also saw the danger noted in the British Report: "the disadvantages of the system are those which are usually inseparable from a monopoly not subject to control." When he came to look closely into the system as it affected farm staples, the magnitude of the evil and the possibilities it left open for price manipulation by irresponsible shipping trusts appalled him and seemed to call for immediate action. The great shipping companies of the leading countries had formed into rings which gave them a practical monopoly of international ocean carriage, and while those rings gave fixed rates of carriage for package (*i.e.* manufactured) goods, the rates for the carriage of the staples of agriculture, cereals, cotton, wool, etc., fluctuated, in the words of the Secretary of the New York Chamber of Commerce, "from day to day and from hour to hour." Lubin saw that this afforded an opportunity for control, through fluctuating charter rates, not only of the export but also of the home price of the staples in the great producing countries; for the price of a staple may be said to vary in inverse ratio to the cost of carriage from the producing point to the world market center, Liverpool. Thus the economic status of such countries as Russia, the Argentine, Canada, and so forth were practically placed at the mercy

of the shipping rings. By differential tariffs and preferential treatment they could make or unmake the prosperity of ports and countries; they could cause the price of the food and clothing of the world to vibrate in sympathy with arbitrarily imposed fluctuations in the rates of carriage. Surely this was placing in the hands of private and irresponsible companies a dangerous power, a power which they should not have.

He saw here one of those obscure causes, little if at all understood or realized by the world at large, which disturb and distort economic relations, jeopardizing the stability and safety of States and Nations, giving rise to depressions and crises which the mass who suffer most therefrom attribute to causes which in reality are but effects of a condition which escapes their ken. "The really dangerous anarchist is not the man with the red tie who spits on the sawdust-sprinkled floor and talks revolution; the arch-anarchist is the manipulator, the trust, the shipping ring, usurping power, subordinating collective to individual interests," he used to say.

The more he studied the question, the more firmly Lubin was led to believe that on the solution of the problems of carriage, almost more than on any other single factor, depended the possibility of rendering the price of farm staples stable instead of highly speculative. But he also saw that their solution called for joint action by the nations through an international organ, for shipping rings and combines, residing in one country and doing trade the world over, could never be effectively regulated by national legislation.

He believed that ocean carriage as affecting directly and indirectly interests far transcending those which can be legitimately left to private control should be considered as a "public utility" no less than the railways, which, from an early date in their history, have been subject to control in the interests of the public at large; that the problems involved in ocean carriage called for regulation by an International Commerce Commission which should be for the

world what the Interstate Commerce Commission was for the United States.

He now saw that the International Commerce Commission which he had long felt to be a need, was a vital necessity if the carrier was to be the servant and not the master of the product, and nothing daunted by the cool reception his proposal received within the Institute, he set out in the late spring of 1914 for Washington to fight his case out there. If he could get the American farmer to realize that the uncertain factor of the cost of ocean carriage necessarily made the trade in the staples of agriculture a highly speculative one, if he could get the Congress of the United States to indorse the need for an international inquiry into the whole question, he felt that a new and important step would have been taken towards the upbuilding of an organized world commonwealth.

Physically, David Lubin was visibly growing old. Intense "mental pressure", as he phrased it, had told on his powerful physique. It aggravated the cough which never left him, breaking into his rest and putting his whole nervous system on the "ragged edge." Periods of illness which confined him for weeks to his room grew more and more frequent, but his spirit was indomitable, and he worked from his sick bed as long hours and as intensely as when in his office. Indeed, as he felt his lease of life slipping from him, the urge to accomplish became a feverish anxiety. He was like a man working against time, "for the night cometh when no man can work." He grew impatient of all trifles that interfered with or distracted him. Never have I come across any one who united so well-balanced a brain with the faculty for such intense, exclusive concentration on a self-appointed task.

As I look over these pages with their constant reference to such dry, prosaic subjects as tariff, transportation, summary of the world's visible supply, ocean freight rates, etc., and think of David Lubin as I knew him and as he impressed all with whom he came into close contact, I

wonder whether the reader will get even a glimpse of the real man. The real David Lubin lived a great, an entrancing romance; the work to him was sacred. For all his apparent dogmatism and self-assurance, he approached it in a spirit of humility and prayer. I remember that before starting on the composition of one of the little tracts in which he set forth his views on ocean carriage, he got me to read him through the book of Isaiah. It was to such works that he went for inspiration, while Blue Books furnished the data. To him the work was a greater "Marseillaise" hymn, as he used to phrase it. The purpose was Emancipation; emancipation from the chains which man's ignorance and greed have forged for him. He was working for the Messianic age none the less truly because the subjects he discussed were those familiar to the wheat-pit operator and the shipping agent; and he brought apostolic fervor to their solution.

He would have fits of deep despondency, but he would come out of them, pull himself together, and rejoice in his work. "To do such work is the greatest joy and privilege a human being can aspire to," he has often said to me, and he held himself ready, like a soldier, to leave whenever marching orders came. No considerations of health or comfort or personal happiness were allowed to stand in the way of what the cause demanded.

And thus in June, 1914, David Lubin rose from a sick bed, and accompanied by his young daughter, Dorothy, set off for Washington to place the ocean carriage proposal before the people of the United States.

"We have a Monroe Doctrine when no crown is permitted to enlarge its sphere an inch further on the great North and South American Continent," he had written some years before to his friend, Sam Gompers, "but there is a greater Monroe Doctrine than this. The great, inextinguishable son of liberty, our beloved Uncle Sam, is to take possession of every inch of land and water and air on this habitable globe. Not territorially, mind you, but spiritually. The

Law went forth from Sinai; but the modern Law, the law of humanizing and civilizing and uplifting, is to go forth from within the domain of the United States for the whole world." He went to spread this broader Monroe Doctrine, to get the United States to point the path with significant, outstretched, index finger.

He soon collected round him in Washington a group of influential men deeply interested in the case he placed before them. The Chairman of the House Committee on Merchant Marine, Joshua W. Alexander, whose report on shipping combines had furnished Lubin with most of his ammunition; Mr. Flood, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee; Senators Duncan U. Fletcher and Morris Shepherd; his old friend Julius Kahn; Congressman Goodwin and many others in the House, with the support of State Granges, Farmers associations and the Southern Commercial Congress, introduced a Joint Resolution into Congress favoring action by the International Institute of Agriculture towards calling a conference of the several governments with a view to the foundation of an International Commerce Commission. This commission was to have deliberative, consultative and advisory powers and was to consider the whole question of ocean carriage in its bearing on the staples of agriculture.

On August 30 Lubin wrote me: "When I came here I started in and seemed to make such gratifying headway that it looked as if a week would be sufficient. I arrived here on the tenth of July, and no action yet. However, there is some hope that it may come up to-morrow, and if not then, I will have to try for some other day. It would be more than foolish to be peevish and to grumble, especially so when Congressmen tell that they, as members, with months of labor, were not able to get for their own measures the attention that this has succeeded in having, so you see that it is all a question of 'praying hard and keeping the powder dry.'" On the second of September, inclosing the text of the Joint Resolution just adopted by Congress, he writes: "Well,

from the enclosed you will see that ocean carriage has won out, and a great big victory it is for the Institute. Other nations can no longer dismiss this matter with a wave of the hand. Presently it will be up in every country in the world."

Meanwhile, as the dates show, the almost incredible had happened, and Europe was convulsed by a great war. An interval of five years of unparalleled suffering and disaster opened in the life of the nations. The phenomena of economic life, enlarged as by some giant magnifying-glass, more especially those connected with the production, distribution, and carriage of farm staples, forced themselves on the attention not only of the statesman and the economist but of the man in the street. Much that David Lubin had been urging for years on apparently deaf ears came to be accepted as self-evident truth; the world witnessed the paradox of war bringing about unity and coöperation among a whole series of nations in a degree which would have seemed wildly utopian in times of peace. But of course it was impossible during such times to carry into effect the proposed world conference on ocean freight rates; and when the tragic interval was ended and the times were ripe for just such action, the Pioneer had ended his term of service on earth.

The torch is handed on; the work in which David Lubin was so faithful and diligent a worker is being performed by many agencies which have since arisen, mostly centering around that League of Nations which with all its blunderings, limitations and defects yet contains the nucleus of future greatness. Several of the departments of a World Administration which Lubin named in May, 1910, in his letter to William T. Stead, are now accomplished facts: the International Chamber of Commerce, the International Labor Bureau with its section for the regulation of migratory labor, the International Transport section of the League. One day, some day, in our time or centuries hence, the rest will follow. But in an age when, as David Lubin himself phrased it, the tendency is to attribute "primary honors to secondary

persons", when "commentators, sleek and fat", are crowned with the laurel wreath and the "original promulgator receives for reward scorn and a crown of thorns", it is well to remember. As one of his active coöperators of later years, Doctor Clarence J. Owens well said in a singularly penetrating appreciation written shortly after Mr. Lubin's death :

"David Lubin's vision carried him far beyond agricultural organization in the International Institute. He was the Father of the first League of Nations, a League that held fast through the period of the world war, the only body from which the belligerents never recalled their delegates, so that the one tie that held through the military conflicts and darkness of the war was the force brought into existence under the leadership of this great Californian Jew."

CHAPTER XVIII

DAVID LUBIN AS EDUCATOR

WHEN David Lubin had got through with his seven or eight hours' day of work in the Institute he would go home to the rooms he occupied in the Hotel de Russie, get out of harness, and relax with wife and children for two or three hours, before picking up his book and reading hard, often into the small hours of the morning.

He was a remarkable educator and delighted in the company of children. He could enter into their fun and win their confidence, and prided himself not a little on the fact that children took to him. He would read Mother Goose rhymes with the wee ones, and tell wonderful stories of adventure which they would follow with breathless interest. His absorption in his work did not prevent him from devoting a great deal of time and thought to the education of his three young children, Dorothy, Grace, and Teddy, during the years in Rome.

He had no love of precocity in the child, but just as he never "talked down" to an uneducated man, believing that all minds are capable of interest in serious and worthwhile things if clearly stated, so he never "talked down" to children. The child responds readily to nobility in thought and expression, and Lubin believed that most real fundamental truths can be so clearly and simply stated as to appeal to the child's mind.

A quick brain reveals itself in a quick eye, a sharp ear, a rapid, skilful hand no less than in mental gymnastics, and he was a great believer in games as a means of training the senses. He attached great importance to clear enunciation, deeming it an index to clear, as opposed to muddy and involved, thinking. Harmony in sound and form he conceived

of as the resultant of balance, a manifestation of imminent justice; therefore an appreciation of music, singing, and beauty in design he held to be an essential part of moral training. For him education consisted essentially in training the senses to receive accurate impressions, the mind to observation, deduction and generalization on the basis of said impressions, when the character will be formed to reject the unethical and to act with decision and rapidity along the lines of the ethical.

Such were the lines on which he trained his children. Lots of fun and games, an atmosphere of warm, demonstrative affection — he was very fond of coaxing and being coaxed by the young ones — an early awakening of the religious instinct, so closely allied in the child to the imaginative and the emotional.

He made a point of reading to them aloud, passing from nursery rhymes to fairy tales, to books of adventure and travel, to popular science and history, and by the time the girls were thirteen and fourteen they were ready for richer food. During a whole winter he made a regular practice of reading with them Plato's Dialogues. Engaging in regular debates he would add zest to the proceedings by awarding prizes for every apt answer and independent deduction or generalization. He was a great believer in debate and criticism, which he considered the very basis of Democracy, and he would bring home the papers he prepared in the Institute on the various questions which engaged his attention and read them with wife and children and get the opinions of one and all.

Ill-health had deprived him of the possibility of walking, but whenever he had a breathing spell he would drive round by the hour with the children in the rickety Roman cabs, choosing by preference the busy streets of the poorer quarters of the town. He never mastered the Italian language, yet in spite of this he gained no small insight into the Italian character and temperament. He came to have a very high regard for the nation in whose midst he lived so many years.

He considered the people essentially kindly and humane; noted the decorous, modest demeanor of the average woman; the fondness for children; the sobriety, industry and thrift of the working classes; the keen intellectual insight of the cultured. He believed that what held Italy back from taking the preëminent position so many qualities entitled her to was a strong tinge of intellectual pessimism and skepticism which paralyzed the Italians for action, resulting in the failure of the educated to give adequate leadership to the peasantry and the workers in progressive development, and he believed that this defect could be largely modified by closer relations with the younger, more dynamic democracies of the new world.

Next to driving, his favorite relaxations were the opera and the cinematograph. He did not indulge in them frequently, but when he did he liked to have a full dose, to start at the beginning and sit the show out to the very end, and if he had his way, he would go to three sets of moving pictures in succession. A procession of two or three cabs, taking Lubin and his family and all the friends he met and could press into the party to the cinematograph, would often leave the Hotel de Russie on a Sunday afternoon.

Nor had he forgotten his early love of his old fiddle. He brought it to Rome and would play the "Arkansas Traveller", "Dixie Land", "Old Black Joe", and other such classics, and laugh at himself heartily for his pains, wondering how much of an audience he could get if he were to pay them fifty cents apiece to attend.

In those latter years he hardly ever went out to see people, but many interesting persons would look him up in the course of a year. Doctor Felix Adler, Professor William Roscoe Thayer, Mr. Oscar Straus, the painters Elihu Vedder and Charles Walter Stetson and his gifted wife, the sculptor Ezekiel, the historian Guglielmo Ferrero, Will Irwin and his wife, Miss Rose Cleveland, Professor Dana Durand, are a few of the names that occur to me. Mrs. Rhys Davids, the great student of Sanskrit and Hindu philosophy, was one

of those of whom he saw much during the winter of 1912-1913, and many were the talks they had on their favorite philosophic themes.

"Since I saw you the Montessori methods have become a household word in England, and that always brings up before me your little granddaughter and her mother. And then I'm back in that room with the piano and the violin and the dangling string and the old melodies and the great D. L. in his shirt sleeves — my best Roman memory!" Mrs. Davids wrote to him in June, 1913.

The following letter, of an earlier date, written to his son Sie when a student at Harvard (October, 1900), is characteristic of his mode of training:

Your two letters received. I have gone over your list of appropriations for the \$1,200. . . . If you desire to benefit by any financial experience I may have, I would say that your list does not permit the outcome most conducive to freedom; that freedom of mind at once the concomitant of the design and act of a philosopher. For to begin with — show me the philosopher whose financial arrangements are at the start void of philosophy and we may conclude that such a person is not on the track of philosophy at all. Philosophy above all things is involved in a state of freedom from any and all perturbation of mind, and no one is or can be a philosopher who can not, like Richelieu in the play, mark a circle around himself and say: "Any and all kinds of perturbation of the mind shall remain outside of this circle." Doing this, and the pupil is on the high road to that blessed state known as philosophy. Not being able to do this, and the person is simply an everyday clown in cap and gown. . . . Taking all in all, the philosopher will so arrange his affairs as to reduce any and all probable mind perturbation to the lowest denomination. And to push these into a corner unto a day of reckoning is not philosophical, but the very reverse.

The following extracts are from his correspondence with his three younger children, when the two girls were in Bryn

Mawr and the boy in Charterhouse, England. Though never expert with the typewriter, he used to devote each alternate Sunday morning to thumping out these letters slowly and laboriously on his Underwood, as writer's cramp had for many years crippled him for handwriting. The material difficulty of the task is undoubtedly reflected in the style; the cramped hand hinders the flow of thought. But then, smooth facility was as alien to him in thought and speech as in writing. He dug his way slowly and painfully from certain fixed principles to closely reasoned conclusions by lines of argument often highly original and unexpected. A biography which failed to give a glimpse of him in the character of *pater familias* and educator would be incomplete.

Hotel de Russie, Rome, March 18th, 1917.

My dear Dorothy, and

My dear Gracie, and

My dear Teddy:

I am disposed to supplement my several letters to you on the subject of "learning", or rather how to learn. . . . In my previous letters I compared the operation of the mind to that of a kaleidoscope, the mind storing impressions just as the kaleidoscope's colored and angled pieces of glass are stored in their respective receptacles. By turning the kaleidoscope we assemble the stored pieces of glass in certain combinations, which, seen by the aid of some small mirrors, result in producing certain designs.

But the action of the mind is much more wonderful, for the stored impressions in the mind can be made to combine into an endless number of combinations, forming, if we would have them do so, our ideas of an idea, our conclusions and our opinions. This action is so regularly, so easily, and so unerringly performed that we seldom are sufficiently spurred on to perceive its mode of operation.

Are we not mistaken when we say "unerringly", for if this were the case without any qualification between one mind and another, would it not be equal to saying that all minds are of equal quality? No, there is no mistake, nor

need it follow that "all minds are of equal quality." The law of thought, like all other law, operates "unerringly"; and just as imperfectly colored or imperfectly angled pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope would produce an imperfect design, so defective or deficient impressions on the mind would produce imperfect conclusions or opinions.

Another illustration is afforded in the action of the films in a moving picture, where we see that pictures are reproduced in combination with other pictures, and thus intended to form conclusions and opinions. But how infinitely more wonderful the action of the mind!

Is it not wonderful to see that during the time we are awake our mind acts as a receiver, ever making and storing films, and yet at the same time that this is going on, the "show" of combination, conclusion, and opinion-making is going on right along at the same time?

"But the conclusions and opinions may be untrue, worthless."

"To be sure they may, they can be no better than the thousands of films and millions of pictures stored in the mind will let them be."

"Who then wants to be weak and who desires to be strong? . . . Do we wish to be mentally weak? No; we do not! But is there nothing to be done in order to become mentally strong?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, what?"

"To be careful to avoid lumbering up the storeroom of the mind with poor, worthless mind-films, but to store up the very best possible for us to obtain and as many of them as possible."

"Yes, that is good as far as it goes, but that is not enough, for we may store and store, and yet be as weak mentally as ever. See: supposing the caretaker of the library in the British Museum were to devote all his spare time among the hundreds of thousands of books there, — would it follow that he would become a mentally strong man?"

"No; the mere storing of the films makes no money for the moving-picture show; it is the showing of the pictures that earns the money. And so in the case of the mind. It

is not the storing of the mind-films alone that makes the strong mind, but the storing and the using does that.

"And the using is nothing else than thinking. And as we know, there is nothing done more constantly than thinking. In fact, we do thinking all the time we are awake, for we cannot stop the mind from thinking, even if we want to. It just thinks on its own hook.

"And yet there are but very few that do any thinking that is worth while, and so long as we do that kind of useless thinking, we had better not do any at all."

"But," you say, "it was shown above that we cannot help thinking; that the mind 'just thinks on its own hook.'"

"Yes, it does; but these are the weak, the feeble, the crippled minds that 'just think on their own hook.' The other kind of minds do some work when they think. They assemble from among the mind-films stored in their minds those pictures that have a bearing on the matter they wish to decide on, and they are so adroit through experience that they can handle with ease a vast number of pictures at once, and reject some and accept some, then place them in proper juxtaposition, and presto, they come to a conclusion and an opinion that is worth while. And such minds are strong. But all this is real hard work."

"But what is the use of sweating and working just for the sake of a different way of thinking, when you can do thinking anyway, without all this hard work?"

And here we have the philosophy of the tramp and the loafer, who believe that the "world owes them a living", and that it is the business of the man that thinks to provide them with this living, and no wonder that they often find themselves being kicked and in jail.

So then, we can each and all of us take our choice. We can start down as low as the level of the tramp and loafer and shirk all work in thinking, or we can just do a little thinking and be satisfied with a subordinate place, or we can start out and do some real good thinking, even if it is hard work, and pull ourselves up to a place of esteem and service, of service to ourselves and to others.

Nor need this labor be so unattractive as it may seem to be; it may seem hard and unattractive at the start. As

the work goes on it will be found to be easier and easier, and in time it will be as easy for the real thinker to think as it seems to be for the loafer not to do so.

Do as he will, the poor "slacker" that shirks thinking has a whole lot to be sorry for, and what he fails to do by real honest labor he is compelled to do in misfortunes, perplexities, and sorrow. So we can all see how important it is for us to get ourselves accustomed to do real good honest thinking.

But before dismissing the subject let us understand that mere storing of impressions is one thing; to do thinking as it is here understood is quite another. Mere lesson learning is not the end, it is but a means. Lesson learning is but one of the ways of storing away the mind-films, as it were; but the work of generalizing through the medium of these stored mind-films is the point; in this way we do the thinking.

So then it is first of all storing good mind-films constantly, and as constantly assembling these mind-films into good and useful combinations, and by combining and recombining them to arrive at conclusions and opinions, and to reshape these conclusions and opinions as we go along in the upward, progressive steps of this work.

This will make us strong.

Affectionately,

Papa.

International Institute of Agriculture,
Rome, July 19th, 1917.

My dear Dorothy, and

My dear Gracie:

I am reminded by the last letter to you from Mama that I may have been derelict in not having sent you a series of letters enjoining a certain mode of conduct. You are now growing out of mere childhood and entering the sphere of young womanhood. And it would seem that this state more than any other requires and demands injunctions and guidance. Then why were they not sent on?

As you proceed with your studies you will in time, no doubt, perceive the difference between the stand of the Greek

philosophers and the stand of the Bible heroes on the nature of God and the nature of Man. In relation to God the former believed in the eternity of matter as well as in the eternity of the Spirit, whereas the latter believed in the eternity of the Spirit only. In relation to Man the former believed in determinism, whereas the latter believed in free will.

In opposing the Greek stand on the first point the Bible heroes reasoned that the co-existence of any two eternals would be self-contradictory, for the totality of such two eternals would necessarily be one. But any such dual-mono-eternity would render matter a necessary and determinate part of God, which theory is pantheistic and unscriptural, for God would then be no God at all. Necessity would then be ruler of both Spirit and matter, thus narrowing all things within the bounds of determinism, of fatalism, and of pessimism. The pure monotheism of the Bible, however, gives us the eternal, all-ruling, all-pervading free will, God.

But it is with the second point, the question whether man is governed by determinism or by free will that we are concerned here.

If we are to hold by determinism, as the Greek philosophers did, there would, of course, be no use for injunctions as to what is already determined. In fact, under such a condition the very injunctions would also have been determined. We should, in that case, be as pebbles on the seashore acted upon by the waves; and under such a condition I would have no free-will power to injoin, nor would you have free-will power to act upon or reject such injunctions.

But as we are governed by free will, what about the injunctions?

Here again we come to a seeming stop, for an unqualified acceptance of such injunctions would imply determinism; your actions would then be "determined" by my injunctions, and such "determination" would be opposed to free will.

Such being the case it would logically follow that my service in the premises should be limited to bringing out the thoughts latent in your minds, to bringing before your mind's eye such adjustments and readjustments of these

thoughts as may tend to produce those generalizations and conclusions which will aid you in rejecting any feebler opinions in favor of the stronger and the better. Hence my letters of the past, as well as this present one, are more on the lines of advice and reason than on that of imperative injunctions.

And this mode of procedure is in line with what Socrates teaches. He would have us teach as if it were a "remembering" of thought already in our mind. The thought may be latent; it is the art of the teacher to awaken within our minds the details of an idea already there, and by assembling these details in various juxtapositions to allow the pupil to draw the logical generalizations and deductions therefrom which should crystallize into opinions, opinions which should govern conduct.

Let me give an illustration. Let us suppose two men, Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Jim Burglar, in a dimly lighted room filled with costly objects. Mr. Burglar, covetously eyeing the valuables, is prompted to say to his neighbor, "Say, Boss, let us pack up a lot of this stuff and skip away by the back door."

Now, what effect would this have on Mr. Spencer? Would Mr. Burglar be able to win him over to this project? You say, "Certainly not." But why not? Clearly because the thoughts stored in Mr. Spencer's mind do not respond to Mr. Burglar's suggestion, reasoning, opinion, or conclusion. And Mr. Spencer would further conclude that no immediate argument or reasoning other than a show of sufficient force, would convince Mr. Burglar that his proposal was a bad one.

"But," you say, "this is determinism; it seems to knock down the whole theory of free will."

So it does, but in reality it is a strong argument for free will. It teaches that our choice of to-day, our free will of to-day, determines the character of our free will of to-morrow. In that way each person is said to be the "architect of his own fortunes." More than that, not merely of his own fortunes but of his own soul. And this is the first and principal lesson that each student should learn and master. If you have learnt this you have learnt much, and are on the road to learn much more.

It would then be unnecessary to enjoin on you the caution to be observed in the selection of your friends, and how to avoid making enemies. You would not have to be enjoined that it is hazardous in the extreme to accept random invitations to theatres, to teas, or to meals, especially from male strangers, or to countenance a random show of friendliness by designed or undesigned chance approaches. You will then intuitively know all the dangers attending this; and you will be as free from the dangers of this sort of contagion as Mr. Spencer would be from the influences of Mr. Burglar.

All this, you may see, demands not merely intuition but strength of character, force of will, and, when required, instantaneous decision. So much for avoiding evil. But this in itself does not constitute all that goes to make a lady. Here the graces are wanted as well as the virtues, and with these service, and again service, and again service.

And now let me hear from you both on this subject. Have your say, give and take, pro and con, all purely on the line of free will, when some day we may have the matter up again.

Affectionately,
Papa.

And here he is in a lighter vein :

My dear Dorothy, and
My dear Gracie, and
My dear Teddy :

It frequently feels as if we had you all with us here, and we wish it were so. The other evening found me reviewing a number of Mother Goose songs, and it seemed to me that you were all here, with Teddy on my lap, and Gracie on one side and Dorothy on the other, just as it used to be when you were "wee" little folks. And then I started in on my high notes with "There was a man in our Town who was wondrous wondrous wise", but what was my surprise when I was invited to postpone the rest until I had sent my notes to the blacksmith's to be sharpened a little. . . .

We have our "meatless days" regularly, and as we are something of philosophers, we take things as they come, so

we take *macaroni à la gratin*, or *spaghetti à la neapolitaine*, or beets, or anything we can get. Mama says it is good as "dieting" and so we are all getting very healthy. It has gotten down to matches, and matches are matches now-a-days, and so is writing paper at the Hotel where not a sheet can be had without an aristocratic price. But then, it's no better in England, as Teddy perhaps knows. . . .

We nearly had a smelling match, Mama and I, of the fern and pine sprig, and it reminded us of New England, which Mama no doubt thinks belongs to Old England. But when we get ready to annex that Island, Mama will then see the error of her way. . . .

Dorothy dear, I think that you should rather get some suitable piece of jewelry with the money we sent you for that purpose. While I would not care to see you or Grace behung with jewels, it is just as bad taste to be too bare of any. Too bare of any would make you as conspicuous as too many, so follow Confucius and adopt the "happy medium." . . .

Then there comes Teddy with the announcement that he was in a "Hydro." When I first read his statement that he was stopping at a "Hydro" I was somewhat alarmed, for I had an idea that a hydro was a sort of "home" for gouty people, or rheumatics, people that wallowed around in wet sheets, groaning and moaning. So I looked up the dictionary, but the nearest word to it is "hydra", but that is a "water serpent." However, on reading further I find (on generalizing) that a "hydro" is no longer a "hydro" but it is a sort of jolly semi-hotel boarding house. And that there are ever so many appliances for having fun. Accordingly I am, as the Britishers say, 'appy !!!

Lovingly,
Papa.

Rome, December 2nd, 1917.

. . . Before taking up your dear letters (Dorothy and Gracie) let me jot down a paragraph or two on the subject of determinism and free will. It is a theme well worth your while, for in the first place, you will soon have it directly in

your studies, and indirectly throughout life's experience. When a little boy, my mother taught me on the subject in the striking and peculiar manner customary to the "Mother-in-Israel", as mothers of standing among orthodox Jews were designated at the time when I was a boy. This was her lesson.

"When a boy goes to sleep (or girl), and after they are soundly sleeping, the Angel Michael conducts the soul of that child to Heaven and to its Record Room. In that room there are heavy silk curtains, which cover the walls, and the room is lit by a tiny but incandescent light above a desk on which are two books, with their pages open. The Angel, pointing to these books, says: 'See, child, here are the two books of Record. One is the Book of Life, the other is the Book of Death. The first is the golden book of Love, the other is the leaden book of Hate. And now it is time to record your actions of to-day, so give me your hand.' Then the Angel takes the child's little finger and records his deeds of the day. The deeds of love and right in the book of Life, and the deeds of hate and falsehood in the book of Death. After which the Angel accompanies the soul back to the body and then departs. And this the Angel does all the days of the child's life until the child has grown into an aged person, and until the last day of earthly life. And after life, when the soul stands before the Supreme Judge, the pages from the Book of Life and those of the Book of Death are detached from their books and placed upon a scale; on the right side the pages from the Book of Life, on the left side those of the Book of Death. And then comes the sentence."

I think you will see quite clearly that through the disguise of a simple and pleasing story a great truth was intended to be conveyed. Each act was recorded and remained recorded until the Day of Judgment. At that time the good and bad were weighed in the scale, and the predominance of the one side or the other led to Life or to Death.

This is the story of determinism, but the "incandescent light" in the "Recording Room" is the spiritual will, which is our "free will", to be exerted just at the opportune time,

which, when strong enough, has the power to set the "determined" aside. And this Light is within us.

I do not of course expect my dear little girls to understand all about determinism and free will, since there are many great, big, learned men that do not understand it. But I do think that you two girls have as good a grasp of some of the rudiments of this subject as the average girl students (Fresh-men!!) of course, and perhaps more so. And that is something to be proud of.

And now to the pleasing task of commenting on your dear letters. To me and to Mama your sweet letters were as a rich bunch of precious flowers. There you were with your cap and gown, a-marching in solemn procession, and when we came to the song part we both felt like joining in with a hearty, "Three cheers for Bryn Mawr College; three cheers for our dear girlies; and three cheers for Jane Latimer, and three cheers for Lois Parsons!!!! Rah!! Rah!! TIGER!!"

With an awfully tight hug and a dozen kisses,

Affectionately,
Papa.

Writing to the children on the subject of their excellent college reports, he says :

The mistake is that one takes reports as the end, whereas they are a means. And as a means it may happen that the study may have served to a greater purpose by the student receiving the dull report than by the student receiving the high report. . . . The primary thing is not how to work out a high report for the sake of obtaining the high report, but the primary thing is to study so as to render the spirit nobler. Let me try to make clear what I mean by an illustration.

Let us compare the spirit of man to a jar of mixed chemicals. On the table there is an empty jar into which pour some quantity of chemicals from among the thousands of different chemicals before it, then stir, heat or cool the mixture, and what have you as a result?

The jar may be compared to the circumference of the

soul, and the chemicals to the ideas which are taken in. But the question is, what kind of ideas were taken in, how were they assimilated, and what was the effect of the assimilation on the soul in its totality?

If we could see the operation of the soul in all this we would witness one of the most wonderful phenomena in the psychic domain of the universe. It is God alone who understands this as it really is, but it is sufficient for our understanding if we can make use of our imagination in the endeavor to grasp the idea through symbols, more or less artistic and rational. . . .

Now, what the General is to the soldiers, the "Will" is to the individual, and the will is known under the terms of "Spirit", "Soul." Now, this Spirit, Soul, or Will is the top force of all our stored-up thoughts, and we have no right to expect a better "General" to will for us than the mass of thought-stuff we have stored in the mind. Nor is this all; for we may have a goodly quantity of first class foodstuff, but it has not been digested, and it just lays there subjecting us to spirit ache, to soul ache, or to will ache, just as unassimilated or undigested food gives rise to stomach ache or indigestion.

And from all this, my dear children, you will see that a mere high report is by no means the highest evidence of learning, but it is, of course, evidence. The highest use of learning is not merely to take in new formulas and ideas but to assimilate them with the ideas already there, and to adjust our ideas constantly to the varying standard which the higher process of thought will admit.

All this involves labor, and labor means effort, and thought-effort requires as much exertion as labor at the bench or in the ditch, and your ease-loving party would not care to lower themselves to labor, and they mean to be Ladies and Gentleman without this trouble. Well, may be they are right, may be they are wrong. What do you think?

He never tired of impressing on the children his belief that the acquisition of knowledge is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. "The constant use of the hammer by the blacksmith gives his right arm great power," he writes in one

of his fortnightly chats. "This power comes by degrees, and in proportion to the uses the arm is put to. And so with the mind. We can make a normal mind strong by exercise as well as we make the body strong by physical exercise. And the best manner of exercising the mind is by criticising. Any mere storing of the mind with facts is for the purpose of laying in a supply of raw material, so that we have the stuff to employ in the act of criticising. Taking in facts without employing them in criticism is as useless toward gaining strength as eating but not digesting."

Build up a strong body by exercise, a strong mind by debate and criticism, store that mind with well-digested facts acquired from books and from travel, experience and observation, use those facts as the basis for generalization, and have as the goal of all this effort Service — and you will have the men and women required for successful Democracy. Lubin believed that in a degree each and every human being was capable of development along these lines, that direct observation from facts was just as good a school as the University, so long as the mind had been trained to think. I have often heard him attribute the rapidity with which the Jews from Eastern Europe make their way to success, when they once get into the favoring environment of more enlightened countries, to the training in debate and criticism which they receive in the *beth-medrash*, even though the textbook be nothing more modern than that strange medley of medieval Jewish lore, the Talmud.

The following letter, the last I will quote, is an epitome of many of David Lubin's views on education.

Hotel de Russie, Rome, February 24th, 1918.

My dear Dorothy, and
My dear Gracie, and
My dear Teddy:

Here we are assembled again for our fortnightly chat, and it almost seemed to me as if it were in days gone by, when we had our memorable talks. I wonder whether you

remember them? But of course you do, for some of our debates were no doubt so impressed upon your minds that they have helped to shape the trend of your thoughts.

Do you remember Dorothy, with her hat on the floor, ready to receive her ten centimes for a near approach toward the goal intended to be reached by our debate? And Gracie, how full of alacrity in reaching out her hand for the prize as soon as she saw indications on my face that she had made "a hit?" And as for Teddy, he seemed at times to be superciliously indifferent to the whole proceeding, as if it were beneath his cultured dignity to take such matters seriously, but now and then, to vary his bearing by an electric jump, as it were, blurt out an answer, and just reach out his hand for the prize, which he seemed sure he could easily have by the slightest mental effort of his superior mind.

But what then; this is just about the way all boys act when in mental competition with girls. I am inclined to think that I was an exception to the rule when I was a boy; but then, this is excusable, since I do not remember having been placed in such competitive juxtaposition.

I am glad, my dear Teddy, to note from your letter of the 10th that you are now using your "dictionary much more than before", and I hope that you will continue to do so. You will find, on the line of my former letter, that all study is definition, which can be divided into two divisions: the definition of a word and the definition of an idea. For the word we go to the dictionary, for the idea we go to other ideas that have a bearing on the subject before us. This second is generalization.

And what is generalization? It is a marshalling of ideas stored in the mind. Thus we see that each person, so far as ideas are concerned, is a dictionary to himself, defining whatever he defines through his own dictionary, which is part of himself. In fact, it is his very own self.

So then, study is for the purpose of making one's self a dictionary which is to serve for all purposes of life. And mark, if this "dictionary" is a poor one, it must be a foregone conclusion that our ideas are going to be poor. But supposing it is a good one? Ah, that is the point! And the next one is, what degree of good? Clearly, if very good the per-

son will be very good and great, and all that, until we reach the superlative, right up to Moses, Plato, Isaiah, Jesus, Socrates, Confucius, and Sakya Muni.

And so, we see, we have it in our power to build ourselves on a high plane if we convert ourselves into our very own dictionary on the highest plane possible. But in all this there is much to be gained by the habit of constant reference to the dictionary that Teddy refers to.

. . . Some people appear to doubt prophecy, saying that there is no prophecy, but then, I can show you that there is, for I can give you a concrete example of it, and in a manner that you can test by yourselves.

Says "A": "I want to be happy; I want the love and the respect of all the people in my environment, at least of those in it whose love I crave." And how is he to get it? And now prophecy! Are there terms and conditions under which you can have that love, or can it be had by a wave of the hand, because you want it? There are terms and conditions, otherwise people could compel me to love them whether I would care to do so or not.

Do you or can you love persons whether you care to do so or not? No, certainly not.

Whom do you love? Persons who seem lovable to you, persons that serve you or that you wish should serve you. Could you love any that would neither serve you nor wish to serve you? No; therefore it follows that others could not love you whom you did not serve or did not wish to serve. And this is one prophecy.

What must you do to win the love of those persons whom you wish should love you? You must be of service to them. And this is the second prophecy.

Supposing that you neither serve other persons nor care to serve them, could you expect to be happy? No. And this is the third prophecy.

Does this law apply to individuals only? No, it applies to nations and peoples as well. That is the reason why I, as an individual, work for the happiness of the world, in order that the world may learn presently to love Israel.

Try as I would, however, I cannot serve to higher purpose than my very own dictionary will permit me, but if I employ that to its highest possibility, then I may make a very modest

stock of ability go a very great distance to accomplish much more than others with greater store of ideas but with lesser endeavor of accomplishment.

But why all this effort? Because I wish to win the love of the gentiles for the House of Israel.

But has not Israel of old done ever so much service to the gentiles of the world through Israel's Bible? Why, then, all this base return to the Jew by the nations for this great service?

But Israel has had his equivalent return, since all the world has adopted nearly all his teachings and presently he will purify it all of its pagan admixture. And as to Israel's seeming suffering as a result of a labor of love, — the suffering is not nearly as harrowing as it seems to be. How is that? You know that Socrates and Plato and the Sages of Israel teach that the only real suffering is that which each individual brings on himself by his own actions, not by what any one else does to him. They taught that it is the persecutor that suffers, not the persecuted. |

This seems a hard point to grasp, but after you give it time, and think the matter over, you will see that this is correct.

And now I am very much pleased that Teddy took for his own the nineteenth Psalm, and is to memorize it. And Gracie also took the 19th and the 23rd and the 123rd; but no one has yet taken the 104th, a most noble psalm. I am still to hear from Dorothy as to her choice. Perhaps she has made it and given the announcement in one of her former letters.

And while on this point, you, dear children, know that it is very hard for me to write by pen on account of cramp in the wrist, and so I use the typewriter machine, but this is slow work for me. It takes some several hours for me to write a letter like this, and Sunday is about the only day in the week that I allow myself any time off from my regular work. So I have but little time to go over your letters in detail. I have been thinking that it would be convenient if you could underscore in ink each line of the letters you send on that you would care to have me see or comment. . . .

Mama and I could well wish that each and every one of our dear ones were here, when we could be so very happy to clasp them to our hearts. God bless each and all of you.

Affectionately, Papa.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GREAT WAR AND THE GREAT PEACE

WE have followed David Lubin nearly to the close of his life adventure, which was to end when, with the termination of the great war, the curtain was rung down on an era in human history. This indefatigable worker in the cause of international justice was to pass the last four years of his life in the Valley of the Shadow and die as peace dawned. But the unconquerable optimism which enabled his ancestors of old to stand the test of persecution, proclaiming to the end that "God is Just", enabled Lubin to keep his bearings amid the wreckage of high hopes and dreams.

As we have seen, Lubin was in Washington when the war broke out. The echo of the terrible events necessarily reached him somewhat attenuated by distance, yet for all that it was overpowering. But it only strengthened in him the conviction that if civilization were to endure it must be along the very lines of economic organization on a world-wide scale for which the International Institute of Agriculture stood. At this crisis his faculty for intense concentration on the work in hand stood him in good stead.

Whatever occurred, the world must be fed and clothed, and to do this under war conditions implied forethought, organization, and a husbanding of resources on a scale hitherto undreamt of. A prerequisite for this was knowledge: knowledge of the available and prospective supplies and of the means of increasing them, knowledge of all the factors determining price and the possibilities of carriage, knowledge of the demand and of the means of meeting it with the least possible waste through ignorance and unnecessary friction. And this was the very knowledge which the Inter-

national Institute of Agriculture had been created to supply. Would the Institute survive the shock of war, or, where so much else was perishing, would it not also shipwreck?

On August 17, 1914, he wrote me from Washington:

And now in this trying time in the life of the Institute, what is to be done? "Nothing," says the jackass; "let us wait until the war is over and then when the 'stuff' comes in we will publish it." And if I had my way I should just grab such jackasses by the nape of the neck and kick them right into a bootblack stand, and compel them to black boots for a living. Such heroes do not belong to the Institute; they are parasites pure and simple. There is as much opportunity to do real valuable service right now during the time of war as at any other time. The question is upon the exertion of the mind and the genius to see what ought to be done. Well, I feel almost certain that you for one will not have to wait to be told before you will know. You will know, and perhaps some of the others may know. Let us see!

And he saw. Far from falling asunder, the Institute stood this trial by fire and came out of the ordeal strengthened.

Indeed, the terrible events of the next four years were to emphasize the vital importance of Lubin's contention. The need for rapid, regular, reliable information on supplies was brought home so forcibly to all that it is difficult now to believe it could ever have been sneered at. As the months went by and the situation grew ever graver, with one half of the world threatened with starvation and the other half striving to meet the deficit, the importance of the statistical organization which the Institute had induced the nations to build up or perfect, each for itself, completing it by its own work in assembling, coördinating, and summarizing, won the recognition of governments. It came to be of vital assistance to the food controllers of the several countries in their Herculean task. It emphasized amidst the "alarums and excursions of war" the essential solidarity of the nations of the world.

This was the immediate service to which Lubin devoted all his energies, and — as we saw when reviewing the American side of his labors — he did all in his power to supplement the work of the Institute by national measures to assist the American farmer in doing his share to feed the world. An article on “Food Control and Democracy” which he contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* (August, 1917) states his position on this whole question, while the columns of the American press of those years bear eloquent witness to the active part he played in calling attention to the Institute’s data forecasting the imminence of a great food shortage.

But a mind so speculative, so prompt to generalize as Lubin’s could not fail to react powerfully in more directions than one to such a stimulus as the world war.

Taken unawares, scarcely able to credit the events of the first months of the great struggle, Lubin concentrated at first on the immediate duty of the hour. President Wilson had enjoined on all Americans strict neutrality; he was not only an American but one holding an official position in an international institute on which all the belligerents sat as members.

On his return to Rome in December, 1914, he took an active part in the labors of the Permanent Committee; placed before it the Congressional Resolution on his ocean freight-rate proposal, got the action endorsed, and the question placed on the order of the day for the next General Assembly of the Institute. But when would that be? The Committee met regularly; the delegates of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, were still active members. The contagion of politics had never tainted the work of the Institute; proof positive of this was afforded by the fact that even in those tragic hours French and English and Germans and Russians and Belgians could sit on the same committees within its walls and discuss the best way of drawing up a half-yearly world balance-sheet of supply and demand of the cereal crops, one of the useful developments of the work elaborated to meet the crying needs of the hour in the spring

of 1915. Yet the war had hit the Institute hard; its staff had been depleted by mobilization. When hostilities were declared French, Germans, Austrians, Belgians had met together for a last time under the clear skies of Rome, had raised their glasses to the future of peace and amity and coöperation for which they had worked in the Institute, and had left for the irrespective armies. The English and Italians were to follow a few months later, leaving the few not fit for service at the front to "carry on."

During the winter and spring of 1914-1915 Lubin saw the Italian people gradually unraveling the tangled skeins of diplomacy and treaty obligations, and preparing to throw its weight into the scale. He lived through those critical days of May, 1915, when all over Italy the people rose as one man to proclaim its solidarity with Right against Might, and to demand of its government a declaration of war. He was in Rome when the news came that the *Lusitania* had been sunk, and never doubted that the outrage would be followed by immediate hostilities with the United States. His expectations were disappointed; official neutrality had still to be observed, but the inner significance of the great struggle had now grown clear to him.

In those radiant evenings of late spring David Lubin, worn with the strain of the great issues at stake, would often drive with me for an hour or so on leaving the Institute in the gardens of Villa Borghese or along the banks of the Tiber. The stillness and serenity of the sunset hour was strangely in contrast with the tumult of alternate hopes and fears in which all lived, with the passion of the Italian people straining to break loose from considerations of prudence and selfish ease and fling themselves into the sacrificial fire. Yet Lubin would talk during those drives, not of the tragic events of the day — proclaimed from every news-stand and forming the subject of every conversation — but, looking through the transient to the eternal, to the great fundamental principles which underlay these phenomena, he would merge the particular in the general, and the tragedy enacted around

him would appear but as an act in the great world drama which started with the dawn of history.

Again as in the days when he wrote "Let There Be Light" he felt the all-important thing to be the ideas behind actions, the cause leading to the effect. Was not the struggle then being fought out on the blood-soaked fields of France and Flanders and Italy and Poland the result of the impact between two conflicting principles, two opposite modes of thought?

He saw it not as a war waged by Germany on France and England but as a struggle between the conflicting principles of autocracy and democracy.

On his return from the United States in November, 1916, it was this aspect of the question which most impressed him, and he was quick to see the possible outcome. The democracies had been forced into a defensive alliance, aligned against the autocracies; the United States had not yet joined, but every day made it clearer that their entry into the war could not be long delayed. Organized effort on an international scale both for armaments and supplies had been the inevitable outgrowth of the alliance. Why, with the advent of peace, should not the alliance develop into a permanent Confederation? The idea of a Commonwealth of Nations, which had looked visionary when he wrote of it in 1911, seemed almost within the field of practical politics in 1917.

Lubin elaborated these ideas in dialogue form in a pamphlet entitled "An International Confederation of Democracies under a Constitution", of which he printed and distributed some hundred and fifty thousand copies, and of which editions appeared in Chinese, in French, and in Italian.

In this pamphlet he claimed that the old pre-war cry of the pacifists for disarmament offered no solution; armaments are not a cause but an effect, an effect of a state of mind represented by autocratic governments. Such fundamentally incongruous forces as democracies and autocracies he held could never be lastingly welded together under treaties for disarmament.

Speaking through the mouth of one of the persons in the dialogue, Lubin outlines his proposed mode of procedure :

White: As I see it now I would say that the first thing to be done at the close of the present war will be to issue a call for an international convention of the democracies, for the purpose of drawing up a constitution for an international confederation.

Smith: Why an international constitution? Do you mean a treaty?

White: No, I do not mean a treaty, I mean a constitution — a constitution voted on by the people and ratified by the government of an adhering nation would be more binding than a treaty.

Jones: Are we to understand that this international confederation would stand for disarmament?

White: No, not for disarmament. On the contrary, there would be a normal average armament which the adhering nations would be required to keep up. . . . Each of the adhering nations would contribute a just and adequate quota to the total military strength of the confederation, partly in money, partly in territorial strategic advantages, partly in man-power, and partly in actual and potential military and industrial resources. In this manner there could be a systematic, adequate, and just contribution of all the nations concerned. . . .

Smith: But why should the labors of such a confederation be confined to armaments? Why could it not also have its administrative departments, like those of a national government? . . . Why could there not be international departments of the Treasury, of the Post Office, of Agriculture, of Commerce, of Labor, of Transports? Would there not be room for departments like these to deal with the international phases of production and distribution?

White: I think there would be. For instance, the reduced outlay on armaments rendered possible under the confederation might permit the formation of a Federal or International Reserve Bank under the Department of the Treasury of the Confederation. In this case each of the adherents could periodically deposit in this bank a sum

equivalent to a given proportion of the excess amount of its former military and war expenditure. The funds of this bank could then be used for moving crops, for obviating panics, for regulating international exchanges, for constructing international canals, and for other purposes of international public utility. The International Institute of Agriculture and the International Postal Union are already here, ready to serve the purposes of the confederation, perhaps with added powers and increased duties. Similarly, departments could be formed to deal with the international phases of commerce and labor, when reciprocal commercial and industrial treaty measures could be placed in their hands, while the Department of Transports could be entrusted with the international phases of ocean carriage.

After thus outlining the nature of the proposed confederation, Lubin went on to show that the huge war debts, the crushing taxation, the obstacles in the way of international trade, the break-down in international currencies and credits which he foresaw must be the inevitable aftermath of war, would force the nations to favor such a confederation as the best means of strengthening and restoring credit, indeed as the one alternative to bankruptcy and revolution.

Two or three weeks after Lubin had completed this exposition of his views, President Wilson's famous Message in which the League of Nations was first announced as a live political issue, came to add strength to his conviction that the times were now ripe to take this proposal up as a practical work.

In March, 1917, war was complicated by revolution. Looking backwards, it is pathetic to remember the high hopes, the sense of glorious liberation with which the Russian Revolution was greeted in the democratic countries. Alliance with the Tzar had always been felt as a sore misfit by those who were praying and working that this might be a war to end war.

Lubin shared in a special manner in the general rejoicing, and he celebrated the Passover of 1917 in the belief that Israel had again been delivered from the Egyptian bondage.

Once more the long-cherished hope rose in his breast, the hope that the People of the Book might again be the banner bearer, the "Champion for God", in the great fight for World Confederation. As we have seen, this was no new idea with him.

Writing in 1912 to Colonel Weinstock on "Israel and his Ideal" he had said:

The real mission of Israel is work toward the "just weight and the just measure" between the nations, work that shall sterilize the pride of chauvinism, that shall neutralize the poison of racial hate, work that shall bind all the nations with the golden links of individual advantage so equally distributed as to transmute this advantage into general equity, work that shall lay low Machiavellian arbitrament and realize throughout the earth in all its grandeur and beauty the divine standard of life dreamt of and promulgated by the prophets of Israel. . . .

Let Israel but be Israel, let him be the "Fighter for God", narrowed to the lines in which he can serve, in which he should serve, let him but be that, and the world will do more than tolerate, it will get down on its knees and worship. It is this work, or degeneration and death. There is no halting; no, not for one so powerfully charged as is the Jew with the conserved energy of ages, so charged with doctrines that underlie social evolution in its broadest aspects.

Let the Jew stand still, divested of his orthodoxy and naked of idea and ideal, and you will presently have good cause to complain of "rishes" (hatred). . . . Yet give these same Jews an idea and an ideal and they become the prophets, the seers, the upbuilders of the new world, the world dreamt of by our Isaiahs and our Micahs. And they will need no begging for toleration, for the world will then love them, worship them. . . .

It is only a parliament of nations, with law and power, the power and majesty of the people, that will make possible the just weight and the just measure on earth; that will make possible that higher Marseillaise hymn which shall bring on earth the rule which is in heaven, the rule of equity

And you have the presumption to ask this poor caricature of a man, this poor, hump-backed, knock-kneed, curly-headed, timid, outlawed, ostracised pawnbroker and pedler to engage in this occupation, in this world-uplifting fight?

I certainly have, and am warranted in my belief by the fact that within this material, within this structure, are the ingredients of power adapted to do just this work. The Jew needs but to be awakened. Let the breath of the spirit he was nurtured on during the centuries of his cradling overshadow the valley of dry bones, and the dry bones will arise men. The hair will grow long again, and Israel will again be the Nazarite of the Lord, and there will be no cords strong enough to bind him, for he will be invincible.

The acid of war, acting as a reagent, had precipitated much that had hitherto been held in solution in the body politic. The time had come for Israel to act or, as Lubin wrote, "for ever after hold his peace."

He was well aware that individually many Jews were, like himself, already working along such lines, that the contribution of the race to American and World civilization and progress was individually high; but he wanted more than this; he wanted to see Israel as a people reawaken to his Messianic Mission, and joining hands with all those of other races entitled by their works to that proud name of "Fighter for God", place himself in the vanguard of progressive action towards the realization of Universal Democracy, the United States of the World.

He knocked at many doors with his message but always in vain. Among others he approached the Intercollegiate Menorah Association, which set forth as its purpose "the promotion of Jewish ideals." In August, 1917, he wrote to its Chancellor, Mr. Henry Hurwitz:

Two distinct and conflicting forces actuate the nations in their international feelings and policy. Of these forces one is represented by the belief in the "*Allmacht*" of natural selection, based on a violent and fatal competitive struggle . . . a struggle bitter and ruthless among the different

human groups (as Mr. Vernon Kellogg expresses it in his article "Nights at Headquarters" in the August *Atlantic Monthly*). The other is the force evolved through the life of Israel; the force which wishes to establish law, the law of justice and equity among the nations.

And these two forces, represented on the one hand by the autocratic, on the other by the democratic nations, have locked horns; they are engaged in combat, a combat having for arena the world. The fight is now going on, with the combatants equally matched in power and temper, clasped in deadly embrace, swaying backwards and forwards, now one uppermost and now the other. Which shall prevail? Shall it be the force of violence, the struggle of the brown rat against the black, the force of the ruthless "*Allmacht*?" Shall it not be the force of law and solidarity, of justice and equity among the nations?

And right here is the long-sought opportunity for Israel. . . .

His eagerness was again met by incomprehension and indifference, incomprehension and indifference which most readers may feel inclined to share; yet Lubin was moved in all this not only by romantic mysticism but by the realization of a very real need arising from a new condition.

He dreaded for the Jew the dangers of rank materialism. Old-fashioned orthodoxy was losing its hold, and unless it were replaced by an ideal in line with the spirit and traditions of the people the very qualities which made them a potential power for good — bold speculation, realism, logic, rare ability in seeing means to ends — might make them a potential power for evil.

On his return from America in the autumn of 1916, Lubin had made a brief stay in London, mainly to talk over his views on ocean freight rates with leading English shipping authorities, Sir Owen Philips, Sir Norman Hill, the Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman and others. On this occasion he also met Mr. H. G. Wells. "I have been interested in the International Institute of Agriculture for some years," Mr. Wells had written to me in the summer of 1916, "and it

was that which made me give Italy a kind of central part in the world pacification in my 'World set Free.'” The meeting between the writer and the man of action was graphically described in an article by Wells on whom Lubin's personality and work made a deep impression. They met only this once, but that they kept in touch the following letters show :

Easton Glebe, Dunmow,
Oct. 1916.

My dear Mr. Lubin,

I have read your *Let There be Light* with great care and interest. I am now returning it to you with the two typed papers you asked me to return. I find in myself a very complete understanding of your line of thought and a very warm sympathy. You will see that in my *God the Invisible King* I take up a more Christian attitude than yours. I am agnostic in regard to your God and I use the word “God” to express the divine in man. You will have to allow for this proper difference in terminology when you read what I have to say. We are at one in looking to a world in which mankind is unified under God as King.

I should be very interested to know more of the history of your thought and the particulars of your life. I do not think they would be satisfactory material for a novel but I have in mind a book *The Kingdom of God* which might possibly be written round your work and the personalities of yourself and your mother.

I wish by the bye you could get me a copy of *Let There Be Light* to keep. I would like it by me.

Very sincerely yours,
H. G. Wells.

Rome, Nov. 4th, 1916.

Dear Mr. Wells :

I have received your welcome letter and intended to answer it right then and there, but it is only by a mere scratch that I am writing now, some weeks after the time of its receipt.

I have been at work on my merchant marine report almost constantly from the time that I arrived; have put in fourteen days and have only some seven poor little pages brought out. And so, for the time being, all correspondence of whatever nature is in abeyance until my report is out, when among the first few copies will be one for yourself, and let me say for Mrs. Wells.

I have disappointments and regrets every day; this old town will persist in striking out, in clanging aloud, 12 o'clock when it ought not to be more than 10.15, and then the six o'clock proposition is about the same. So much to be done, and so precious little done, and the family so large (about one billion eight hundred million). But, hullo, I am using up time now, so I must quit, but not before I tell you that I thank you for the pleasure I have had from your valuable books. Will tell you more about them when I get my report off the table. Last night it was after twelve when I got through with you and Teddy and Derick, and Britling. Bully for you. But say throw your finite God overboard, please. If he were rubbed on the stone and the acid poured on, he would turn green.

Did it ever strike you that the "under-dog" may have something to say, and perhaps in the near future, that may set a thing or two straight? Oh, no; how could you think of any such thing, for in common with all the sons of Esau you have a big stick for the "under-dog", and this Esau crowd have been so busy spitting and cursing and burning and despising and hooting and tooting that they have got to believe it all. But never mind, some day they will be treated to a surprise party, and they will know better.

.....
 Howsomed' ever, as the old sailor used to say, "what's the matter with Britling?" "Oh, he's all right!" "Who's all right?" "Britling! Hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!! Tiger!"

And now, good-bye for the present.

Yours sincerely,

David Lubin

P. S. "Let There Be Light" has come back, and I will take pleasure in sending it back to you again "for keeps."

International Institute of Agriculture,
Rome, May 21st, 1917.

Dear Mr. Wells :

I thank you very much for the copy of your illuminating book "God, the Invisible King", which I have already gone over hastily during some of my spare moments. I hope some time to go over it in greater detail.

You say that you send it "in the hope of a speedy conversion." Conversion to what? Evidently to the ideas set forth. First of all there are quite a few of these to which there is no need of my conversion, for, in common with you, I hold to them. Such are the oneness of God and the exalted duty of service. But when it comes to your "Finite God", and to the deductions which one may draw from your book as to the part played and to be played by Israel in the field of service, it is quite clear to me that I cannot be with you, that I cannot be converted to such views.

As to the Finite God, it seems to me that such a god would be a stranger in the universe, more of a stranger than you or I. He could only come as a creature of the infinite. The infinite, then, would be God, and the finite god would be no god at all. If I were tempted to give a definition of God I would rather say that Infinite Space is God, the great Noumenon, and that all things in space are phenomena, things acted upon by the Infinite Noumenon.

"But," says the grocery-man, "empty space is just nothing. You can't lift it nor weigh it, so how can empty space be God?"

But is the grocer-man's opinion final? By no means; for he is so chock-full of his experience of lifting and weighing that he fails to realize that his analysis is empirical.

He fails to see that his reasoning process is limited by the laws of phenomena as they appear to him; he fails to see that beyond his range of vision there are the higher laws, higher and still higher, until they approach the Absolute, the Infinite. He seems to know one pound, ten pounds, sugar, candles, soap, as a reality, and as the end of reality. He fails to see that from the point of view of the absolute his knowledge is limited to a set of symbols, and judging by

these symbols he jumps to a conclusion that space is just nothing at all, that God is only real if he can be lifted, "hefted" as it were.

But let the scholar bring this grocery-man to the laboratory and show him the particles constituting his sugar, candles, soap, and the laws governing their properties, and the relations of these laws stretching out far beyond his vision until they pass from our knowable world of phenomena into the vast universe of the Noumenon, and it would then be reasonable to expect that his opinions would shift, would undergo a marked change, bringing his mind closer and closer to a truer apprehension of the relations of things, of his relation to the universal Noumenon, of his relation to God.

But the reverence engendered by this larger view of relations bids us be modest and stop short in postulating definitions or personifications of that God. This, as Maimonides tells us, was the teaching of the sages of Israel. These sages taught that it was more rational and more reverent to apprehend God through negations rather than through affirmations. They taught that we approach closer to the truth by affirming that God cannot be unjust, that he cannot be unmerciful, that he cannot be limited in knowledge or power, and that we reach a truer conception of God through such negations than through their opposites, through affirmations. So far for the God idea.

And now, my dear Mr. Wells, let me say in conclusion that my contention is not with the substance of your teaching on the subject of service; on the contrary, I heartily agree with you. My contention is with your postulates and definitions of God. Just how you can come to the conclusion of service on your postulate is beyond my comprehension, for as the true marksman must have a given point at which to aim, so the effective teacher must have a logical postulate from which to draw his deductions. Do you not think so? With high esteem, I am

Yours very sincerely,
David Lubin

Easton Glebe,
Dunmow, (May 1918)

My dear Lubin

A Noumenon cannot "act upon" Phenomena. Phenomena are the aspects of Noumena in the time-space system of conscious life: This rather affects your general argument. And as for the mission of the Jewish race, that is manifestly an affair for that race which is not mine. Except for your race restriction you speak of "Israel" very much as I speak of God. What's in a name? Your God of negatives, the God of Maimonides and Spinoza I define not by negatives but by polite doubts and call the Veiled Being. My "God" is the Israel of all mankind. Unless you translate these terms you will keep at loggerheads with my work. Really there is a close parallelism between "God" as I understand Him, your "Israel" and (except for the association with the man Jesus) the "Spirit-Christ" of Pauline Christianity.

Yours ever,
H. G. Wells.

Thus while battles raged on every side and the sands of his life ran low, David Lubin worked on at his self-appointed task.

Will Irwin in the *Saturday Evening Post* gave a picturesque glimpse of him in the summer of 1917 in Sorrento. There, sitting on a broad, arcaded terrace opening out of a room in the Hotel Victoria, overlooking the wonderful beauty of the Bay of Naples, beauty rendered psychic by the age-long history which has soaked into every nook and cranny of the landscape, the famous war correspondent met "the world's greatest internationalist."

"A face both strong and whimsical — a wide mouth, firm yet humorous; a full head of unruly iron-gray hair; a short straight nose, rounded at the point. His frank and candid blue eyes gaze at you from under eyebrows as thick and as white as rolls of cotton wool. His broad and stalwart figure belies his real condition; for he is not in robust health — is

in fact harnessed to one place at a time. Now and then as he talks his words die away; he closes his eyes and breathes heavily for a minute — one of his heart spasms has caught him. Two minutes afterward, as likely as not, he is bursting out on some folly of his times with a vehemence of voice and gesture that gives his listener an uneasy concern lest he injure himself." Such was Will Irwin's impression of David Lubin. And here is a snatch of their conversation in those September days, when the long-drawn-out struggle with its alternatives of success and defeat had made the world's heart grow sick with hope deferred.

"You know Spencer, I suppose," he said, holding up a copy of *First Principles*. "Do you know anything of Maimonides? No? Let me tell you about him. This Maimonides was a Jew. Therefore he had, of course, a crafty disposition. Spencer had finished the first hundred pages of his book. Somehow — I don't exactly know what trick he used, but he was a Jew and crafty, as we say — Maimonides sneaked into Spencer's study, stole those first hundred pages and plagiarized them. There they are in his 'Guide to the perplexed'; read them when you have time. The circumstantial evidence seems absolute. There is only one thing about the story that puzzles me" — Lubin leaned forward, transfixed me with his clear blue eyes, and smiled — "Maimonides died seven hundred years before Spencer. Still, I suppose you can explain that little discrepancy, — how Maimonides came to know so much of what is contained in Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*."

"Maimonides was the mentor of Spinoza, but look what Spinoza has written!" He opened another book, and I read from the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus*, which I quote from memory:

"Therefore the sovereign state is not under the moral law. Acts immoral or punishable in an individual may be considered moral when performed by the state."

"And there you are!" said Lubin. "And there you are! The creed of the pagan state, the creed of the beast! But

it's logical, mind you, that. A missionary just arrived asked a heathen chief 'What's good?' 'That I may take my neighbor's wives and oxen,' said the chief. 'And what is evil?' 'That my neighbor takes my wives and oxen.' In the beginning the world was void and there were no morals. The strongest savage went out with a club and brained his neighbor and took away his ox and his woman. 'Well,' said people, 'we can't get along like this; it's too disturbing. If this keeps up there won't be anything left of us but just that fellow.' So they got together and had a pow-wow and passed rules of conduct. Then they agreed that the first fellow that broke the rules should have the whole tribe on his neck. So we began to have morals; and then came Israel and the law and the commandments. Thou shalt not kill! And if you do, society will take care of you. But get this — it couldn't exist without the agreement of society. It needed force, corporate force, — every one getting together and agreeing that if John was wronged by James all the rest would come down on James hard. We had the law inside the nations; but in the relations between nations — each was sovereign — there was anarchy, anarchy! . . .

"Christianity is all right," he added, running suddenly up one of those little intellectual bypaths that, with him, always come back to the main track. "There is nothing to criticize in Christianity whenever it is grandly Christian, for then it is also Hebraic. But it is often otherwise in some of the applications of Christianity. It's when they trot out the banners of a king who's going to conquer some innocent little country and bless them — bless robbery and murder in the name of Christianity — that the reasonable Jew objects. It's when some upper class, in the name of a perverted Christianity, says to the poor: 'Oh, yes, I know you're miserable; but think of the glorious time to come! If you thank God that things are as they are and behave yourselves, and leave us the fine clothes and the champagne and the leisure and the glory of this world, you'll be rewarded eternally in heaven.'

"Israel's prophets and teachers always tried to bring the Kingdom on earth as well as in heaven. And that's what I'm getting at when I talk of a confederation of the democracies creating the Kingdom. That is Jewish; that is Christian; it is not pagan. We've made progress within the nations. A man can't kill his enemy because he feels like it. If he does all society gets together and jumps on him — sees that he doesn't do it again. The nations ought to do and can do the same thing. They couldn't have done it a century ago, maybe. They weren't in touch. They couldn't understand each other. Now they are — they can understand each other if they will. . . ."

But the blackest days of the world war were yet to come. Shortly after Mr. Lubin's return to Rome in the autumn of 1917 the tragic defeat of Caporetto sent a shock throughout Italy. Starving, homeless refugees came pouring into the capital, while silent but resolute crowds of women, children, and the aged or infirm watched the recruits of the 1900 levy, the boys of seventeen and eighteen, march through the streets on their way to hold that line of the Piave which military experts declared to be untenable, but which the youth of Italy held in despite of all: "Here we stay or die."

Lubin's reaction to the general dismay was startling; he declared that this overpowering misfortune was "a blessing in disguise." "Hitherto there has been an Allied front and an Italian front; this was wrong; Italy is as essential to the success of the Allied cause as France; the Allies have failed to see this; now it will be brought home to them."

He felt strongly that the United States should assist Italy, if not with fighting men, at least with supplies and funds.

"Substantially the case seems to be this: the American people have already placed on one side of the scale some fifteen to twenty billion dollars, they are placing on the same side of the scale a million American men, with more dollars and more men to follow until the indicator on the scale points to victory, and a victory of high moment.

"Hitherto, there have been the Immortal Three: Judaea, Greece, Rome. Classic events are now shaping the fourth — America.

"And now a psychologic moment has come, a moment which demands the instantaneous employment of a billion or two of dollars to remove overstrained tension on the Italian end of the Allied front. Can we afford to hesitate? Can we afford to brush this need aside and trust to chance to overcome the peril?

"What a great risk! A risk not merely of millions of men and billions of dollars, but a risk which may spell defeat; a risk which would jeopardize the life of Freedom. Can we afford to take that risk?"

Thus he concluded a statement embodying the result of a confidential inquiry he made into the urgency of the need, a statement which was cabled on to the State Department by the Ambassador. In this he summoned up a picture of those tragic days when, as the Minister of Supplies, Crespi told him on January 7, "Our supplies of grain will only last to the end of January; we have come to the end not only of our stocks of cereals, but also of such foods as rice, potatoes, and beans;" when Signor Galenga, Under-Secretary of State for the Interior, summarized the situation in the following words: "The fighting spirit of the army is splendid; the spirit of the people is good, as good as we could wish; but the food and coal questions border on the verge of disaster." Those who were not in Italy in the winter of 1917-1918 fail to realize the severity of the privations which the Italian people accepted while preparing for the rally which in June, 1918, led to the first victory of the Piave.

One ray of light, almost symbolic of the liberation to come, illumined the gloom of the Christmas of 1917. General Allenby entered Jerusalem; the Holy Land was freed from Turkish rule.

The intention of the British Government as announced by Mr. Balfour, to establish in Palestine "a national home

for the Jewish people" could not fail to evoke a responsive thrill of emotion in David Lubin.

"Thus, all of a sudden as when the brilliant sun emerges from behind a thick bank of black clouds, there comes light, and at last there is held out for the Jewish people the glorious prospect of emancipation, of freedom . . . it seems that the age-long dream is about to be realized; Palestine is again to become the Land of Israel," he wrote in an eloquent letter addressed to Justice Louis Brandeis (March 20, 1918).

In this letter he explained his change of attitude on the question of Zionism. Referring to an article he had written in 1916 in the *American Israelite*, in which he had argued that the spiritual mission of the Jewish people could best be carried on if they remained dispersed among the nations rather than under an autonomous government in Palestine, he says:

Subsequent thought and some personal experience have, however, modified my opinion on this point. I now see that Israel under dispersion may be compared to a force reduced to a number of heterogeneous points moving in heterogeneous places, and such heterogeneity is unsuited as a means for the end in view. I now see that the promulgation of the Mission of Israel demands a world center, a world authority whence the forces actuating it could radiate in every direction. . . . Given such a national home, and the Jewish people would awaken from the comatose inactivity into which it has been forced by twenty centuries of continuous persecution. It could then begin the labors of its appointed task. . . . Part of this task has already been accomplished. It is now some two thousand years since the ethics of Israel were promulgated to the Gentiles, and the world was Christianized. But the nations, in their assumption of the right of absolute sovereignty rule, are still under the sway of paganism. Such an assumption of absolute sovereignty is pagan. It is protested against by the Jewish people. In the Jewish prayer-book we read: 'Our Father and our King we have no Sovereign but Thee.' Protest against absolute sovereignty has been made by the Jewish people from time immemorial to the present day. Such sovereignty

is protested against from cover to cover of the Old Testament. . . . We cherish as our most exalted hope the belief that the day will come when Israel will be called upon to take up his mission for the abolition of such absolute sovereignty rule upon earth; to insure the acceptance of the ethics taught by the Prophets; to bring the nations, collectively as well as individually, under the yoke of law, the law of justice, of equity, of righteousness. And this rule of law, of the law of righteousness, must in the end culminate in the democratization of the nations and in the formation of a Confederation of these Democracies under a Constitution.

Has it not been this idea, this ideal that has, through the centuries, given Israel almost superhuman strength, strength to withstand the terrors to which, as bearer of this message, he was subjected? Is not the ideal of this high service consciously or potentially in the mind and soul of the Jew today? Has it not come down to him through some forty centuries of transmitted heredity? Has it not thus become a rooted psychic force in Israel? It has indeed; a force which no power in the world can now eradicate.

And is there not room for this force as a necessary supplement to Christianity? As is well known, Christianity deals, in the main, with certain matters of the soul and its translation to heaven, whereas Judaism, in the main, concerns itself with matters of righteousness upon earth. Judaism is concerned with political righteousness, with social righteousness, with righteousness in exchange, with economic righteousness. There is thus room in the world, side by side, for a dynamic and militant Christianity on the one hand, and for a dynamic and militant Judaism on the other.

Therefore, the announcement by the British Government for the establishment in Palestine of a "national home for the Jewish people" is welcomed as an earnest that Israel will soon be in a position to take up this mission. And for this reason Jews everywhere, and at all times, must ever be grateful, must ever be under obligations to England for the noble initiative she has taken, furthering the labors of the Zionists the world over in this matter which so deeply concerns Israel and his mission.

Our earnest prayers go up to the Almighty for the success

of General Allenby and of the British and Allied arms in Palestine, and the world over, now battling, in this great struggle of Democracy against Autocracy for Jehovah, the Power of Righteousness, against Odin, the power of brute force.

Thus in those bitter days, while defeat stared the Allied armies in the face on the battle fields of France, while Bolshevism was negotiating the peace of Brest-Litovsk, this son of a martyr people, undaunted by the dangers of the hour, looked steadfastly ahead, and with the eyes of faith saw the ultimate triumph of that Righteousness which he had humbly served all the days of his life.

And gradually the tide turned; victory smiled on the Allied armies, and with victory a still greater hope dawned for the war-worn peoples of Europe. For years David Lubin had worked in the cause of world organization in an environment which looked askance at such utopias; now, suddenly, it looked as if the reaction from war would result in a sudden jolt forward in the direction of internationalism. The words "League of Nations" had already become familiar, but what they exactly implied no one knew. Deeply imbued as he was with the international spirit, Lubin did not delude himself into the belief that the world was ripe for a super-government; he feared that the League by attempting too much might achieve too little; might end, perhaps, in a conference of the Hague type, in speeches and resolutions. He wanted the world organized for peace, and hoped that the course taken might be that of rendering permanent and widening from allied to international the several organs for coöperation in the economic field which had made victory possible. Solidarity in finance and in the use of raw materials and national resources he felt to be essential to rapid economic recovery.

These ideas found expression in a resolution he drew up, and which was unanimously adopted by the Permanent Committee of the International Institute of Agriculture at its meeting on November 25, 1918, the last, as it turned out, which David Lubin was to attend.

Whereas we see that during the war the Allied Nations have confederated their activities in the handling of agricultural production and distribution of raw materials, transportation and finance, thereby promoting the general welfare; and

Whereas the International Institute of Agriculture, founded by the far-seeing initiative of H. M. the King of Italy has, during the whole period of the war been the center of world-wide information and data needed for the solution of the agricultural problems which the governments had to deal with, and has been established to ensure economic benefits to all the adhering countries, and is empowered under letter (f), article 9, of the Treaty to take up measures for the protection of the interests of farmers and for the improvement of their conditions; therefore be it

Resolved: that the International Institute of Agriculture draw the attention of the adhering Governments to the fact that in addition to the services it now renders them, the Institute could be availed of by the League of Nations as one of the organs of the aforesaid federated activities; and it respectfully suggests to the adhering governments to bring this to the attention of the Conference for the formation of the League of Nations.

The last weeks of his life were lived intensely. The atmosphere was electric with hopes and fears, to which this veteran worker responded with every fiber of his being. Already there were premonitory symptoms of what was to be the tragic disillusionment of the Peace Conference. Lubin sensed the hostility of the American people to the unduly personal tone which President Wilson was giving to his policies; he thought his decision to come to Europe an unqualified mistake. Several things had been accomplished in the two terms of the Presidency which had won his sympathy: the liberal revision of the tariff, the Federal Reserve Act, the adoption of a system of rural credits, the effort to throw off the yoke of "special interests." When the war came he accepted the policy of neutrality, though straining at the leash as the *Lusitania* and other atrocities made

clear the nature of the struggle. But his fervent belief in democracy and in the wisdom of counsel made him increasingly suspicious of the autocratic attitude the President was assuming.

Death spared him the sorrow of witnessing the loss of the greatest opportunity ever afforded a man or a nation.

In the autumn and winter of 1918 death was reaping a heavy harvest in Italy. The influenza, striking a nation worn by the anxieties and privations of four years of war, made in a few weeks more victims than the five hundred thousand whom Italy lost at the front. Lubin had a premonition that his end was imminent and worked on as one who has much to do in little time. The cause that claimed most of his effort in those last weeks was that of close economic relations between Italy and the United States.

"There is perhaps no other country in Europe that can be placed quicker on the road to rapid recovery from the burdensome costs of the war than Italy. More than that, her vast stores of latent wealth, when properly put to play their great part, can place Italy in the forefront among the leading industrial and commercial nations of the world; and if the question be asked where is 'that vast store of latent wealth' the answer can be readily given: Italy's latent wealth consists in the millions of her intelligent, industrious and sober men and women."

Thus he wrote in the first of a series of three articles which he contributed on this subject to the *Giornale d'Italia Agricolo* in August, 1918. His views, to which I have referred in a previous chapter, were also expressed in various articles published in the *Tribuna* and the *Fronte Interno* in Italy, and in the *New York Evening Post* and other American papers. They attracted no inconsiderable degree of attention in both countries. In Rome a committee of Italian statesmen, economists, and business men was formed, and had Lubin lived there is little doubt that early in 1919 a representative Italian Commission would have visited the United States to enter into direct relations with the business

and financial world with a view to making Italy an industrial base for developing the whole commerce of the Mediterranean Basin. Lubin attended the first meeting of the committee. The second was called for December 29. On December 28 he was seized by a violent attack of the prevailing epidemic.

From the first it was apparent that the illness would have a fatal termination, but to the end his thoughts were of the work to which he had dedicated his life. On the last day he kept repeating the word "cornucopia"; the nurse thought his mind was wandering, but it was the vision he had summoned up in talking to me only a few days before that was haunting his dying thoughts, that vision of America as the cornucopia of the nations, blessing and blessed. His friend the American Consul, Mr. Francis Keene, came to see him, and though his strength had almost ebbed, it was of Italy's need and America's opportunity that he spoke.

As the bells rung in the New Year which all hoped was to inaugurate a new era of peace and good will among men, David Lubin passed away. For the first time this strenuous worker was at rest. For him the Great Peace had dawned.

CHAPTER XX

SALVE ATQUE VALE

ROME was looking its brightest on January 3, 1919, when a few friends and fellow workers accompanied David Lubin through flag-bedecked streets to his last resting place.

The Eternal City had turned out in her thousands that day to welcome the President of the United States, the promulgator of that League of Nations which had aroused such high hopes in war-worn Europe. The press and the public had ears and eyes for nothing else.

In the flurry and excitement of the President's arrival, the United States Embassy forgot to send a representative to the funeral, and the only official recognition of this long life of service was a beautiful floral tribute from the King of Italy. With the same simplicity with which he had lived, this Pioneer of organized international life went to his well-earned rest. And this was as David Lubin would have wished it.

"Just an ordinary scrub man," but one privileged to be an instrument toward achieving a great purpose; a simple, plain citizen of a democracy, but one who realized that no nobler title could be conferred on him than that of "citizen of the United States" by which the King of Italy had proclaimed him the originator of an idea which holds in germ much that the years to come will fructify.

I have endeavored in these pages to tell what David Lubin accomplished. Recapitulation is needless. His long life had in it much of romance; it knew the pangs of disappointment and deep sorrow, the isolation and loneliness of the pioneer, the vivid joys of achievement following on long and anxious effort. By sheer hard work he had risen from poverty to affluence, from ignorance to knowledge, from

obscurity to eminence. The faith that was in him had worked the miracle. In an age of skepticism he retained his belief; he shed many of the exteriorities but held fast to the inner essence of Religion.

And with all he was a man; with a full share of a man's weaknesses, but none the less made "in the image of God."

Incapable of falsehood or meanness, steadfast in friendship, loyal to his fellow workers, his transparent sincerity and honesty disarmed hostility: he had opponents, not enemies.

By the poor and by those in humble positions he was much loved, both for his abundant charity, and still more for the spirit of brotherly fellowship which marked his bearing towards them. The servants in the hotel he lived in, the Roman cabmen with whom he was a well-known figure, the subordinates who came in touch with him at the Institute, all mourned his death as a personal loss.

Ever ready to give a helping hand to the young with whom he was brought in contact, he was looked up to by them and trusted as a leader. His broad sympathies enabled him to form firm friendships with people of all nations. In Italy his memory is beloved by all who knew him.

It was my privilege to work under David Lubin and with him for over fourteen years. If his tone was often emphatic, sometimes dictatorial, it was never pompous; he was exacting but never tedious or dull. Generous in recognition of service rendered, he encouraged independence of thought and expression, treating all who worked for him as collaborators in a great cause. He was alike free from vanity and from adulation.

Wherever he set up his *lares* and *penates* abundant hospitality reigned. He had a ready wit and keen sense of humor, could laugh heartily and make others laugh; could see a joke against himself and take it in good part. He took life neither as a tragedy nor as a sport, but as a battle to be fought manfully, joyfully, thankfully, keeping the goal of Service ever in sight.

Perhaps the deepest lesson his life teaches is that man need not be the sport of circumstances, that he can indeed be the Captain of his own Destiny. What David Lubin achieved was not so much the result of brilliant intellect as of character and determination; of sheer hard work; of reasoning from cause to effect; of observation, comparison and generalization.

His mother had built up the boy's character in early childhood, impressing for ever on his plastic mind the basic principles of integrity. As he grew up he hungered and thirsted after Justice. He looked around him, and his mind marveled at the wondrous justice displayed in a universe where the principle of balance, of equilibrium, of attraction and repulsion, holds suns and worlds and solar and stellar systems in one harmonious whole. From the macrocosm he turned to the microcosm and saw social justice dependent on a like balance between the several forces in the body politic. He yearned for ideal justice, and recognized that its foundations are laid in economic justice, in the just weight and the just measure. He realized that justice knows nothing of races or frontiers, that justice for one is contingent on justice for all, and this was the basis of his internationalism. The International Institute of Agriculture, as he conceived it, was the concrete result of such abstract reasoning.

And he had the faith and vision of the Seer. The ultimate triumph of justice was to him a certainty, and this certainty gave him strength. With this note of confident assurance, as expressed in a letter written in March, 1918, to a relative then fighting with the British army in Palestine, let me close this record of his life:

"The life of Israel, the teaching of the Prophets has served, is serving, and is still to serve in establishing the rule of justice among the nations, among the nations individually and the nations collectively.

"And it is this rule which we commonly designate by the name of Democracy. This Democracy, starting as a ray of

light emanating from the very throne of the Almighty, projected on a world steeped in deep darkness, has made for itself a pathway of freedom, a pathway growing ever broader and broader. Slowly and painfully this Democracy has made room for itself, gaining ground inch by inch.

"The signposts along the path it has pursued are many, and stretch back into the dim ages of the past. We discern them in the signing of Magna Charta, in the rise of the City Republics of the Middle Ages, in the rise of the Hansa towns. We discern them in the birth of Parliaments, in the limitations placed on Monarchical Rule, in the overthrow of Feudalism, and in the emancipation of the Slave. And now we behold this force, Democracy, strong enough to stand erect and challenge to the death the still surviving powers of Autocracy. . . .

"In this fight there is no line of demarcation; in this there is a complete 'at-one-ment'; in this service there is no Jew, no Gentile; all the forces of Democracy are Israel.

"And victory will come in the end; if not in our day then in the days to come. We believe this as we believe that God is the God of Justice, that He is 'The Lord our Righteousness.'"

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